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THE
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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Huet, Evêque d'Avranches; ou Le Scepticisme Théologique.* Par Christian Bartholméss. Paris, 1850.

IN a passage of the 'Critical Review,' pronounced 'ingenious and well expressed' by Johnson, and therefore inserted by Boswell in the 'Life,' the reviewers divide the egotists into four classes. In the third class they place 'those who have given importance to their own private history by an intermixture of literary anecdotes and the occurrences of their own times; the celebrated Huetius has published an entertaining volume on this plan.' If any person's curiosity has ever led him to search the great collection of French *Mémoires* for Huet's, he would have been disappointed. They are not there, because they are written in Latin. 'P. D. Huetii Commentarius de Rebus ad Eum [sic] pertinentibus,' is a small volume published at the Hague in 1718, and has never been reprinted. It is somewhat meagre in facts and feeble in presentation of character, which may be explained by the circumstance that the author wrote it at the age of eighty-five, when he had just recovered from a severe illness. He had known most of the celebrated men of his time, and has recorded the names of some hundreds of persons in his pages; but the record bears a greater resemblance to the Second Book of the 'Iliad' than to Lord Clarendon. In 1809 Dr. Aikin manipulated the volume; in his hands the small 12mo. grew into two vols. 8vo., being an English version, with 'notes biographical and critical,' in the Doctor's way. Coleridge was certainly too hard upon Aikin when he called him 'an aching void;' but it must be admitted that the biographical notices do not show any very profound acquaintance with the literature of the time, and may all, we believe, be found in the 'Biographie Universelle,' or, perhaps in the 'General Biography,' of which the excellent Doctor was editor. M. Bartholméss is, as far as we know, the next person who has laboured upon Huet; but in the treatise whose title is given above he has confined himself to the philosophical opinions of the Bishop.

Peter Daniel Huet was born at Caen in 1630, of Catholic parents, as he thanks God. And indeed it was a misfortune in

more than one way to have had Huguenot parents in France in the seventeenth century. He showed from the first a good disposition for learning, and was fortunate in excellent teachers in the University of his native place, among whom he always considered himself particularly indebted to the Jesuit Mambrun, Professor of Philosophy, who bestowed peculiar pains upon his most promising pupil. Having lost his father when young, Huet found himself at one-and-twenty in possession of a moderate independence. His first use of this was to visit the bookshops in the Rue St. Jacques, and he returned to Caën laden with books, and with an ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge of every kind.

The community of European learning had not yet been broken up by the dissociating forces of the growth of the new dialects, and the consolidation of the great monarchies. The republic of letters was still one, of which Latin was the diplomatic tongue. The national literatures were indeed born, but they were yet in their infancy. The highest talents, the *sommités*, rose above the national and vernacular, into the European sphere. The scholar especially was a citizen of the world, not only in his fame and in his tastes, but in his abode. Literature was thus, like capital, a highly moveable commodity, attracted hither or thither as the conditions favourable to its development were presented in any part of Europe. Precisely in the middle year of the century, 1650, and for about four years before, and as many after, that date, the centre of attraction was found in a new and apparently most unlikely quarter. The rise of Sweden into the first rank of European powers in the seventeenth century, like that of Prussia in the eighteenth, is an instance of what may be done for the most backward and unpropitiously situated countries by the personal character of their rulers. The military genius of Gustavus Adolphus, and the administrative abilities of Oxenstierna, had forced, not developed, a rude, poor, and remote country into political consequence. To the glories of arms it appeared that the splendour of letters was about to be added :

‘De conducendo loquitur jam rhetor’ Thule.’

Christina, the hero's daughter, inherited that genius so nearly allied in the Vasa family to the insanity in which, in more than one instance, it afterwards terminated. This natural capacity had received by Oxenstierna's care a cultivation which had placed her only too far in advance of her own semi-barbarous subjects. She asserts in her ‘Memoirs of herself,’ that ‘at fourteen she knew all the languages, all the sciences, and all the accomplishments her instructors thought fit, or were able, to teach her.’ She then taught

taught herself, without any master, German, French, Italian, and Spanish. Nor were her powers shown only in languages or accomplishments. Philosophy, politics, the details of business, in turns displayed her vigorous mind, felicitous memory, and quick apprehension. 'Elle a tout vu, elle a tout lu, elle sait tout,' says a private correspondent to Gassendi. After making allowance for the natural exaggeration of those who found all these superior gifts in a crowned head and a girl, there will remain, not indeed an intellectual prodigy, but a rare union of great qualities, which in a happier era of her country's existence might have inspired the national mind with some of her own life and genius. She had not, however, the material out of which she could develop a national taste, and she sought to engraft foreign learning on the Scandinavian stock. The learned men of the day were chiefly gathered in or about the Low Countries. The reviving ascendancy of orthodoxy was crushing letters in Italy; in England they had not yet taken root; in Germany a barbarous war, and equally barbarous religious polemic, had nipped them in the bud. To the Low Countries, then, and to France, the philosophical Queen turned her eyes. From the Dutch Universities came Grotius, Saumaise, Isaac Voss, Descartes, Conring, Meibom; from France Chevreau, Naudé, Raphael du Fresne, Bochart. All these were provided with posts and pensions about the court. Besides those who settled in Sweden, the Queen's correspondence embraced nearly all the learned men of the day.

Huet, who was only twenty-two at this time, was not yet so known abroad as to receive a direct invitation from the patroness herself. But he had before this introduced himself to Bochart. Samuel Bochart was one of those men of solid learning and grave piety who adorned for a very brief period of the seventeenth century the French Huguenot Church. In Oriental lore, he was one of the leading scholars of his age, and his *Geographia Sacra*, recently published, was the most learned work on biblical antiquities that had yet been produced. He was settled as minister of a Calvinist congregation at Caen, and being Professor in the Calvinist College there, was a teacher of such repute as to attract pupils from England. Lord Roscommon, the Earl of Strafford's nephew, was among them, and we may perhaps trace the superior scholarship, as well as the 'unspotted lays' of the poet, to his Calvinist master. His name is still visible at Caen, in the Rue Bochart (so named in 1833), and in the Public Library may be found some of his books, with marginal notes in his own hand. Huet had sought assistance and advice in his endeavours to teach himself Greek and Hebrew. This led to an intimacy, though such was the position of the Protestants in Caen, where

the Catholic University overshadowed them, that it was agreed that the visits of the young student to the Calvinist minister should be paid after dark. His own fame and the recommendations of Isaac Voss procured Bochart a flattering summons to Stockholm. Inferior as was the position of a Dissenter in France, it was with reluctance he accepted the invitation. He offered to take Huet with him. The young student, eager for self-improvement and now his own master, wanted to travel. To visit foreign Universities and to seek the intercourse of scholars, was then as much a part of a scholar's education, as to visit capitals and to be introduced at court was part of the gentleman's. But it was to Italy he designed to go with these views. Though the spirit of the former century was fled or banished from that country, it still, as the birthplace of learning, possessed attractions for scholars beyond any of those tramontane districts in which letters were as yet but young. Bochart, by much persuasion, prevailed on Huet to change Italy for Sweden, not by any hope of preferment, but by visions of the illustrious men they would see in passing through Holland, and the 'vestiges of Gothic antiquity to be found among the rocks of Denmark.'

Just as they were ready to start Huet fell ill, and was obliged to be left behind. Bochart, however, was detained long by contrary winds in the mouth of the Seine, and his young companion, travelling in a car instead of on horseback on account of his weakness, reached Havre just in time to hear that Bochart had sailed that morning. He came up with him, however, at Amsterdam. Here the travellers joined Isaac Voss, who was on his return to Sweden, and a commodious carriage was engaged to carry the three. At Leyden Huet saluted and cultivated Saumaise; at Utrecht a recurrence of his disorder procured him the distinction of being attended by the physician Du Roy, the antagonist of Descartes. In Denmark we do not hear that he found any Gothic antiquities; his chief object of inquiry appears to be Tycho Brahe, an interest which he ascribes to a boyish impression derived from a print of the Observatory at Uranienberg, in the frontispiece of one of that astronomer's treatises with which he had been familiar at the house of a relation. He preferred a visit to the isle of Huen to lionizing Copenhagen. He did, however, see the King, going to church for that purpose, and made himself so conspicuous by staring through his spectacles in the gallery opposite to that which was occupied by the royal family, that his Royal Highness (as he afterwards heard) complained at dinner of the rudeness of the Frenchman. His travelling companions did not share his astronomical enthusiasm, so, while they walked about the city, he took a boat to Huen. On landing on the island
he

he found the Lutheran minister extremely hospitable and no less ignorant, for he had never so much as heard the name of Tycho Brahe. An old man, however, was at last found who pointed out to them the site—for the site was all that remained even then of Uraniberg and all the ingenious constructions that had surrounded it—for nearly twenty years the centre of European science, the cradle of modern astronomy. The report of Picard, who was sent in 1671 by the 'Académie des Sciences' to determine the exact position of the instruments, confirms Huet's description in every particular. The reflections which this scene of desolation call forth from our traveller are more like those of his old age than of his youth. 'May I be thought not to have lived in vain!' was the wish with which Tycho Brahe had expired. 'How,' thinks Huet, 'can *he* be considered as having reaped the fruit of his labour who experienced the enmity of the King and nobles of his country? who saw his toils held in contempt, their products abortive, and himself prohibited by order of the court from continuing his observations!' Here speaks the sub-preceptor of the Dauphin and the Gallican prelate, not the young protégé of the Calvinist Professor. How half a century of Louis XIV. had debased the minds of even the men of letters, may be seen by comparing this outburst with the attitude of Casaubon to Henri IV. The ill-will of the Danish nobility! What a different spirit breathes in the dying speech of the Dane! We may console ourselves by the reflection that posterity thinks no worse of Tycho Brahe because he was persecuted by the Danish nobles, the name of one of whom is only preserved by the fact of his having played the part of petty tyrant towards the astronomer. Huet, too, might have remembered that Tycho had before his exile entertained a King (our own James I. in 1590); that when he left Denmark he only exchanged the patronage of a King for that of an Emperor (Rudolph II.); and that Christian IV. of Denmark himself, who was a boy at the time of his disgrace and no way blameable, made every reparation to the memory of the man of science whose greatness he had learned to appreciate.

At Helmstadt, at that time the first town in the Swedish jurisdiction, a Queen's messenger brought Voss an order to return immediately to Holland, and not to show himself at court till he had made satisfaction to Saumaise for an injury which the latter considered Voss had done him. Voss may have been in the wrong; but this despotic style of treatment of her preceptor and adviser must have forcibly reminded her guests of the precarious tenure of this royal patronage of science. 'One sucks the orange and throws away the skin,' said Frederic II. when he was beginning to be tired of the tutelage of Voltaire. And who shall blame

blame the princely orange-eaters, as long as the oranges show so much anxiety to be sucked? Thus our party, not a whit disconcerted by the fate of their companion, continued their route to Stockholm. They arrived in June, 1652, a season propitious for exhibiting the rich vegetation of the environs; the profusion of flowers, lilies of the valley, wood strawberries, and cherries all around exciting Huet's admiration and surprise, as he was not prepared for such products in a northern latitude. The season of court sunshine did not appear so favourable. Descartes was dead. Voss and Saumaise were absent, as we have seen, and the rest of the *cohors philosophorum* were not just then in high favour. They were rather thrown into the shade by a certain lively Frenchman named Bourdelot, half abbé, half physician, but whole courtier; one of those insinuating, intriguing, 'omnia novit' personages, 'busy and astute,' in whom we recognize the type of the Greek Colax repeated. We should not be disposed to rely much on his having been stigmatised as 'a monstrous liar and gambler,' by Guy Patin, whose 'médisances atroces' were scattered over good and bad alike. But we know the antipathy that nature has implanted between the plausible adventurer and the man of genuine knowledge. Especially the physician, whose success has chiefly been owing to his address in the drawing-room, or his agreeable qualities at the levée, must ever be the natural foe of the man of real science, whose independence of mind disdains those small acts of conciliation and courtesy by which the other ingratiates himself. And we must accept the opinion of Huet, himself not at all indisposed to worship rank—an opinion delivered without any appearance of rancour—that the dismissal of Voss and the cold reception of Bochart were to be ascribed to the ascendancy of this unworthy creature. But it should be added, to the exculpation of the young Queen, that this precise moment was with her one of those intervals of revulsion after overstrained intellectual exertion, which have often occurred in the mental history of young genius. Hume's sober description of his depression after an intellectual debauch, of which only a young and ardent mind is capable, is well known. Whatever this singular woman did, she did with the same untempered ardour. She rode, she shot, she plunged into state-business with 'fureur.' So when she embarked on books it was the same. She expected Descartes in her study at five o'clock every morning, and shortened his life by an exertion, so severe to the philosopher whose favourite place of study was his bed. Her passion for knowledge was a real not an affected passion, but it had its pauses of lassitude, and of one of these, Bourdelot, or Michon (for it is characteristic of the class to have

an alias), availed himself to insinuate the motives likely to combat the love of study in the mind of a girl. First, as her *medicus* he forbade her touching books. She was 'hurting her health' by studying. This was undeniable. He then tried to bring to bear the ridicule with which a learned lady was regarded by the elegant dames of the French court. He amused her by his wit and court anecdote, contrasting strongly with the grave discourse on Tacitus and the Ideas of Plato which she had with Naudé and Bochart. She gradually gave up her books, and almost repented that she had ever learned anything. This disposition was only transient; her character was too solid to be long under the influence of a frivolous man. But it lasted during Huet's stay, and occasioned his departure.

Huet was a man of research in books, and of an inquiring mind into objects of nature and antiquities. But he had no discernment. We gain from him no notion of what the Swedish Court, or the learned foreign coterie was like. He praises Oxenstierna, but it is in the same vague, laudatory style in which he speaks of every great man whom he has occasion to mention. How little he knew with whom he had to deal may be seen in his notion of the Queen's own character, when he affirms that 'her disposition was so weak and flexible, that she was entirely dependent on other people's opinions.' Few sovereigns have thought more for themselves than the daughter of Gustav Adolph. Even if Huet could not see this at the time, it is singular that he should have written thus with her later history before him; though there is abundant testimony from much better judges—*e. g.* Chassut, the envoy from the Court of France—to her precocious exhibition of a firm, decisive, right-judging mind, carrying independence even to eccentricity. Huet was easily able to console himself for the comparative neglect of the Court, by the ample library, both printed and MS., which had been formed at Stockholm, partly out of the plunder of the German monasteries, partly by judicious purchases made under the superintendence of Voss. He soon attached himself to a MS. of Origen on St. Matthew, and his hours were occupied in making that transcript of this book, which became subsequently the foundation of his edition. Origen excepted, however, Huet found nothing to induce him to prolong his stay, and though a native of Normandy he feared the rigours of a Scandinavian winter. Besides the indifference of the young Queen to the Socratic discourse and society in which she had once delighted, were added the murmurs of the native courtiers at the pensions and emoluments lavished on the foreign favourites. An old grievance. 'These Scottish men spend a' our Queenis fee,'
cry

cry the Norwegians in the ballad; and the behaviour of the French, probably, was not conciliatory. We find Huet making epigrams on the gross manners of the Swedes, and the Calvinist minister Bochart enjoying them, and showing them *sub rosâ* to the Queen, who relished them quite as much, but very judiciously suggested that their circulation should be confined to the French and Dutch residents.

Another circumstance urged him to return home : his previous intimacy with Bochart, his having accompanied him to a Protestant court, and his continued residence there, had given rise to reports injurious to his religious consistency. He therefore applied for permission to depart, pleading business at home, and voluntarily offering a promise to return to Sweden in the spring. He tells us honestly enough that at the time he gave this pledge to the Queen, he made a private resolution never to come back again. He does not offer any apology for this perfidy, which he even vented in hendecasyllables, though these he did *not* show the Queen. Dr. Aikin evidently does not like the look of the lie as it stands, and suggests 'that it may admit of some excuse from the apparent control exercised over him by a sovereign of whom he was not the subject.' The casuistry of this we leave to the reader. Huet, who had had the benefit of a Jesuit education, evidently thinks such a trifle beneath his notice. However, his return, had he meant it, would have been otherwise impossible; for Christina's abdication took place within less than two years. This finally scattered the philosophical colony; but the experiment had had quite sufficient trial to enable us to pronounce upon it. It must undoubtedly be added to the record of failures on the part of princes to create a taste for learning, and a society of learned men, in a court where the native tendencies to such a state were wanting. Though a short, it is not the least instructive, chapter in the history of patronage. An absolute sovereign can suppress, but cannot create, learning, by any mere acts of power. It is with the products of mind, as with those of industry. All the costly efforts of the late Sultan, or of Mehemet Ali, have been unable to naturalise a single manufacture in Constantinople or in Egypt. So the predisposing causes must exist in a country—a people must be sufficiently enlightened to receive the higher cultivation, or they will look upon the importation of a cargo of philosophers with contempt and aversion. When the preparatory stage has been passed through, a liberal patron may do much, and an Augustan age may then be evoked from the resources of a country 'by a proper organisation of institutions and arrangements for education,

tion, of attractions to great powers, of aids to great necessities, of inducements to great exertions, of liberty and freedom to great energies.'

As to Huet's special share in this disappointment, it was not great. He was young; he was not one of the invited, but had travelled on his own account; and, if overlooked at the time, his merit was not unappreciated. For he was afterwards invited by the Swedish nobility to become preceptor to their young king; and by Christina to join her Court after she had finally established it at Rome. He declined both proposals.

The next twenty years—from his return from Sweden till his being appointed sub-preceptor to the Dauphin in 1670—were passed by Huet at Caen, though with frequent visits to Paris, in a life much more congenial to his tastes. It was spent in study unusually excursive and diversified in its range, but profound, serious, methodical, in its purpose. In his own words, 'I laboured to furnish myself with an accurate knowledge of antiquity, and to attain to the very fountains of erudition.' He was not engaged in any profession, yet his means, though moderate, were not such as to allow him to indulge his wish of removing his abode to the capital. The difference of expense between provincial and Parisian life was still greater at that time than at the present. The literary task which he had prescribed himself, and which he carried on leisurely, without suffering it to absorb him from the reading by which he was forming himself, was the editing of Origen. Of the six books into which his *Memoirs* are divided, two record this period. There is nothing that deserves the name of events: the narrative is divided between the subjects of study and the connexions continually formed with learned men. For next to study, which he sustained throughout this whole period with all the zeal of a profession, he seems to have made the acquisition of learned acquaintance an object of special pursuit. The large space which these connexions occupy in his memoranda, show that in looking back on his life they were not the least cherished of his recollections. Few have united in an equal degree the true solitary passion for books with the social instincts and the desire for an unlimited extension of friendships. That his love of reading was more than a mere taste—that it was a devotion, real, serious, and engrossing—is certain from his whole history. The best-known story about him, perhaps, is that preserved in the *Sagræiana*, of the countryman who was denied access to him after he was Bishop of Avranches, because the bishop was studying. The applicant retired, grumbling a wish that the King would send a bishop 'qui a fait ses études.' Yet the list of his literary acquaintance is prodigious;

prodigious; extending as it does to every person of even third and fourth rate eminence in letters in France, and including many of Germany, Holland, and even England. He declares (*Huetiana*) that at the age of twenty he was already 'in correspondence with Sirmond, Petau, Dupuis, Bochart, Blondel, Labbe, Bouilland, Naudé, Saumaise, Heinsius, Voss, Selden, Descartes, Gassendi, Menage.' This list was swollen by the time he had reached the age of forty, to some hundreds. True, many of these correspondences went no further than a single exchange of complimentary letters, or a single visit of ceremony; but they were not the less stored up in the memory of one of the parties, and to originate them was a serious occupation of his life. Nor was much preliminary introduction thought necessary. To the greater *savans*, the young Norman, in the pride of conscious merit, made a tender of his spontaneous admiration by letter. Did a great court personage, known as making any pretensions to taste, visit Caen, he waited on him immediately, and explained his pretensions. Chance brought in not a few, as in the case of Madelenet, Richelieu's late secretary.

'It was accident that threw me into the harbour of Gabriel Madelenet's friendship. As I was looking over the catalogue of publications in a bookseller's shop [in Paris], and was ordering those of some modern poets to be sent home, Madelenet came in. "I see you like poetry," said he, "and to judge by the selection you have made, you have a just taste in it. I have some that I can show you, which you may, perhaps, not dislike," at the same time pulling out, &c. I contracted a friendship with Madelenet, whom I regarded as a poet of no humble strains, but worthy to be compared to the ancients.'—*Memoirs*, p. 168.

Huet must have been a treasure to this class of poet, well-known to Boileau, who,

'Aborde en récitant quiconque le salut,
Et poursuit de ses vers les passans dans la rue.'

The great means, however, by which men of science sought mutual acquaintance and improvement was in Academies. This was the age of Academies in France. They were borrowed from Italy, where they had already gone into decay with the decline of learning. But in France they were still in all the freshness of youth, and had not yet become mere empty titles of honour, or clubs for the publication of Transactions. They were centres of personal communication between men of common tastes and pursuits. All of them, even the Académie Française, had arisen in friendly meetings in private houses. The earliest members were opposed to being chartered, and always looked back to their private and unpremeditated *réunions* in the house
of

of Valentine Conrart as their Golden Age, when the members without noise and parade, and in the freedom of familiar intercourse, conversed at their ease on topics that interested them. Caen for a provincial city was singularly rich in men of letters and liberal pursuits. It was for Normandy very much what Montpellier was for the South of France. Besides its University—much the most distinguished school of the North of France—many persons of birth and fortune had retired there for the sake of society. The University of Caen had possessed a classical press in the fifteenth century, and a Horace, printed there in 1480, is among the bibliographical rarities. It was the original *berceau* of the Academy movement in France, nor has it lost its character. It was here that in 1830 sprang up the ‘Société pour la Conservation des Monumens Historiques,’ which has been the means of rescuing so many remains of antiquity from destruction. Here too, in 1833, originated the scientific congress of the *savans* of France and Europe. An Academy had been formed here during Huet’s absence in Sweden, and the first tidings which greeted him on his return were, that himself and Bochart had been chosen associates during their absence. The meetings were originally held in the private mansion of one of the members, and from the first the society numbered some men of distinction in its ranks. Among these was Segrain, whose pastoral poems are still included in the Collections of the Poets of France, though he is better known by his connexion with the romance of ‘Zaïde,’ written by Madame La Fayette. Of this Academy Bayle writes in 1684, ‘Il n’y a point d’Académie dans le reste de l’Europe qui soit composée de plus habiles gens que celle de Caen.’ It survived the Revolution, and continues to subsist in vigour, publishing from time to time respectable volumes of *Memoirs*. The name of Huet is still the boast of this enlightened body. It endeavoured only a few years ago to commemorate him in a mode widely adopted in France and Germany, though hardly known among ourselves, viz., by proposing a prize for an *éloge*. The *éloge* is intended to be not a vague and fulsome panegyric, like the old *discours de réception* at the *Académie*, but, according to the better taste now prevailing there, a general survey of the subject. However, the spirit of the degenerate sons of Caen did not respond to the invitation. Twice was the prize proposed without any success—‘bis patriæ cecidere manus;’ the third time, in 1851, only two essays were sent in, to neither of which were the judges able to award the prize. The dissertation we have placed at the head of this paper, and which still leaves much to be desired, comes from a different quarter.

But

But this assembly was confined to literature, and Huet's active and inquiring mind embraced a much wider domain. The rapid strides which physical discovery was daily making, attracted general attention, and Huet joined with his usual eagerness in the pursuit, which speedily led to associating a few persons, who were to meet once a week at his house to carry on the subject. This was the foundation of the Academy of Sciences of Caen, an association which soon acquired a high reputation, and received approbation and contributions to its funds from Colbert.

'As there had been sent me from London some accurate observations by members of the Royal Society, in which the anatomy of the human body was exhibited, we determined to join our labours in this part of physics. And as the public hospital of the city was in the vicinity of my house, we commissioned one of our body who was a surgeon, that when any of the patients should die of an unknown malady, he should give me a summons that we might ascertain the disease and the cause of death by dissection. Nor did we employ our industry on the human body alone, but carried our researches into those of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, serpents, and insects. In this course it is incredible how many new and singular objects, well worthy of remark, came under our observation, all which I carefully recorded. And although we had no lack of careful dissectors, yet we sometimes, when peculiar nicety of experiment was required, employed our own hands. For myself, being shortsighted, it was particularly my study to obtain demonstrations of the fabric of the eye. I can safely affirm that with my own hand I have dissected more than 300 eyes taken from the heads of animals of every species. And that I might more clearly understand what it was that chiefly conduced to acuteness of vision, I compared the eyes of those animals that are thought to enjoy the quickest sight, with those whose sight is supposed to be weak and dull, as owls. I carefully separated the parts of the eye, and compared vitreous humour with vitreous humour, membrane with membrane, nerve with nerve.'

His inquiries extended to astronomy, and to chemistry, which he called 'a compendium of nature' (*naturæ breviarium*), though he did not, as might be expected, entirely shun the quicksands of alchemy.* It was in this Academy that the principles of the Cartesian philosophy, physical and metaphysical, first attracted Huet's attention. He possessed a set of astronomical instruments, observed eclipses, procured 'the newly invented instruments,' a thermometer and barometer, and himself projected a hygrometer and an anemometer. By so much activity and public spirit shown in so many departments of knowledge, Huet began to be considered one of the leaders of learning in France, and he was gratified accordingly by finding his name in Colbert's list of literary pensions. This measure, which included the *savans* of foreign countries

countries as well as those of France, is usually put forward by the historians as one of the splendid and judicious liberalities of the *Grand Monarque*, which has been too little followed by less absolute governments. When examined, however, Louis XIV.'s patronage of letters will be found to contain as much base metal as the other glories of the *Siècle*. We are obliged to pronounce it a piece of preposterous ostentation, intended, not to encourage learning—the free spirit of which was as hateful to Louis as it is to all despots—but to be returned in adulation, for which his appetite was insatiable; and the only effect of which was to humiliate the receivers, and to include the learned class of Europe in that promiscuous crowd of adoring worshippers who were prostrate before the narrow mind and selfish heart which was now disposing, for its own gratification, of the wealth and resources of the most flourishing country in Europe. It should be added that the total sum devoted to this purpose was only 100,000 livres, and that as soon as the finances became embarrassed these pittances were among the first objects of retrenchment.

But the circle of Huet's multifarious pursuits is not yet exhausted. He addicted himself to poetry with the same enthusiasm as to anatomy or chemistry, and to the society of poets as congenially as if he had not been the founder and life of an 'Académie des Sciences.' His taste for natural scenery was hearty and sincere. He loved country walks, and to lie in the shade of the old oaks with Savary, who read to him his verses. He liked to make visits at country-houses, and has celebrated one in the neighbourhood of Caen, where—

'the rocky coast was excavated into caverns by the waves. Burying myself in one of these, I remained whole days with no other companion than a book; enjoying the prospect of a smooth sea and vessels gliding by with a favourable breeze, or at other times of a raging ocean.'

He also declared against the reigning style in gardening, condemning, as a depravation in taste, the '*jardin à la mode*,' with its hot, broad, sanded walks, and *jets d'eau* of muddy ditch-water; daring, and this in the days of Versailles, to prefer to these

'larcins et supercheries de l'art, ces gazons rustiques, ces pelouses champêtres, les ombrages verts de ces hêtres touffus, et de ces grands chênes qui se trouvèrent à la nativité des temps, une fontaine sortant à gros bouillons du pied d'un rocher, roulant sur un sable doré les plus claires et les plus fraîches eaux du monde.'—*Huetiana*.

Segraï was his townsman, and intimate till they had a coolness about the interpretation of a line in Virgil. With
Chapelain,

Chapelain, the French Blackmore, he maintained a regular correspondence, and had read (we could not venture so incredible an assertion on anything less than his own authority) the twelve unpublished books of Chapelain's epic. The twelve published books of this, the first, and, except the *Henriade*, only, epic, in the French language, the public and the critics were agreed to consign to oblivion. Huet is persuaded that had they seen the whole twenty-four, their decision would have been different. He had been one of the select few admitted to a reading of the *Guirlande* of Julie, the unpublished poems of the Hôtel Rambouillet.

'I had often begged, and been often promised, a sight of this famous volume, a new-year's present from the Duc de Montausier to his mistress Julie d'Angennes. At last one day, as we were rising from table, the Duchess d'Uzès consented to gratify my curiosity. She locked me into her cabinet alone with the *Guirlande*, and did not return to release me till dark. I can affirm that I never in my life passed a more agreeable afternoon.'—*Huetiana*.

Huet himself poured forth poetry in the earlier period of his life with a facility of which he was proud, but as he wrote then chiefly in Latin, his verses have not found their way into the collections. Poetry, indeed, was cultivated in Caen with no less favour than the sciences. There had formed round Segrain quite a school known as the Caen Poets. When the Court, the City, and the French Académie were once at issue upon the merits of two sonnets, the Duchesse de Longueville proposed that the case should be referred to the Caen Songsters, and that their sentence should be decisive. French poetry, however, was the only poetry read in Paris, and he who wrote in Latin had to content himself with a reputation in Holland. A 'young friend' who visited Huet at Caen, 'extorted from' him various pieces of verse, carried them off to the Hague, and, 'without my concurrence,' put them to press. 'Thus I was regarded as a tolerable poet in Holland, while in France I was scarcely supposed to have reached the foot of Parnassus' (*Memoirs*). Huet must have been gratified by the state of poetical taste in Holland, for his *Poëmata* went through repeated editions. These effusions, though M. Bartholmés thinks the immortal odes on Aulnai equal to those which Tibur inspired, have not usually been ranked among the choicest specimens of modern Latinity in vigour or polish; but they breathe a natural taste for rocks and rivers and smiling scenery—their general topic, which contrasts favourably with the frigid and conventional gallantries of most of the vernacular verse of that age.

A much better known work of Huet, his 'Essay on the Origin
of

of Romance,' shows him to us in a new walk of literature. This is, perhaps, the most original of all his productions, one in which, though he has had many followers, he had no predecessor, except Giraldi of Ferrara. It shows a vast amount of 'novel-reading' in a man who had read so much else, and was indeed a proof of an extraordinary memory, if we are to take to the letter what he says,—that it was written during a visit to Marie de Rohan, in a sequestered convent of nuns seven miles distant from Paris. It originally appeared 'prefixed, as a preface, to the celebrated novel of *Zaïde*. This story, by the Contesse La Fayette, marks an epoch in the history of fiction, as the first transition from the heroic romance to the tale of probable adventures and contemporary manners. The authoress, a very accomplished woman, who had learned Latin from Menage and Rapin, pleasantly observed to Huet that they had made a marriage between their children. It was not an unpropitious union between the most popular novel of the day and this instructive and not heavy essay. Translation speedily carried them through Europe, and as *Zaïde* has been the prolific parent of the modern novel, so the *Traité de l'Origine des Romans* has been the source to which Hurd, Percy, Scott, Dunlop, Schulz, may be traced, though the more extended research and better historical criticism of the modern investigators have entirely superseded Huet's attempt, and made it even seem superficial by their side.

He was, too, not merely a critic of romances, he had written his novel. This was composed at four-and-twenty. And it is singular that all the incidents were taken from real occurrences, although it was inspired by the reading aloud to his sisters, before they became religious, the 5,500 pages of Honoré d'Urfe's *Astrée*, one of the most unreal and airy of the pastoral insipidities. He had long before, when a boy, exhausted Amadis de Gaul and the chivalrous romances* of the Spanish school; and his first classical attempt had been a translation from the Greek romance of Longus. 'Diane de Castro, ou le faux Yncas,' however, found no sympathizing friend to steal away with it and get it imprinted at the Hague. It remained in the secrecy of his desk for fifty years, and was only published after his death as a curiosity when public taste had long gained a new direction.

He had a turn for antiquities, and spent no little time in researches into local history. We have seen how the 'Gothic remains' tempted him into Denmark; he did not overlook those of his own country. When he became Bishop of Avranches he drew up a history of the province—the Avranchin, and a list of all the noble families who had territorial possessions in it. These still exist in manuscript. Of his native place he undertook a

more complete survey. *Les Origines de la Ville de Caen* came to a second edition in 1706. The first was a very incomplete, hasty, superficial affair. He interleaved it, and brought it out altogether re-written. Topography, like everything else, has undergone great improvements, and few antiquarian histories of that date are satisfactory now. But the '*Origines de Caen*' are marked by peculiar faults characteristic of the author—paradox, fanciful theory, unsupported conjecture. He cites documents vaguely, without the requisite specification; they are often not correctly copied; sometimes their import is misunderstood. He continually uses the loose phrases '*on dit*,' '*on croit*,' '*on pense à Caen*.' He had formed in his mind a system as to the original ground-plan of the city, with which he endeavours to force the existing facts into harmony—often with violence enough. Indeed, in this work, as much as in any other, may be seen all the faults of criticism which made Heyne long afterwards describe him as '*vir opinionibus plura superstruens parum explorata*.' How much topographical science has improved since that date may be seen by comparing Huet's work with the scholar-like contributions to the same subject—the antiquities of Normandy—made by the Abbé De la Rue.

These subjects were after all the recreations of his leisure; we have yet to mention the more serious labours of his life. Ever since his return from Sweden he had been engaged on Origen, and his repeated visits to Paris at this period had for their object the preparation for this great work. The collations for the text, and the collection of materials for the life of Origen, might well have employed the whole time and strength of the most retired scholar. But it does not seem to have interfered with the various occupations and the mixed society in which Huet so freely engaged. The theological subject was the one to which he attached himself by preference, and the editing of Origen was to him a work of devotion as well as philology. For the mere critical part of the task he had no love, and often spoke with contempt of those '*weederers of the soil of letters*'—the verbal emendators. Hence he has succeeded better in the historical and biographical province than in the textual, and his *Origeniana* have been repeated in all the subsequent editions of Origen, and still form the most valuable contribution that has been made to the illustration of that great writer. Huet's edition, in 2 vols. folio, appeared in 1669. It contained only the exegetical works of his author. The rest were intended to follow, but Huet some years afterwards formally renounced the design, partly from the intervention of other engagements, partly from finding that the labour of editing was

one above his strength. It is observable that though Caen was the seat of the University of the North, and the administrative capital of Lower Normandy, Huet was obliged to print his *Origen* at Rouen, whither he went to reside while it was passing through the press. He designed a dedication—a more important matter then than now—to the Bishops of the Gallican Church. He made this offer to them then sitting in Assembly in Paris, and it was graciously accepted. At a hint from Colbert, however, the Bishops were thrown over, and the name of the King substituted. An unworthy yet necessary compliance; only too characteristic of the servility of the age, and of the grasping cupidity of Louis, jealous of every scrap of compliment or homage which was to be had.

In estimating the edition we must pay due regard to the state of Greek criticism at that epoch. If we test Huet's Greek text by this standard, we find that it will bear comparison with the best specimens of Greek editing then produced. He had neither the experience in the task nor the knowledge of the language possessed by Casaubon. But in the fidelity with which he represents the readings of his MS. authorities—he had only two—he equals or exceeds that great scholar. In conjectural criticism he displays a wonderful sagacity, best proved by the fact that many of his emendations have been established by the Barberini and Bodleian MSS. On the other hand, his knowledge of Greek is unequal to his acuteness and ingenuity. He detects a corruption by a quick perception of logic rather than by acquaintance with idiom. Hence he often offers both words and grammar which are not Greek at all, or not the Greek of Origen's age. But the most serious blot on his critical character is his assuming, as a principle of editing, that, where there is doubt, the reading must be decided by dogmatical considerations. Not, be it observed, that he considers that what Origen wrote ought to be altered, but that Origen, being a Father (though not a Saint) of the Church, must have written that which was orthodox. To expect him to have been emancipated from this idea, is to expect him to have been above his age. To understand the full extent of Huet's merits, it is only necessary to have an acquaintance, however slight, with the edition of the *De la Rues*. This splendid product of the labour and learning of the French Benedictines is sadly marred by the incompetence of its editors in Greek. They appear unable to value rightly Huet's suggestions, and, as we must suspect, from theological antipathy, to be studiously concealing the large extent to which they are nevertheless indebted to him.

This edition of Origen cost him one of his oldest friendships—

that of Bochart. During the preparation of his task he had been in the habit of communicating to Bochart his notes and manuscripts, and among the rest the transcript which he had made of the Stockholm MS. of Origen's 'Commentary on St. Matthew.' This work of Origen contains a passage not a little famous in the Eucharistic controversies, and which has been uniformly cited by all the Protestant writers as decisive of his opinion against Transubstantiation. What was Bochart's astonishment when he found that this passage, or at least the most telling part of it, was absent from Huet's transcript! Bochart himself knew assuredly that it was to be found in the Stockholm volume, for he had more than once produced it to the great discomfiture of two Jesuit Pères who were secretly preparing Christina for her change of religion. He mentioned the omission among his partisans in Caen, and though he declares that he himself was cautious to spare his friend's character, others, who did not know Huet so well, conceived, not unnaturally, great suspicions of his honesty. Huet complained that Bochart was traducing him, and 'a correspondence' ensued. Huet, at first, stoutly maintained the fidelity of his copy, and that the disputed passage was wanting in the original MS.; but challenged Bochart to send for it to Caen. Bochart replied, that he might as well desire him to ask for the moon as for a MS. which was so jealously guarded; that Christina would not allow it even to be taken to a private room for the purpose of copying it; and that no one knew this better than Huet, as he had himself been refused that permission. After some shifting of ground on the part of Huet, he at last admitted that the omission was an oversight in transcription. He took care to insert it in its proper place in printing the text of his edition, and in an article of his *Origeniana* discusses its import, which he finds to be perfectly compatible with the Catholic doctrine on Transubstantiation. These are the facts of the case, and, it must be allowed, look very ugly. Nevertheless his integrity comes out, on inquiry, unimpeachable. The omission *was* an oversight, ascribable to a common cause of such lacunæ, viz. homoioteleuton. Bochart in the handsomest way expresses his satisfaction on this point; but Huet's character for honesty can only be established at the expense of his vigilance as a collator. To have overlooked such a passage, which the controversialists, from the time of Erasmus downwards, had been fighting over like a dead Patroclus, was inexcusable carelessness. The suspicions created in the minds of the learned in the Protestant communities by the blunder were so far from being unnatural, that as Bochart says, 'all the history of literature can scarce furnish a parallel instance.'

To

To these manifold engagements of thought, some of them very engrossing and laborious, must be added, to complete our picture of this active and versatile genius, that it was eminently susceptible of the sentiment of piety. Literary tastes, in proportion as they are strong, are notoriously combined with religious indifference; when they are dominant they seem to extinguish the sentiment of religion altogether, as in Voltaire and Goethe. On the other hand, strong devotional tendencies are apt to absorb and centre in themselves all the other powers, and to diminish the energies necessary for other pursuits, if not to decline them as profane. Huet united an intense passion for literature with urgent inclinations to a life of religious contemplation. While a boy at college he had been captivated by the austerities of a Dominican convent in Caen, and had been only prevented from joining that order, in which one of his sisters was a nun, by forcible detention on the part of his friends. He was sufficiently aware afterwards that they had acted wisely for him. Yet from time to time the religious instinct showed itself on the surface. He gratified it through one of the best provisions of the Roman Catholic church, the practice of spiritual retreats, till it led him to enter orders, to assume the management of a diocese, and finally to resign those duties for the leisure of a monastic life, though not under one of the austere rules. One of those retreats occurred soon after the completion of the '*Origen*,' somewhere about 1670, and at the time that the reform of La Trappe was exciting much attention in France, though Huet nowhere mentions De Rancé. He went for the purpose as far as the Jesuits' college of La Flèche :

'It was some time since I had duly explored the recesses of my conscience and unfolded them in the Divine presence. For this purpose I repaired with alacrity to La Flèche, where my friend and former preceptor, Mambrun, presided over the theological studies. After enjoying some conversation with him on our affairs, I resolved to set apart an entire week for the attentive recollection of all the errors of my past life, and the more careful regulation of my future days pursuant to the injunctions of the Divine law. And oh ! that I had in earnest adhered to my engagements ! but I too readily suffered myself to be borne away by the fire of youth, the allurements of the world, and the pleasures of study, which by their variety so filled my breast and closed up all its inlets with an infinity of thought, that it gave no admission to those intimate and charming conferences with the Supreme Being. Under this feebleness of soul with respect to Divine things I have laboured during the whole course of my life ; and even now the frequent wanderings of a volatile mind blunt my aspirations to God, and intercept all the benefit of my prayers. When from time to time God has invited me to godly exercises for the purpose of confirming in my soul

the sense of piety, and washing away the stains contracted from intercourse with men, it hath been my custom to retire to places suitable to those intentions,—either to the Jesuits' College at Caen, or the Præmonstratensian Abbey of Arden, one league distant from Caen, or to our own Aulnai after I was placed at the head of it.—*Memoirs*, p. 174.

During this retreat at La Flèche, the desire to renounce the world for good revived in him with all its former strength. This time it was Mambrun, who interposed his judgment to prohibit a vow which must have entailed inevitable misery on a spirit so independent and restless, and tastes so various, as Huet's. The Jesuit professor, with the skill of his order, may have understood a temperament in which he could little sympathise. He is one of the most vigorous of the Jesuit Latin poets; but his servility of imitation was such that he wrote ten Eclogues, four Georgics—which, however, treat of the culture of the mind—and an Epic, on Constantine, in twelve books.

Huet's life had hitherto been provincial, though his connexions and his reputation were extending through the world of letters. In the year 1670 he was drawn within the sphere of the court, having been selected to be sub-preceptor to the Dauphin. He owed this distinction to the friendship and discernment of the Duc de Montausier, who had become acquainted with him in his capacity of royal lieutenant of Normandy. Montausier, by birth, by military service, and by rank, was one of the most distinguished nobles about the court. But he was still more distinguished by virtues little known and little valued in that atmosphere—sincerity and independence of mind. His were among the few lips from which the King ever heard the truth. Yet such was his grace of manner and dignified bearing, that Louis bore from him the plainest language without offence. The courtiers, intolerant of a manly freedom of thought and speech which they dared not exercise themselves, called him 'a cynic,' 'a bunch of nettles,' and insinuated that the Misanthrope of Molière had been drawn from him. The sarcasms of these sycophants signify nothing more than what Madame de Sevigné meant when she said that the Duke 'reminded her of the old times of chivalry,' or what Montesquieu implied in saying that 'Montausier had in him something of the old Greek philosophers.' We might rather wonder how such a man, the fittest and therefore the most unlikely in the kingdom, came to be selected as Governor to the Dauphin. But Louis, at least up to this period of his reign, chose his servants well. The King consulted Montausier as to whom he would wish to have under him as instructors for his royal pupil. He had made up his mind in favour of Huet; but as Louis was extremely jealous of his

his patronage, it was necessary to employ artifice to bring him to the desired selection. The Governor read over to the King a list of the persons who offered themselves as candidates for the office, amounting to near a hundred. He then subjoined to it the names of those who had not offered, but seemed to him worthy of the post, stating the qualifications of each, and concluded by saying he thought he might name out of the whole number three men who seemed most eminently fitted for the duty—Menage, Bossuet, and Huet. He foresaw that Menage would be rejected; Bossuet he did not think would be preferred, since he had spent all his life in theological controversies; and that therefore the choice must end in Huet. He was mistaken, however. The King caught at the name of the celebrated preacher, whom he thought a very proper man for preceptor, but consented to have Huet appointed his second. The sub-preceptor, in his 'Memoirs,' characteristically slurs over his subordination to the Bishop of Méaux, of which he need not have been ashamed, in the ambiguous phrase 'succenturiatus adjungor,' which Dr. Aikin, by translating 'coadjutor,' converts into a positive misrepresentation.

This mark of distinction was flattering, and the change of life, at first, agreeable enough to Huet. But on the whole he does not appear to have derived much satisfaction from it. In his pupil he could have none. The Dauphin had all the coldness, indifference, and dull sensuality of the Bourbons. After he had outgrown schooling he never touched a book, and with all the care expended in his education, his literature was limited to the *Article de Paris* in the '*Gazette de France*,' containing the births, deaths, and marriages. For this man the 'Discourse on Universal History' was written by Bossuet, the 'Delphin Classics' arranged by Huet! If a princely dunce, of whom scarce anything is recorded than that he was fond of killing weasels in a barn, could have been improved by any training, it might have been by that of Montausier, who was not likely to show less spirit in his conduct to his pupil than he did to his pupil's father. The Prince chose to pretend one day that his Governor had struck him, and called for his pistols in a fury. 'Bring his Highness's pistols,' said the Duke, coolly; then turning to the Dauphin, 'Now, sir, let us see what you mean to do with them.' On another occasion the Dauphin was practising pistol-firing at a mark, and his balls were very wide of the target. The Marquis de Crecqui had next to fire, and though an excellent shot, he went a foot further from the mark than the Dauphin. 'Ah! little serpent,' cried Montausier, 'you ought to be strangled.' When the Duke gave up his post, and was taking his final leave of the Prince, he did it with the words, 'Sir, if you are an honest

honest man, you will love me ; if you are not, you will hate me, and I shall console myself.

The Dauphin was nine years old when Huet was thus placed in his household in 1670, and the next ten years were accordingly spent by him in attendance on the court. Fond of society, and not insensible to the charms of intercourse with the great, so favourable a position was naturally pleasing to him; but as the novelty wore off, the want of men of literature and knowledge in the frivolous circle of Versailles, and the tedious formalities of court etiquette, made him pine for opportunity to resume his beloved occupations. The lessons, no doubt, were neither long nor frequent, but the attendance was constant; the regular hours which the King exacted from every one about him, the dressing, the continual removals of the court from Versailles to Marly, from Marly to Paris, from Paris to Fontainebleau, seemed to preclude all possibility of continuous study. Nevertheless all these difficulties were overcome by the ardour and determination of Huet, and it was during these years that he executed the longest and (after the 'Origen') most laborious of his works, 'The Demonstratio Evangelica,' and that he superintended the publication of the celebrated series of the Delphin Classics. The want of leisure for uninterrupted thought—the want of books of reference which he could not carry about, and had not even room to set up in the narrow apartments of the smaller palaces—all these obstacles he met by extreme diligence and great economy of time. He employed readers, who read to him while dressing, while travelling, while going to sleep. Often, after devoting the day to the Dauphin, on the approach of evening he rode off to Paris and spent a large part of the night in his library searching out and copying passages, and returning at daybreak to the Prince. Huet, however, was not the stiff pedant who could not enjoy the world, or the recluse philosopher whose finer fancies perished by contact with it; and he seems to have mingled, when he chose, with ease and satisfaction in the amusements of the palace. The author of the 'Demonstratio Evangelica' did not disdain to execute a specimen of minute calligraphy—twenty verses of the 'Iliad' written in a single line of a narrow slip of paper, to convince some incredulous person who would not believe the account of the Homer which was contained in a walnut-shell,—nor to celebrate in elegiacs the virtues of tea. He must have been one of the earliest to adopt the use of this beverage in France, as he says he derived the hint from the 'Voyages' of Alex. Rhodius the Jesuit. It appears that the leaves were boiled on the fire.

'The experiment succeeded so much beyond my hopes, that I seemed to have acquired a new stomach, strong and active, and no longer subject
to

to indigestion. On this account tea rose so high in my esteem, that I scarcely suffered a day to pass without drinking it. I derived from it the further advantage that its salutary leaves, with their benign vapours, swept the brain, thus meriting the title of brushes of the understanding.'

Amidst these engagements was completed (in 1679) the '*Demonstratio Evangelica*,' the publication by which Huet's theological character was established. It shows great erudition and some originality; but the title was borrowed from a work by Eusebius, and the form from Spinoza. A conversation with a learned Jew of Amsterdam had suggested to him the subject. He affects to adopt the mathematical method of proof, begins with definitions, postulates, and axioms, and builds on them ten propositions. All this is of course illusory, and, as was said at the time, the author has *demonstrated* nothing but his own learning. The more original and characteristic part of the book is the fanciful tracing of pagan personages and ceremonies to Hebrew sources. He liberally reduces to myths the sages of antiquity, most of whom he finds to be only fancy-portraits, copied from Moses—imagination pursued to such a length as to be rejected at once even at a period in which the derivation of the heathen religions from the Jewish was an accepted belief. This system of Huet, says Voltaire, '*n'a trouvé aucun partisan, tout absurde qu'il est.*' We must again repeat the caution that the merit of books, as of opinions, is relative to the age in which they appear. It will be enough to mention the repeated editions and translations into most of the languages of Europe of the '*Demonstratio Evangelica*,' to prove that it continued to be the standard work on the '*Evidences*,' till it was superseded by the more methodical productions of Abbadie among the Protestants, and the Abbé Houtteville among the Catholics. Complimentary letters from friends cannot go for much; yet that of Leibnitz to Huet has all the weight that a name can give. The author was perhaps more flattered by the great Condé having read the work through immediately, which he records with satisfaction, though he does not mention the letter of Leibnitz.

Better known at the present day is the other undertaking with which Huet was occupied during the period of his attendance on the Dauphin. This is the celebrated series of the *Delphin Classics*. Every schoolboy is now familiar with the demerits of these editions, yet the project forms an epoch in the history of classical learning in France. The credit of the design rests between the Duke of Montausier and Huet. The latter, a man not given to taking less than his share of such honours, ascribes it entirely to the duke, and Montausier's talent and knowledge quite warrant the claim.

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The Classics were the companions of his campaigns ; he read them with pleasure and facility, but still was often at a loss in a difficulty. Commentators were too bulky to be carried about in the field, and he had often wished for compendious editions which should give just such assistance as was wanted by a soldier, who was scholarly but not erudite.

Whether Montausier or Huet were the actual projector of the Delphin Classics, it was one of those happy ideas, which, though due to the suggestion of some one individual, happens to be precisely the thing which the public is wanting. Ancient learning in France had been suffering a gradual decay since the time of Francis I. It is beside the purpose to suggest the causes of this decline, but the fact is notorious. The public were growing indifferent to the subject ; the Universities languished ; the Jesuit Schools were lapsing into sloth ; men of learning were not so learned nor so prominent as they had been in a former generation. A steady development of a wholly new body of knowledge was going on along with this eclipse of classical lore. This later growth was various, and was not at that time mapped out into distinct branches ; but it was mainly physical and mathematical, in part also metaphysical. The momentum had been given in the former subjects by Kepler, Galileo, and Bacon—though the last was not himself a discoverer in physics. In metaphysics the impulse had sprung chiefly from Descartes, though he had also pursued with distinction some branches of mathematical science. But in all its parts, one characteristic of the new knowledge and of its cultivators was an entire renunciation of the dependence on antiquity. They broke off the whole connexion with the past, and passed rapidly from the idolatry to the disdain of the great names of ancient learning. Bacon and Descartes, Spinoza and Malebranche, agree in this respect. By this withdrawal of the best and the inquiring minds from classical learning, it lost its depth and progress. But it still maintained itself as an institution, constituted the formal education, and the knowledge of Latin (at least) was recognised as universally necessary. The learned languages ceased to engross attention for their own sakes, just in proportion as they became more identified with general literature and liberal cultivation. At such a period a demand not unnaturally arose for popular editions of the more generally read authors : not new recensions containing the fruits of a life's study, but easy abridgments of the best commentaries adapted for common use. To this new want the *Variorum* Classics in Holland and the Classics *in usum Delphini* in France were the reply. There was this difference between them, that, while the *Variorums* were a bookseller's speculation, the cost of the Delphin

phin Classics was defrayed out of the royal purse. Popular as they afterwards proved, so small was their sale at first, that no sooner was the treasury subscription withdrawn than the printing of them stopped. On the Dauphin's marriage in 1679 the *Ausonius* was withdrawn from the press at the 160th page, and it was not till 1730 that a Paris bookseller was found bold enough to take up and complete this, the last of the series. It is not often that state patronage has meddled so successfully with the press. Nearly sixty volumes were produced in about ten or twelve years. The assignment of the contributors, the choice of the authors, and the general superintendence fell to Huet. One day in every fortnight he went to Paris, where the different editors attended at stated hours, each with the portions of his work which he had finished; but it is not to be supposed that he examined every note so as to make himself responsible for it. The *collaborateurs* were all French, most of them young professors connected with the University of Paris, and none of them names distinguished in the annals of philology. Perhaps the best known are Madame Dacier, (Charles) De la Rue, and the paradoxical Hardouin. Huet sought the co-operation of Leibnitz, at this time residing in Paris, and had proposed to him to edit *Vitruvius*. Leibnitz consented to be employed, but excused himself from *Vitruvius* as requiring a knowledge of architecture, and chose *Martianus Capella*. He made some progress, and submitted a specimen of his illustrations on this favourite classic of the middle ages, to Huet. But on his quitting Paris soon after he seems to have dropped the task, and it is not known what became of his notes. The latest editors of *Capella*, Kopp and Hermann, do not appear to have known anything of his abortive attempt.

The series was confined to Latin authors: the scholarship of all the Universities of France at that time would have been unequal to a collection of Greek classics. It is true that all the lists of the Delphin editions in the bibliographies include the *Callimachus* of Madame Dacier. But that is an error, for her *Callimachus* is not, and does not profess to be, numbered among the Delphins. It has none of the marks; it is not dedicated to the Dauphin, but to Huet; it has not the words 'in usum serenissimi Delphini,' nor the well-known engraved title 'Arion and the dolphin.' The new features which Huet designed in the scheme were the '*ordo verborum*,' which was placed underneath the text, and a complete verbal index to accompany each author. And finally he intended that all the separate indexes should be fused into one general index, and thus constitute a complete vocabulary of the language, though this part of the work

was never executed. The other portions of the plan were not strictly novel. There existed already complete verbal indexes ; to Lucretius by Pareus, to Juvenal by Lange, to Virgil by Erythræus, besides others. Again, the paraphrase, or *ordo*, had been applied to Horace and Juvenal by Ceruto ; to the *Æneid* of Virgil by Pontanus, and to the *Eclogues* and *Georgics* by Frischlinius. The novelty lay in its being uniformly carried through the whole of the Latin poets. The merit of the different editions is very unequal. One of them only, the *Panegyrici Veteres* by De la Baune, has pretensions to be a scholar's book. The sole contribution, we believe, to original criticism, which the series can show was furnished by Huet himself. This was in the shape of some notes on Manilius, a very difficult author, and who had fallen into the hands of an editor who was not equal to the task, though of some reputation in the University. Huet's Appendix in part redeemed the character of the work. For some of his conjectural emendations, he has merited to be coupled with Scaliger in the phrase '*viros egregios*,' by the next editor of Manilius, Richard Bentley—a critic not merciful to rash correctors. The mediocrity of portions of the editing Huet candidly admits, apologizing for it by the youth of some of the persons employed, and their impatience of dry labour,—an impatience, we may add, which is at the bottom of the inferiority of the French nation in classical criticism. That the Delphins held their ground so long in the schools and colleges of France and England is perhaps rather a mark of the low state of scholarship than of their own merit. Still, with all their defects, a contribution on such a scale towards the popularisation of classical literature is worthy to rank among the magnificence of the *Siècle*. Certainly it may do so in point of costliness, if Huet be correct in saying that the whole undertaking cost upwards of 200,000 livres—a sum at the then rate of exchange equal to about 15,000*l.* sterling : rather a large bill for school-books for the Dauphin. Colbert, however, who had encouraged the enterprise, willingly opened the treasury for the purpose.

In 1681, on the Dauphin's marriage, Huet was released from the irksome restraint of Court attendance, and was once more his own master. He immediately returned to his old occupations, and seems to have proposed to himself with great satisfaction a life of literary ease in the society of men of letters. The means were provided him in an Abbey, given him by the King—which, to make the retirement more agreeable, was in his own province, Aulnai, twelve miles south of Caen—he having qualified himself during his preceptorship to hold a benefice by becoming a *prêtre*. Such a step, in such a situation, must suggest
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suspensions of his sincerity ; but they would be unjust. He had always designed himself for the ecclesiastical profession, had as early as 1656 received the ecclesiastical tonsure from Harlai, then Archbishop of Rouen, and had mainly directed his studies towards religious subjects from this consideration. But it was the fashion then, both with the literary and the gay class of clergy, to defer the final step, as they did baptism in the early centuries, that they might enjoy life a little first. They received the tonsure, and even the lesser orders, without changing their dress or their mode of living. It was during the preparation of the 'Demonstratio,' that serious thoughts forced themselves on Huet, and determined him to bring this period of probation to a close. He had, as with a presentiment of the length of days in store for him, indulged himself with a long youth. Though forty-six before he took priest's orders, he had still nearly fifty years of life before him. The change of dress was an important matter in the midst of a Court. A sudden assumption of the black *soutane* would have assuredly exposed him to the raillery of the Court ladies, and the sneers of the foplings. Bossuet advised his withdrawing for some days, while his friends should announce his purpose of taking orders, and then appearing at once in the ecclesiastical habit. Huet preferred, however, to make the change gradually. He shortened his hair a little every day, and left off bit by bit the gay apparel he had hitherto worn, and thus slid by degrees from the militaire into the abbé, without attracting attention by a sudden metamorphosis. This serious business smoothly got over, he received priest's orders, and then set to work to learn the rites belonging to his function. In a month he was prepared for the ordeal, terrible to the young priest, of the 'première Messe ;' and, like De Rancé, shunning publicity on the occasion, he performed the Holy Office in the crypt of the church of St. Geneviève.

In 1681 he bade a glad farewell to Versailles, and took up his residence at Aulnai. The situation of his abbey and its scenery were exactly suited to his taste in those matters. D'Olivet describes it as '*une solitude agréablement située dans le Bocage qui est le canton le plus riant de la Basse Normandie.*' (*Eloge de Huet.*) Huet himself says :—

'Such is the variety of hills, valleys, groves, meadows, fields, fountains, rivulets, gardens, trees, either in clumps or in long rows, that I recollected nothing more pleasant and refreshing. Add to this the salubrity of the air and the sweet tranquillity of the spot ; so that if Providence had granted me the power of choosing a retreat to my own fancy, I should have wished for nothing different from this. Though driven from it by the approach of winter, yet when I had once tasted
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its delights, I returned thither with the greatest satisfaction every year at the earliest flight of the swallow and the first song of the nightingale. There I passed whole summers in charming retirement, occupied day and night in meditating abstruse points, for the study of which I had never found so suitable a residence.'—*Memoirs*.

The reader will perhaps prefer to dispense with the Latin lyrics (*Ionici a majore*, we believe they are called), which wind up the praises of this Tempe.

Ten pleasant summers were passed in this charming retirement. For the winters he retreated to Caen, or more generally to Paris. Poetry and philosophy, pious meditation and modern literature, with society elegant or learned, filled up the smooth-gliding days. 'It is but a five days' journey from Paris to Caen,' he writes to Bernard, 'there is a diligence once a week, the road excellent, and my chariot shall meet you in Caen, if you will pay me a visit here.' Bernard, Savilian Professor of Astronomy, was residing in Paris as tutor to the Dukes of Grafton and Northumberland. Upon no period of his life did Huet look back with so much satisfaction. Aulnai was his Tusculum, and he attached its name to his favourite work the '*Questiones Alnetanæ*.' Is not this indeed the picture of the lettered Abbé in the Golden Age? Not the good-humoured and luxurious sluggard, *intrigant* and *bon-vivant*, and *un peu athée*, of the pre-revolution times. This was not yet the age of—

' . . . happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines.'

Our Abbé is a real, nay a hard student, and recognizes his sacred calling as an obligation to direct his reading to sacred subjects, though without declining a wholesome mixture of others. We need not doubt which side he took in the dispute just now agitating the convents on the subject of 'profane learning,' between Mabillon and De Rancé. Huet, devout as he was, could not but lament the extravagant folly of the noble fanatic in interdicting the religious from all studies. He writes to Mabillon on the publication of the excellent little '*Traité des Etudes Monastiques*.'

' *Aulnai*, 13th August, 1691.—I am delighted that you have undertaken to disabuse them [the religious] of what has been so industriously inculcated of late years, namely, that ignorance is a necessary quality of a good religious. I am at this moment in a place where I have found this doctrine upheld—a doctrine so favourable to idleness in the cloister, which is the parent of all kinds of laxity. In vain I cite your example, and that of your illustrious brethren. But your book may do some good, if only I can prevail on them to read it. But that may
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be difficult, as when one is in love with one's faults, one shuns their remedies.'

Now it was that Huet revived his Hebrew learning, added to it Syriac and Arabic, above all addicted himself to philosophy, going back to the sources, examining the earliest Greek philosophers, and for this purpose making Diogenes Laertius his constant companion. Yet there was a weakness about this life, and it is fatally apparent in the products of it. His zeal of study, his interest in the subjects, was not relaxed; his pen (as the phrase is) was more fluent than ever. Yet none of the works—and they are many—which he produced after 1681 can add to his reputation. He is copious and multifarious, without being laborious. We see no more of the massive erudition of the '*Origeniana*,' nothing of the comprehensive method of the '*Demonstratio*.' Is this simply to be ascribed to age, and having wasted his ten best years on the Dauphin and the Delphin Classics? Or was it that he had got upon an alien subject, for which his powers were really unfitted? Or, lastly, was it the discouraging circumstances of the times, the general neglect of learning, the absorption of all interest into frivolous and fanatical theological quarrels? That all these causes contributed is probable. But we are more inclined to refer the falling off in vigour, and grasp, and *work*, to the very ease and comfort of his outward existence. College endowments are often a temptation to stop short in the path of solid learning; Cathedral chapters have been singularly unprolific of works of earnest labour or severe thought. To the sleek and dignified Abbé, literature had become an amusement, no longer the serious business and occupation of life. Turned fifty, and having achieved what Huet had done—Origen, the '*Demonstratio*,' and the Delphin Classics—he could not be blamed for this. Had he retired from the field altogether, he had retired with honour. But he continued, on the contrary, to write and publish, and only ceased to give the mind and toil which had made his first productions valuable. Scholars, philosophers, or poets, have an undoubted right to enjoy themselves in their own way; and the spectacle of an independent leisure amused and adorned by literature is one we love to contemplate. But if they write, it must not be alleged in defence of shortcomings that they only write for amusement. To write is to deliver opinions, and to instruct others, who in a greater or less degree depend on what they read for guidance. An opinion then, crudely formed, hastily expressed, inadequately expounded, weakly defended, yet backed by a name perhaps deservedly eminent, is an offence to be visited with all the rigours of criticism.

Before

Before we proceed to give some account of Huet's philosophical writings, we must notice what was really only a short interlude in his musing life—his episcopate. In 1685 he was nominated by the King to the see of Soissons, but never was more than bishop-designate of that place. No instruments of any kind could be obtained from Rome during the embroilment of the Court of France with the Papal See. In the mean time he had exchanged Soissons for Avranches with another bishop-designate—Brulart, whose native place of Sillery was in the neighbourhood of Soissons, as Avranches was of Caen. On the arrangement of matters between Louis and Innocent he was consecrated bishop, in 1692. He filled the see only seven years, when he voluntarily resigned it, and in 1699 returned to the life of study which he had learned to value more by the temporary estrangement. The well-known anecdote to which we have already alluded intimates to us that even during the years of the episcopate the books were not laid aside. But we must not hastily infer from the story, that the episcopal duties were neglected for the books. Far from this, he set himself with an activity not universal among prelates to look into the affairs of his diocese, which the long interregnum had thrown somewhat into disorder. He held annual visitations, made the acquaintance of all his clergy, and promulgated an entirely new set of synodal statutes for the regulation of the diocese, founded on the primitive codes. These are extant, and are said by the Abbé Des Roches to be a complete treatise of theology. He was not fond of long sermons, and one of his orders is, that the sermon or explanation of the Gospel should never exceed half an hour. The Norman litigiousness extended itself to his clergy, who were in the habit of going to law with each other on the most frivolous matters. To check this spirit, and to complete the work of the bringing in the Huguenots to the church, which his predecessor Froulai had nearly achieved, appear to have been the only memorable acts of his episcopate.

Avranches is proud of her Bishop, whose name now distinguishes a *Place* which occupies the site of the cathedral. Of that church, at the door of which Henry II. received absolution for the murder of Becket, a single stone, called 'la Pierre d'Henri II.,' is all that remains. But it was not, as the usually accurate 'Murray' tells us, the victim of a revolutionary mob. It had become dilapidated from neglect; the roof fell, and some children were hurt by it; and the walls, being pronounced dangerous, were pulled down by order of the *Maire* in 1799.●

The infirmities of the bishop increased with his years; he did not like the place for a residence, the water disagreed with him;


him ; and he would not, in spite of the numerous precedents for such a course, continue to hold the office without discharging the duties. The see was not rich, and he gladly accepted as a retirement the abbey of Fontenai, two miles from Caen. He lived twenty-two years after his resignation, partly at Fontenai, chiefly at Paris, but with frequent visits in the season to the waters of Bourbon. He neglected not the acts and thoughts of piety, but the studies which had been the pursuit of his youth were the solace of his age. No works of any moment were to be expected from him, yet he continued to evince his lively interest in letters by occasional pieces. It was now that he compiled the '*Origines de Caen*,' of which we have before spoken. He would turn off short pieces in French while riding in his carriage through the streets, and he continually added to his Latin compositions. He had already fixed on the future owners of his cherished books, of which in so long a life he had amassed not a few. He had seen with grief De Thou's magnificent collection dispersed under the hammer, and he could not bear the thought that his own should undergo the same fate. To the man who is destitute of living ties of affection, books become an object of attachment. Nor is it wonderful when we consider the communion his mind has held with them ; they have been more to him than friends. Cujas, the civil lawyer, directed in his will that his library should be sold separately, jealous that any one man should possess what he had possessed. Huet's desire was to keep his together. He made an agreement with the Jesuit house in Paris, by which he made over to them his collection by a deed of gift, stipulating that he should enjoy the use of it during the remainder of his life, and apartments in their *Maison Professe* in the Rue St. Antoine. None of the books were on any account to be taken out of the library, and in every one of the volumes was to be entered the caution '*ne extra hanc bibliothecam efferatur*.' Menage followed his example, and the popularity of the Jesuits soon swelled their store till it became one of the most considerable in Paris. Little could Huet foresee the short duration of the perpetuity he thought he had thus secured, and that within half a century after his death public proscription would strike this powerful society, and confiscation disperse their fine library. Many of Huet's books, after various migrations, are at present deposited in the somewhat perilous locality of the Hôtel de Ville. They had had one narrow escape before they reached the Rue St. Antoine. The room of which Huet was *locataire* had long been ruinous, and one day fell in altogether while he was absent, and the volumes lay exposed

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for the passers-by to help themselves, till the Jesuit Pères heard of the accident and came to their rescue.

In the *Maison Professe* he enjoyed apartments with a north aspect, which he preferred, and the society of his friends. Bourdaloue, an inmate of the same roof, visited him almost every evening, and told him the events of the day. Twice a week his friends met by agreement at a fixed hour at his room, and this private reception became almost a *petite académie* of veteran literati. In the summer he sometimes removed to Fontenai, and sometimes to the baths of Bourbon. From the waters he found great benefit in his declining years. The physicians of the place insisted on very strict rules of diet, and, above all, prohibited study. Huet, who had nearly doubled the years that ought to make a man his own physician, would neither alter his diet nor give up his books. Read he would himself, and he seems to have set the fashion at Bourbon, for he tells a pleasant story of how he caught 'an elegant and modest young lady,' Marie de Rochechouart, reading a pocket Plato in a corner.

But in spite of the Bourbon waters a man cannot pass three score and ten with perfect immunity. Every year brought a new ailment or took away a friend. First he lost Bourdaloue; in the same year his eldest sister, a woman of great sense and piety. Then another sister, who was retired into a convent of the Visitation, and to whom he had been much attached. Both of them had passed their eightieth year. These were so many warnings, but his time was still distant. After he was turned seventy he had his first attack of the gout, completely got the better of it, and was never troubled with it again. In 1712, when upwards of eighty, he had so severe an illness, that he was given over by the physicians, and received the last rites. He recovered, but says that neither his senses nor his memory were ever again what they had been before the attack. Up to this illness he had not been used to employ a reader or amanuensis. Yet it was after this that he drew up, at the request of friends, those *Memoirs* of his life on which our narrative has been chiefly founded, and also threw together the miscellaneous observations which were published after his death as the *Huetiana*. A few days before he died he recovered his memory and all his mental powers in their full vigour. 'He employed the precious moments,' says the Abbé Olivet, 'in acts of religion, and died peaceful and full of trust in God.' The event took place in the Jesuit House in Paris, January 26, 1721, in the ninety-first year of his age.

His portrait has been engraved on copper by Edelinck.  prefixed

province. Like our Scottish-English writers of the last century, he avoids provincial vulgarity at the expense of idiom, and is correct without being elegant. He was very sensitive to the gibes made upon his French by the wits—the *régentes* à l'*Université*, as he calls them. 'Do they pretend that I have been forty years at the very source of purity, and thirty member of the Academy for nothing?' (*Letter of December 12, 1702, to T. Martin.*) His Latin is Jesuit-Latin—faultless, fluent, and perfectly clear. Yet with these merits, or what ought to be merits, it is not pleasant reading from its want of character and its insipidity. It is like filtered water, from which all savour has been strained away with the impurities. He himself has remarked the *oratorical* character of the Jesuit-Latin style, and has ascribed it to their habit of *regenting*, or holding *vivâ voce* disputations, in their colleges. The cause, however, lies deeper than this; and the nature of Jesuit education is faithfully reflected in the smooth monotony of their Latin.

In his outward fortunes Huet offers a rare exception to the ordinary career of the great scholars. In his case his private means secured him against that painful struggle with penury which makes so much of the history of many men of learning, in an age and a country where church endowments absorbed a large part of the national wealth. His subsequent promotion was owing to the accident of having been selected for the post of Preceptor to the Dauphin. But his own ardour of study was pure and independent of such aims. Fond of society, flattered by the notice of the great, vain of social distinction,—all these inclinations were overcome by the yet more absorbing passion for knowledge. For this he resigned court life and a bishopric, and, if he may be believed, found his reward in doing so.

'Those men make a great mistake who turn to study with a view to arrive by it at honours and riches. The retirement, the inaction, the unfitness for business and the common occupations of life, the habit of interior meditation and abstraction, are not qualities which equip us for the road of fortune. But there were men of old, Democritus, Epimenides, and others, who held themselves recompensed for the sacrifice of the favours of the world by the pleasures of the mind—pleasures more vivid, exciting, and elevating than any others. He on whose cradle the Muse has smiled will hold cheap the applause of the multitude, the seductions of wealth and honours, and will seek the rewards of his labour in itself. He will not be repelled by its infiniteness, or its unfruitfulness—rather his passion for acquisition will grow with the extent of his acquisitions. These are not unmeaning words of praise; I speak of what I have experienced—an experience which length of days only confirmed. If anything could make me desire my life prolonged, it would be to have time to learn that of which I am still ignorant.'

ignorant. As for Joseph Scaliger, who said "that if he had had ten sons he would not have brought up one to his own career, but would have sent them to seek preferment in the courts of princes," he held language unworthy of his eminent learning—language, too, contradicted by his own life-long pursuit of knowledge.'

We are not now holding up such lives as Huet's and Scaliger's as models of general imitation; but it may, at least, correct our judgments to recollect, what we are too much given to overlook in our comparative estimate of literature as a profession, namely, the satisfactions which may be drawn from the pursuit of it for its own sake. Compared with the other professions, as a profession, it may sometimes deserve the accusations which disappointed writers have heaped on it. If you want a livelihood and a worthy career, still more if your ambition ascends to fame, honours, wealth, seek it not by authorship; seek it in trade, on the stock-exchange, at the bar. The chosen few only in whom the appetite for knowledge with which all are born has not been quenched by the more vehement passions, love, ambition, or avarice, may see in a life like that of Huet that it is as possible to find happiness in the pursuit of knowledge as in the pursuit of any other object. This is the proper moral of a literary biography. The moral commonly drawn is either that pre-eminence in letters leads to the usual rewards, as surely as any other excellence; or that mediocrity in literature, unlike mediocrity in other pursuits, leads to failure. These observations are often true, but they are not the main truth.

The subject of philosophy was that which principally engaged his attention during the latter half of his life, and it was by the opinions he promulgated on it that he became most widely known throughout the learned world, and excited the greatest amount of opposition and hostility. His first publication of this sort, '*Censura Philosophiæ Cartesianæ*,' appeared in 1689. The last, the '*Traité Philosophique de la Foiblesse de l'Esprit Humain*,' was published posthumously at Amsterdam in 1723. However slight may be the intrinsic merit of these works, yet the positions taken up in them, and the storm of controversy raised, especially by the last, make them important features in the history of modern philosophy. The '*History of Cartesianism*,' after the death of its founder, has still to be written; and though so much has been published on Descartes himself, we know no source to which we can turn for a view of the fortunes of his system, though two fragments of M. Cousin are most important contributions to it. The remarks which follow will be strictly confined to the personal share which the Bishop of Avranches had in these controversies.

The seventeenth century witnessed the rise and growth of a
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vernacular literature in France. This growth and expansion was not accomplished without a violent struggle with the old learning and literature. In the preceding century, the sixteenth, nothing that can be called a *French* literature existed. All books of solid character were composed in Latin, and addressed to a learned and a European public. In the eighteenth century Latin is entirely disused, and French writers, on whatever subjects, address a French reading public, and in French. During the intermediate period, the latter half of the seventeenth century, the authors and their readers were separated into two camps: the adherents of the old school who used Latin, the converts of the new who employed French. But the language was but the dress or uniform by which the respective armies were distinguished. Their character, subjects, method, opinions, were wholly distinct and irreconcilable. The great modern revolution in thought to which the Reformation was but the preface, was then commencing in earnest. It was not merely a change of opinion on speculative points of theology or metaphysics, but an entire metamorphosis of the human mind and all its habits. Any such total change must imply as its preliminary a revolution in philosophy, and that revolution was due in France to Descartes. His principal doctrines must be well known to our readers. There was in them a mighty power of truth, with a vast addition of fantastic error. But it is not requisite for our purpose to recall any one of Descartes' doctrines; for the term Cartesianism, as applied after Descartes' death (1651), must not be taken to mean only those peculiar dogmas on Physics and Metaphysics which he had promulgated. It was the title either of convenience or opprobrium which the men of the old learning fastened on their opponents, on the men of progress, of free thought. The battle was nominally fought under the banner of Aristotle on the one side and Descartes on the other—the Aristotelian orthodoxy and the Cartesian heresy; but it was really only another epoch of the old struggle between a dead tradition and the living energy of mind, between conventional formulæ, which had long ceased to mean anything, and a serious faith. The course and issue of such a conflict could not be doubtful. All the genius, the original thinkers, the wits, and the popular writers, fell in, of course, with the movement. The Jansenists, or the religious party, the Oratorians, who had succeeded the Jesuits as the most successful teachers, the higher clergy, Bossuet as well as Fénelon, were, in the extended sense of the term, Cartesians, whether or not they rejected substantial forms, or had ever heard of the Vortices. On the other side were ranged the lower clergy, whose
ignorance

ignorance removed them from any intellectual influences; the Universities, the lawyers, and the men of business; and, above all, the Jesuits. The Jesuits set in motion the arms of authority—the French Government, which they were able to command, and the See of Rome, the inveterate enemy of intellectual progress. It will be easily understood how Huet came to be found in the ranks of the antiquated party. He was intimately *lié* with the Jesuits; he had been brought up at La Flèche; he returned in old age to be an inmate of their *Maison Professe* in Paris. He did not like Bossuet, who eclipsed him at court and held him at a distance. He was on friendly terms with the lawyers, and all the men of sense (*les gens sensés*) detested this new-fangled nonsense, which they were sure the Jansenists had only taken up out of spite to the Jesuits. But, above all, Huet was devotedly attached to classical studies, and it was an error, though a natural one, of the new school to pour unmeasured contempt upon the ancients. This lies at the bottom of Huet's anti-Cartesianism. He is ever complaining of the neglect of antiquity, of the growing ignorance of Greek and Latin, and the decay of sound philological lore—all which he ascribed to Cartesianism. His *Censura* is professedly directed against 'that audacious contemner of Christian and ancient learning' (meaning Descartes). Madame de Sevigné, who honestly believed that the *haute noblesse* disposed at will of the souls of authors as they did of the bodies of the peasants, thought he wrote against Descartes to please the Duke of Montausier. M. Bartholméss supposes Huet was converted by a letter of Isaac Voss. Not so. Huet belonged by nature and pursuits to the past world.

Huet fought Cartesianism with two weapons—argument and ridicule. The ridicule is contained in the *Nouveaux Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du Cartésianisme*. He dictated this to a secretary at a time when his eyes were weak and he was precluded from more serious study. He calls it a jocular romance (*ludicra fabula*). But the jest is extremely thin. It is, in fact, a poor imitation of the Père Daniel's 'Voyage du Monde de Descartes'—itself not a very felicitous performance. The Jesuits have never succeeded in humour, which requires a geniality, a native growth and raciness of character, to which their education is directly opposite. Huet pretends to disclose the secret, that Descartes had not, as had hitherto been believed, died in Sweden. Like another Zalmoxis, he had feigned death and had a mock funeral, but had really retired into Finland, wearied of maintaining so long the onerous dignity of oracle of mankind. Here he had gathered round him a small academy of young
Laps,

Laps, to whom he laid down the law in all the comfort of incognito.

The foppery ● Descartes, his green coat, and cap with the white feather, are not omitted, and we may recognise the philosopher even in Huet's dim water-colour drawing. But it was not easy for humour to make a man like Descartes ridiculous; and, as D'Alembert says, 's'il fallait absolument que le ridicule restât à quelqu'un, ce ne serait pas à Descartes.' Huet's serious polemic is not much more formidable. This is the '*Censura Philosophiæ Cartesianæ*,' written in Latin. It is chiefly noticeable in the history of the controversy as having called out the reply of Sylvain Regis (*P. D. Huetii Censura*, &c., Paris, 1692), a reply of which Fontenelle has said that it is a model of moderate and courteous controversy. To the personalities of Huet—and Huet, who was always complaining of 'la médisance des gens de Caen, leur vice favori,' had not been sparing of banter more angry than smart—Regis makes no retort. Over the argumentation of Huet, vague, declamatory, and superficial, Regis had no difficult victory. He exposes with calm superiority the misunderstandings of an antagonist who never penetrates into the real meaning of the points at issue, who has no more grasp of the views of Descartes than he has of those of which he professes to be the champion, and who deals only in external analogies collected on the surface. After the labours of Dugald Stewart and Cousin, the true sense of the 'Cogito, ergo sum' is known to even the tyro in metaphysics. It was completely mistaken by Huet, who cannot distinguish it from Pyrrhonism; nowhere can a more luminous and correct exposition of it be found than in this brochure of Sylvain Regis. That Bossuet preserved a total silence to Huet on his book, and that Arnauld openly disapproved, is as much to be ascribed to their sense of its incompetency as to their Cartesian leanings. Huet was much more in his sphere in determining the 'Situation of the Terrestrial Paradise' (1691), and in describing the 'Voyages of Solomon's Navy round the Cape of Good Hope' (1698)—divertissements with which he relieved his more serious pursuits.

We now come, in the last place, to the mention of Huet's peculiar philosophical opinions, which attracted much more notice than his feeble polemic against the Cartesians. It is remarkable that the eccentric book in which these opinions were broached was not the inconsiderate effusion of his youth, but the deliberate meditations of his old age. The first *redaction* of the '*Traité Philosophique*,' &c., was drawn out in 1690, and for the remaining thirty years of his life, to his last moments, he was continually retouching it. He spent as much labour on it, as Bacon

on the 'Novum Organon.' He wrote it in French, then translated it into Latin, and made several copies of it which he entrusted to different persons to secure its publication. But he foresaw the storm it would raise, and never could resolve on bringing it out himself, and so expose himself to the attacks of those whom he was wont to call 'the vulgar of the republic of letters.' The French original was published by the Abbé Olivet in 1723, a year after the author's death. The outcry was immediate and universal. The communication of books was quicker then than it has ever been since till the last few years: it was immediately translated into German and English. The echo of the clamour is preserved in the periodical literature of the next ten years. Refutations appeared in every quarter of Europe, even in Italy. In Holland it was answered by Crousaz, the leader of the Cartesians there; in Italy by Muratori. So great was the scandal that it seemed to extend by implication to everything connected with him, among the rest to the Jesuits. They endeavoured to extricate themselves by roundly asserting that the book was spurious. But that evasion was speedily stopped by Olivet's producing the original manuscript as a voucher; and he referred the authenticity of it to the Forty of the Academy. The sensation excited was not due to any book-merits in the treatise itself. It has not the weight of a profound discussion; it has not the popularity of an elegant essay. The very same opinions had been broached by Huet in an earlier work without attracting any general attention—in the 'Quæstiones Alnetanæ,' 1690—a work which, like Hume's 'Treatise,' might be said to have 'fallen still-born from the press.' What made the 'Traité de la Foiblesse' tell, was the high character of the author, known to have spent an unusually long life in study and religious exercises, and its inconsistency with his whole career. It seemed, says Voltaire, who reports the opinion of the world, that the 'Traité de la Foiblesse' contradicted the 'Demonstratio.' A bishop of eminent piety, the bosom friend of Bourdaloue, the *élève* and inmate of the Jesuits, the *savant* of whom Le Clerc could say without contradiction that 'he was the most learned man left in Europe,'—had left, as his last legacy to his fellow men, a work of the most outrageous scepticism.

The term scepticism has come to be so peculiarly applied to religious doubt, that it may be necessary to say that we mean it at present in its original sense—philosophical doubt. The two have indeed sometimes gone together, as in Hume. More often they have been separate. The peculiarity of Huet's case was, that he aimed to build religious certainty on philosophical doubt. The drift of the 'Traité de la Foiblesse' is summed up in the sentence
 already

already enunciated in the 'Quæstiones Alnetanæ,'—'Ad credendum utile esse non credere.' His Pyrrhonism is the porch or gateway to the Christian faith. Scepticism becomes the instrument, the 'New Organon,' of religion. Human reason had been variously treated as an impediment or aid, as preparatory or supplementary, to faith. Huet removes it altogether. We know and can know nothing. Not only scientific but ordinary knowledge is impossible; our perceptions are illusory, our ideas baseless, our reasonings fallacious. Nothing is certain but the revealed doctrines of the Christian faith. As the ancient school of Pyrrhonists had made this doubt the foundation of a scheme of life and action—that, viz., of passive indifference to good or ill fortune—so Huet builds on his doubt the Christian blessedness, the peace of God.

The '*Traité de la Foiblesse*,' a small 12mo volume of barely 300 pages, is divided into three parts. The first offers to prove the proposition, that the human understanding cannot, by aid of the reason only, attain any certain knowledge of truth; the second part explains the right method of philosophising; and the third meets objections. The metaphysical proofs offer nothing original, nor are they stated with any precision or peculiar skill. They are the old Pyrrhonian arguments, collected from all sides—largely from Sextus Empiricus; and M. Bartholméss has traced Huet's obligations to Martin Shooock's '*De Scepticismo*,' by means of the bishop's own copy, now in the Library in Paris. It is curious to see in what condition the celebrated argument, afterwards pushed to its furthest consequences by Berkeley and Hume, appears in the '*Traité*.' It stands the very first of the metaphysical proofs:

'Qui est qui osera dire, que l'image, ou ombre, ou espèce, qui s'écoule de ce corps extérieur, qui se présente à nous, est sa véritable ressemblance, sans aucune différence? . . . Par quel art, par quelle industrie mon entendement, qui juge de cette ressemblance, peut-il comparer cet objet extérieur avec son image? puisque l'un et l'autre sont hors de mon entendement?'

Those who are at all acquainted with the history of the representative theory of perception will not fail to perceive two things: first, as a psychological statement, how far short that of Huet falls of the point to which Berkeley and Hume extended the same observation of which we have here the rudiments; and, secondly, how much more keen and skilful as a weapon of scepticism is the use Hume makes of the discovery. How do you know that the sensible species you perceive is a true copy of the material object? 'Do you not irresistibly believe,' says Hume, 'that the sensible image you perceive is a true copy of the external object from which

which it emanates? Yet you see you have no means of knowing that there is any external object at all behind it; *therefore* you find yourself irresistibly impelled to a belief for which you see there can be no grounds! We may further observe that the argument against causation does not appear in the 'Traité.' He could not have been acquainted with Joseph Glanvill, as he was ignorant of English, and Glanvill had not been translated. There are traces, we think, that Hume had read the tracts of Huet; though the chief points of sceptical metaphysics were so abundantly scattered over the fugitive literature of the period, that they would be unconsciously imbibed by anybody whose mind was occupied on the subject. And so it might easily be, that the argument from the insecurity of arithmetical processes, which occurs in the 'Quæstiones Alnetanæ,' might be suggested to Hume by some casual book, and yet made his own by subsequent reflection in the way in which he appropriates it in the 'Treatise of Human Nature.' There is no branch of criticism so delicate as that whose office it is to track the transmission of thought in books. There are a few notable and distinctly proved cases of plagiarism. These cases apart, there are not many in which it is possible to affirm that one philosopher borrowed from any particular predecessor. In such researches resemblances are mistaken for parallels, parallels are construed into appropriations. It might be a curious amusement for any person having time on his hands, to take such a book, say as 'Hume's Essays,' and to trace each idea back into previous literature. The result would have a far higher importance than any detection of individual plagiarism, which in so original a thinker as Hume would hardly have any place. It might supply materials to a future historian of philosophy—it might illustrate that process by which the grand masses of thought, deposited in earlier ages, become ground down into the diluvial surface spread over modern literature.

On the origin and on the nature of that particular alliance between scepticism and belief, of which Huet is so illustrious an example, a few general remarks may be made. Its origin may be assigned readily enough in the gradual progress of the human mind in the seventeenth century. The history of philosophy in that century is summed up in the one fact of its emancipation of thought from control. Guided by this clue we shall find our way easily through all the fantastic errors, or the jarring controversies of the various sects. The opposite schools of Gassendists and Cartesians were at variance with each other, but they were one and all struggling with the authority of the Church. That war was internecine. The systems of Des-

cartes

cartes and of Gassendi might be mixed with enormous error; but their errors no less than their truths tended to one point, the awakening a general spirit of free inquiry. Well does Dugald Stewart ask, 'Whether the truths which Descartes taught, or the errors into which he fell, were more instructive to the world?' Bit by bit the several provinces of human knowledge were being conquered from the despotism of the old traditional system. But this progress was not obtained without the most pertinacious resistance on the part of authority. We have seen above how they employed physical force to crush the opinions which they disliked; they also employed argument. The writers against Cartesianism were as numerous, perhaps as well informed, as its supporters. Their arguments on the special points of controversy were at least no worse, their errors not greater, perhaps not so great, as those of the advocates of the new opinions. Yet they lost ground every day, not because they were beaten in the argument on the controverted points, but because the ground of authority, the real ground on which they rested, was shaking under them. The Jesuit polemics might ridicule the vortices, might upset the innate ideas, might plausibly defend the substantial forms. All these victories in detail had no effect whatever on the general result of the war, never arrested for one moment the growing confidence of the human mind in its right to independence. What was to be done? Should they withdraw their forces from the extended frontier they were vainly endeavouring to cover, and concentrate their whole strength for the defence of the capital? Should they, that is, resign the church's claims to dictate a creed on physical science, philosophy, morals, politics, in order to strengthen and secure her authority on religion? This was what the more far-sighted and moderate among the Conservative party were willing to do. But they conceived the desperate design of first ruining the territory they were preparing to evacuate. Before philosophy was handed over to the philosophers the old Aristotelian citadel was to be blown into the air. When the human mind entered on the inheritance it had conquered at so much cost, it should find nothing but the arid desert of scepticism awaiting it. This was the enterprise that Huet undertook. A theologian and a scholar rather than a metaphysician, he was a devoted adherent of the old system, with which all the stores of learning, classical and modern, had become identified. Things had changed their position since the time of Erasmus. Then the men of learning, the scholars, were reformers; now the reformers were a class of men who depreciated book-knowledge. But Huet, though hating Cartesianism for its innovating and destructive character, had no philosophical conviction

conviction of the truth of Aristotelianism. He cared not for Aristotle, but for the treasures of wisdom which rested, or seemed to rest, on the foundation of Aristotle. If these could be saved in any other way he would willingly give up the Aristotelian metaphysics.

It will thus be seen that Huet the sceptic must be referred to that class of philosophers who have taken up philosophy, not as an end, but as a means—not for its own sake, but for the support of religion. We do not mean that he was insincere in what he wrote, but that he was not a genuine metaphysician. Le Clerc is certainly wrong when he says that he regards all that his friend had written on that subject as ‘pures badineries;’ but we must agree in his sentence that ‘reasoning on abstract subjects was not Huet’s forte.’ His insight was too deep to allow his philosophy to be a mere disguise, it was not deep enough to give his thoughts any real philosophical value. Huet’s scepticism was no hypocrisy, it was not put on, in the Jesuit spirit, for the mere sake of serving the Church. It was a suit of clothes, not a mask; only we see the scholar peeping through the holes in the cloak of Pyrrho—‘in quâ se transducebat Ulysses.’ Now, philosophical argument, however ingenious, that is not the native growth of a philosophic mind, is of as small worth as the most elegant verses written by one who is no poet. But of all the forms of philosophy, scepticism is that one which must be absolutely worthless if not indigenous. For it is not a doctrine, it is a state. It does not consist of a set of propositions which may be reasoned upon by the understanding, while the sentiments are not engaged. It is a crisis in the history of the mind which must occur, but cannot be fabricated. When this condition does seize a great and developed intellect, it is the most deeply interesting phenomenon that the human mind offers for our study. The ‘Pensées’ of Pascal is such a disclosure. What confers the inexpressible attraction which those fragments have for all who think, is, that it is a real history of the sorrows and conflicts of the understanding. Such a scepticism, if it be a disease, is a disease that can only take hold of a sincere mind; for it is caused by the endeavour to reach a foundation for opinion, and the struggle is desperate because it is felt to be one for life or death. Of such terrible reality of conflict Huet was not an instance. With him philosophical scepticism was a tranquil doctrine, sincerely embraced indeed and ingeniously defended—a paradox and nothing more. It neither racked his soul, nor shortened his physical existence. In the even tenor of his studious life, and his days extended beyond the usual time by the cheerful enjoyment of contemplation and reading, we may

may rather compare him to some Greek Philosopher of the New Academy or the Garden; indeed may apply to him the very words in which Valerius Maximus describes Carneades, 'Laboriosus et diuturnus sapientiæ miles; siquidem, nonaginta expletis annis, idem illi vivendi ac philosophandi finis fuit.'

ART. II.—1. *A Year's Sermons to Boys, preached in the Chapel of St. Peter's College, Radley.* By W. Sewell, B.D., Warden. London, 1854.

2. *Seven Sermons preached in the Chapel of Marlborough College.* By George E. L. Cotton, M.A., Master of Marlborough College. London, 1855.

'HOW useful X might be if he had but common sense!' said Y to Z. 'Don't call it *common* sense,' replied Z; 'for it is the most uncommon thing in the world. Call it plain sense, or good sense, or sound sense, or anything but common sense.'

Notwithstanding Z's remonstrance, however, we shall adhere to the epithet which he condemned. For we take it to imply, not that the sense in question is an ordinary endowment ('*rarus enim ferme sensus communis*')*, but that it puts its possessors into sympathy with the common mind of men, and keeps them in communion with their kind. It is that instinct which enables them to see their deeds and words in the light wherein they will appear to the mass of observers. It is that tact by which some happy mortals anticipate the lessons of experience, without the necessity of purchasing them by failure; while others, for the want of it, after many years of blundering, seem to quit life with as little knowledge of the world as when they entered it.

Yet this faculty, like others, though innate rather than acquired, and given in different degrees to different persons, may be improved by cultivation, and weakened by disuse. Those who have little of it by nature may, by the friction of the world, become charged with a moral magnetism which puts them into affinity with their fellow-creatures. On the other hand, they may lose the little with which they started, if secluded by circumstances from the contact of common things and common men.

Hence there is no wonder that none should be more frequently wanting in common sense than the recluses of the cloister, whether conventual or academic, who have spent their lives far

* Juv. viii. 73.

from the strife and turmoil of the multitude. There is a natural tendency in such a life to place them in a state of mental isolation, which grows more complete with growing years. The ideal world in which they dwell becomes more and more different from the actual. Severed from the pursuits and interests of the crowd, they are severed also from their sympathies, so that mutual understanding becomes difficult; and at length they learn unconsciously

‘to live alone

Housed in a dream, at distance from the kind.’ *

Nor does it save them from this isolation, that they have often, as instructors of youth, many opportunities of contact with other minds. On the contrary, this very circumstance may strengthen their illusions; for their relation to their pupils is not a relation of equality. The assent of reverent disciples cannot enlighten them as to the feelings of the masses.

Nor, again, does the highest ability exempt them from this loss of common sense. Nay, their very ability may mislead them, by causing them to suppose other men on their own intellectual level, and therefore to address them in language which they cannot interpret, upon topics which they cannot understand; like the metaphysical philosopher who insists upon talking to his children in the nursery upon objects and subjects, apprehension and conception, essential form and corporeal substance.

Thus when such men are brought into a novel proximity to their fellow-creatures, either by change of circumstances (such as that which occurs when a college-fellow takes a school or parish), or by their adopting a new mode of communication with others (such as the publication of a work on topics of common interest to ordinary readers), it often happens that they act, speak, or write, so as to convey to those with whom they have to do an impression quite opposite to that which it was their intention to produce.

These remarks have been forced upon us by two works which have recently appeared, both from the pens of college tutors. One is the ‘*Year’s Sermons*’ of Mr. Sewell, of which we have placed the title at the head of our article; the other is a commentary upon the Epistles of St. Paul, by one of the ablest among the Fellows of Balliol College.† On the publication of the latter we were startled to see that it was at once pronounced by several religious periodicals to be the work of an infidel; and knowing the high character of its author for

* Wordsworth, *Stanzas on Peel Castle*.

† The Epistles to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans. By B. Jowett, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford.

earnestness and piety, we could not conceive how such an outcry had arisen; but our surprise vanished when we came to read the book itself. We saw at once that the metaphysical distinctions familiar to the writer's mind between the spiritual and the supernatural (to say nothing of the non-natural), were far too refined to be appreciated by the practical understanding of his countrymen; and that the somewhat ærial barriers by which his position is fenced and limited were too intangible to be perceived by grosser eyes. Hence, although himself a Christian, he writes in such a manner as might well lead others into infidelity. As a specimen, it may suffice to mention that in his essay on the character of St. Paul he states that the Apostle 'wavers between opposite views in successive verses' (p. 291); that his conversion could only have happened 'to one of his temperament' (p. 292); that it is doubtful whether he was 'capable of weighing evidence' (p. 300); that he 'appeared to the rest of mankind like a visionary' (p. 298); that he 'was not in harmony with nature' (p. 299); and that he was 'a poor decrepit being, afflicted, perhaps, with palsy' (!) (p. 303). Of course nothing could be farther from the wish of the writer than to lead his readers to pronounce St. Paul 'a paralytic and brain-sick enthusiast;' yet it is nevertheless quite certain that ninety-nine out of every hundred persons who accept the premises of the essayist will arrive at this and no other conclusion from the perusal of his treatise. It is evident that the author is incapable of placing himself intellectually in the position of his readers, and of estimating the inevitable result of his statements upon minds less transcendental than his own.

A similar incapacity to anticipate the effect of words upon those to whom they are addressed may be predicated of the writer whose sermons stand at the head of this article, and who is another ornament of the University of Oxford. Mr. Sewell is already well known to the public, not only by his own works, but perhaps still better by those beautiful and graceful stories which he has edited for his sister. He has long been a distinguished and successful tutor in his own college; and he has recently entered on a new field of labour, a fruit of which is the volume before us.

This volume is a specimen (though by no means an ordinary specimen) of a class of publications which of late years has multiplied prodigiously. The genus itself is of quite recent origin, and only came into existence a quarter of a century ago. Then first appeared a volume of sermons addressed to schoolboys by their head master, a novelty in theological literature. We need not say that the school was Rugby, and the preacher Dr. Arnold.

Before

Before his time the relation between the masters and boys at our public schools had not been generally supposed to involve any religious responsibilities. Of course we do not mean to say that pious men could have occupied such posts without making some efforts for the welfare of those committed to their charge; but there was no general recognition of any but secular relations between the parties. The common view of the case was expressed by the practice of Dr. Butler of Shrewsbury, himself one of the best of schoolmasters, according to the old standard. He always made it a practice to cross the street when he saw any of his scholars emerging from the door of a public-house, in order that he might not be compelled to notice the irregularity; and when a parent on one occasion wrote to him complaining of the deterioration in a son's morals, he replied, 'My business is to teach him Greek, and not morality.'

Dr. Arnold's advent to Rugby formed a new epoch in the history of public education. The appearance of his sermons was the first practical realisation of his theory of a Christian school. The impression made by his preaching was deepened and rendered permanent after his death by the publication of his biography; and his view of a head-master's duties has now been almost universally adopted—so much so, that the former state of feeling on the subject has by most been already forgotten; and the previous neglect of responsibilities which now seem so obviously to devolve upon the office of a schoolmaster would by many be doubted, or, perhaps, denied.

In recent times Dr. Arnold's example has roused many to imitate both his practice and his preaching. Probably all the chief educational foundations in the country are now governed by men who profess to be the disciples of his life, if not of his opinions. Chapels have been built for the great schools recently founded, and have been added to some of the more ancient which, like Harrow, were previously without them. In these chapels the head master is expected to address some word of weekly exhortation to his pupils; while his relation towards them is deemed no less a cure of souls than that of the parochial minister. One consequence of this has been that a flood of school sermons inundates the press; some of them not unworthy of their Rugby prototypes; but many, vapid and colourless transfusions of a spirited original, deserving no better name than '*Arnold and water*;' and some mere advertising puffs of the schools from which they issue.

No such want of originality or truthfulness, however, can be laid to Mr. Sewell's charge. His volume consists of a twelve-month's course of sermons preached to the boys of
Radley

Radley College, a school which owes its foundation to the zeal and munificence of its present warden. His object, as he explains it in the work before us, has been to realise in practice his ideal of Christian education—an ideal based upon his views of the teaching of the church. To this purpose he has devoted time, money, and energy for many years; having first founded St. Columba's College in Ireland, and more recently St. Peter's College at Radley. And he has lately given a crowning proof of his devotion to the cause, by abandoning the quiet of his academic life at Oxford, in order to take upon himself gratuitously the troublesome duties of head master, to promote the success of the latter institution.

It is impossible to speak of such a man without sincere respect and admiration. If therefore some of the quotations which we are about to make from his writings seem only calculated to provoke a smile, we beg our readers to remember that if they laugh at Mr. Sewell they will probably be laughing at a better man than themselves. Our object in citing some fantastic passages is not to embarrass, but to aid his labours, by showing him some of the salient features of his work from the point of view in which they must strike those to whom it is addressed, and thus inducing him to abstain in future from singularities which are likely to defeat his own design.

The blemishes in his sermons nearly all proceed from the same defect—an ignorance, namely, of the character and habits of boys, and a consequent inability to appreciate their tendency to seize upon the ludicrous aspect of all which comes before them. Perhaps also we should add that he seems wholly to want the sense of humour—a gift more necessary to preachers than some persons would be willing to allow. Had he possessed this endowment, Mr. Sewell would scarcely have addressed to his boys, in his opening sermon, a threat expressed in the following language:—

‘Trifle with us, deceive us, play school-boy tricks, tell us falsehoods, do behind our backs what you would not dare to do before our faces, disobey our orders, neglect your studies, be careless of your duties, and be assured that *the hands* now busy in ministering to your enjoyments, will be armed with a *rod of iron* to chastise you into obedience.’
—*Sermon for Septuagesima Sunday*, p. 9.

Schoolmasters have been notorious, since the days of Juvenal, for the possession of ‘*ferrea pectora*,’ but we never before heard of a pedagogue whose hands wielded a ‘*ferrea virga*.’ The material instrument of punishment has always been a vegetable, not a mineral production. Eton and Westminster have cultivated the birch; Winchester (where Mr. Sewell tells us that he received

his own education) has been contented with the apple-twigg; it was reserved for Radley to introduce a rod of iron.

Armed with such a weapon, the warden may well exclaim—

‘I know of no punishment more likely to deter you from disobedience than the most disgraceful and wretched of all—flogging.’—*Sermon for Fifth Sunday in Lent*, p. 115.

And we can easily understand the compassionate feeling which led him to make the following acknowledgment—

‘I do not hesitate to tell you that of all the painful, but necessary, duties attached to the office which I hold, that from which I most shrink, which I most dread, is the necessity of inflicting any corporal punishment upon you, but especially of flogging you.’—*Ibid.* p. 111.

It is less easy to comprehend the following depreciation of the suffering inflicted :—

‘But then the punishment! It is not the pain—the bodily pain—which you may have borne. *This can be but little.* A few minutes will efface it. The tears will be dried, the suffering forgotten.’—p. 110.

But we can well believe that—

‘When the fellows [*i.e.* assistant masters] tell you they must bring your offence before me, you entreat them not to do it. When you are brought into my room it is very rarely indeed without trembling and crying.’—*Sermon for Sunday before Ascension Day*, p. 196.

Nor can we think that the tears of the sufferers were likely to be dried by the royal anecdote which follows :—

‘The children of our Sovereign are, like you, under tutors and governors; but no tutor or governor, as I have been told, is allowed to strike them; none but their father. They are too elevated, too noble, to be so degraded. The Roman laws allowed a Roman to be executed, but they would not allow him to be scourged: that even slaves, negroes, should be so treated, we think a stigma upon a whole nation; and a blow to an adult, to a gentleman, such as you all are by birth, is an insult so keenly felt, that, in the estimation of an unchristian world, it requires to be wiped out with nothing less than blood. And yet I, at times, shall be compelled to flog some of you.’—*Sermon for fifth Sunday in Lent*, p. 114.

It will be observed from the above extracts that Mr. Sewell has the merit of speaking out plainly and intelligibly. He scorns the conventional reserve and reticence which was formerly supposed essential to ‘the dignity of the pulpit.’ He is not afraid to call a spade a spade, and a rod a rod. In fact he enters into every detail of school life with the minutest particularity; so that, without any information but that supplied by the sermons before us, we are enabled to draw a complete picture of Radley. We learn

learn that the favourite amusements are cricket, archery, football, swimming, and boating; in all of which the assistant masters are expected to join; for

‘Boys do not like to be left to themselves. They like the presence of those older than themselves. They often will not play unless those whom they respect will play with them.’—*Sermon on third Sunday after Easter*, p. 172.

We learn that the boys attend two full services daily in their chapel, where they are sometimes not so attentive as they ought to be; and that before entering the chapel doors they are expected to ‘wash their hands and look to their dress’ (p. 339). We find that their dinners are usually excellent, and ‘of the best and purest quality!’ [the note of admiration is Mr. Sewell’s]; but that they are sometimes ill-cooked, for which the preacher apologises in the sermon for the second Sunday in Advent (p. 414). We learn that a pastrycook connected with the establishment resides at ‘the cottage,’ where the boys are permitted to purchase what the preacher calls ‘trash’ (p. 27, 30). And, above all, we are fully initiated into the secrets of the ‘dormitory,’ where each boy has the luxury of a separate ‘cubicle’ (p. 13), but where he is strictly forbidden to speak to any of his companions (*ibid.*).

This latter rule is thus enforced in the sermon for Sexagesima Sunday,—

‘1. I command you, then, to hold no communication whatever amongst yourselves by word of mouth, from the time you enter the dormitory, whether by day or at night, to the time that you leave it.

‘2. I command you, upon no pretence whatever, to look into each other’s cubicles, or in any way to intrude upon the privacy which is here secured to you each.

‘3. I command you never, under any excuse whatever, or for any purpose, to enter into any cubicle but your own.’—p. 18.

The violation of these laws is guarded against by the terrors of espionage as follows:—

‘Constantly we shall be visiting the dormitory, coming amongst you suddenly—(until we feel that you have strength enough to resist the temptation of being left alone), coming amongst you at all hours, myself, the fellows, the prefects, and if we should find it necessary, even our confidential servants.’—p. 19.

And lest this warning should be vain, the rod of iron is again invoked,—

‘I give to the possible offender the warning which follows:— . . . we will degrade him we will flog him, we will take care that not an hour clapses before that boy is on his way to his parents.’—p. 21.

We grieve to say that, notwithstanding these awful denunciations, some hardened criminal was found bold enough to violate the silence of his cubicle. The indignation caused by this discovery brought an attack of illness upon the Warden, which he thus describes.

‘The fellows, my boys, and the sixth form, know that last Wednesday I was obliged to send away my class, and unable to come into the chapel or the hall. For some years past, anything which very much pains and distresses me has affected me in this way. And I am going to tell you this morning some of the thoughts and reflections, which an occurrence in the school, had forced on me on that day, not indeed for the first time, but very strongly, and which produced my illness.’—p. 101.

* * * * *

‘And it was also the thought that I must keep my word, punish as I said I would punish, though I foresaw that that punishment would probably bring with it very great evil—which the other day so shocked and disturbed me.’—p. 108.

Yet such is the Warden’s compassionate nature, that in spite of this aggravated provocation, he found means to reconcile consistency with mercy, and to remit the penalties which he had previously denounced. This he states as follows:—

‘Why I did not punish—by what consideration I was enabled to view the act as not coming under the class which I had especially denounced, and therefore as open to forgiveness, I need not here explain. But be assured I did not relent; and I did not intend to shrink from keeping my word, from punishing, as I said I would punish, under certain circumstances.’—p. 108.

We feel very curious to know the extenuating circumstances which saved the offender from his doom. Perhaps they may be illustrated by an analogy derived from a girls’ school in which a similar prohibition existed against ‘cubicular’ conversation. In that case the Mistress used to enforce her rule of nocturnal silence by requiring all her pupils, every morning, to declare upon their conscience whether they had spoken to each other on the previous night. The young ladies had scruples which prevented them from resorting to a falsehood, so that for some time they faithfully observed the regulations of La Trappe. But at last a girl, more ingenious than the rest, hit upon an expedient which was universally adopted. By a legal (or illegal) fiction she assumed the presence of the French mistress in the bedroom, and addressed all her remarks, not to her companions, but to Madame Petitot. The answers of her room-mates were directed to the same imaginary companion; and thus a rapid and interesting conversation was kept up, which only differed from ordinary dialogue by the interpolation of ‘Madame Petitot’ at the beginning

beginning of every sentence. By this device the ingenuous maidens were enabled to assure their teacher next morning that they had never uttered a syllable *to each other* during the night.

Should such a 'non-natural sense' be applied by the Radley boys to the interpretation of their founder's statutes, we are sure that the kindness of the Warden will put the best possible construction upon the misdemeanour. His indulgent charity will be best illustrated by the view which he took of the crime of *whistling in school*, upon a late occasion.

'You remember, my boys, that one day last week, when the roll was about to be called in school, I heard some one of you *whistling*. It was some boy evidently who was not aware that I was present; and it was one of those trifling inadvertencies which are scarcely worth notice, for it stopped, of course, the moment my voice was heard. Without weighing carefully, as I usually weigh, what I was doing, I called out to know who it was. It was so natural—I feel so certain now, from the experience of this whole year, which every day confirms, that I have only to ask, when anything is amiss, who is the culprit, and for the culprit to come forward at once—that instinctively I put a question, which among boys, under ordinary circumstances, would have been, for many reasons, extremely imprudent and dangerous. You remember that no one answered. And while roll was calling, I was considering very anxiously what I should do. I could not bear the thought of an exception occurring to your general rule and practice of coming forward openly and manfully at once, the moment the question was put, who was the offender.'

* * * * *

'You remember that I called you up to me, asked the whole school who it was, and still no one answered. And then, for reasons into which I need not enter at length now, I told you, that considering the general practice and principle of the school, I felt sure there must be some mode of accounting for this seeming departure from it—that boys sometimes whistled unconsciously, without thinking of what they were doing, and that I should presume this to have been the case. I did this, my own dear boys, because I will always put upon all your actions, not the worst, but the best construction possible.'—*Sermon for the Sunday before Advent*, pp. 394–397.

From the above extracts our readers will have learnt that whistling (even though involuntary and unconscious) is instantly stopped at Radley by the presence of the Warden. But his personal influence over the boys extends farther than this. Their bitterest apprehension is—

'I shall offend the Warden, I shall lose the Warden's love, I shall be unhappy under his anger, I shall be disgraced in his eyes.'—p. 198.

Nay, the slightest difference in his manner suffices to plunge them

them into distress. Thus he tells them, in the sermon for the Sunday before Ascension Day—

‘You feel the difference, if I smile when you come up to me, or look grave—pass you without speaking—do not observe you when you take off your cap—if *I refuse to take the flowers which you bring me, or let them drop, as if I did not value them*—if I pass you over in the class, will not put you questions—do not call you up to read your Shakspeare,—do not seem to notice you.’—p. 197.

and again—

‘How much, or rather how entirely all your enjoyment would cease in proportion as you felt that I and the fellows ceased to look upon you with affection and regard—that we had no pleasure in seeing you, in speaking to you—that our eye looked coldly on you.’—p. 254.

Thus, a glance from the Warden’s eye has power to arrest the attention of the most careless trifle, to whom he exclaims—

‘You see my eye watching you, catch it resting upon you (I will speak in general terms), but each of you individually will know of whom I am speaking.’—p. 209.

What, therefore, must be the effect of his addressing boys individually by name from the pulpit, as he does in the sermon for Good Friday, and in that for the Sunday before Easter? (pp. 130, 137).

We fear that this affectionate veneration felt by the boys for their Warden must have been severely tried by some of the passages which we have quoted. We can only trust that the irreverent laughter which they would have provoked in ordinary boys was suppressed by awe or love at Radley.

Yet it must not be supposed that everything in the volume before us is liable to the same objection. There is much of Christian exhortation well calculated to rouse the conscience; and many practical precepts addressed to the daily duties of the audience, which are of the highest value. We may specify the thirty-second sermon, on ‘Home Duties,’ as peculiarly excellent; although the direction ‘Never address your father except with the title of *sir*’ is perhaps a little overstrained. Another admirable discourse is the thirty-first, on ‘Softness of Life,’ preached on occasion of a visit paid to Radley by two of the African bishops; although we cannot quite enter into the joy expressed by the preacher that ‘but for unavoidable engagements four other bishops would have been with them;’ a delight which seems to us too much dependent on the conditional mood of the præter-pluperfect tense ‘*would, could, should, or might have been.*’ It is fair, however, to let him express his feelings on the subject in his own words—

‘If

‘If there was one thing which I craved and longed and asked for in the commencement of this work, it was the blessing of the bishops of the church—to assure us that the blessing of God was with us—that we were not working upon a false foundation, not building up a Babel of our own devices, not swerving either to the right or the left from the spirit and leading of the church.’—p. 419.

We cannot help wondering whether all the bishops are equally capable of conveying this assurance to the Warden’s mind; whether (for example) the blessing of the Bishop of Cashel would be as valid an authentication as that of the Bishop of Cape Town?

Another very excellent sermon is the twenty-second, on the Sins of the Tongue. As a good specimen of Mr. Sewell’s style, we will conclude our extracts with the following description of a Christian gentleman from this sermon—

‘A gentleman is not merely a person acquainted with certain forms and etiquettes of life, easy and self-possessed in society, able to speak, and act, and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something much beyond this; that which lies at the root of all his ease, and refinement, and tact, and power of pleasing is the same spirit which lies at the root of every christian virtue. It is the thoughtful desire of doing in every instance to others as he would that others should do unto him. He is constantly thinking, not indeed how he may give pleasure to others for the mere sense of pleasing, but how he can show respect for others—how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society he scrupulously ascertains the position and relation of every one with whom he is brought into contact, that he may give to each his due honour, his proper position. He studies how he may avoid touching in conversation upon any subject which may needlessly hurt their feelings—how he may abstain from any allusion which may call up a disagreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, never even appears conscious of any personal defect, bodily deformity, inferiority of talent, of rank, of reputation, in the persons in whose society he is placed. He never assumes any superiority to himself—never ridicules, never sneers, never boasts, never makes a display of his own power, or rank, or advantages—such as is implied in ridicule, or sarcasm, or abuse—as he never indulges in habits, or tricks, or inclinations which may be offensive to others. He feels, as a mere member of society, that he has no right to trespass upon others, to wound or annoy them. And he feels, as a Christian, that they are his brothers—that, as his brothers, as the children, like himself, of God—members like himself, of Christ—heirs, like himself, of the kingdom of heaven—as baptized Christians, he is bound not merely not to injure and annoy, but to love them; to study their comfort and promote their happiness, even in little things—in his words as well as his acts.’—p. 303-4.

With this extract we take our leave of Radley College, with our hearty

heartily wishes for its prosperity, and turn to Marlborough, which has furnished the other volume on our list. There is considerable resemblance between the history of the two institutions. Both are of very recent origin; both have been munificently endowed by private benefactors for public ends; and in both we see the deserted mansions of noble owners converted into seats of sound learning and religious education.

The site of Marlborough College has gone through a strange series of transmutations. It seems first to have been in the possession of the Druids, who reared a tumulus of great height which now stands in the college grounds; the great druidical temple of Avebury being not far from the spot. Under the Norman and Plantagenet kings it was occupied by a royal castle, granted by Henry II. to his son John. At the Reformation it was given to the Protector Somerset, ancestor of the present Lord Ailesbury, under the same grant which conveyed the magnificent domain of Savernake forest. The principal building of the present school was the residence of the Seymour family, by whom it was erected. When, by the marriage of the Earl of Ailesbury to Elizabeth Seymour, this rich inheritance passed into the family of Bruce, the old house was deserted for a country-seat built in the heart of the forest, and was afterwards turned into an hotel; and those of our readers who recollect the days of posting, will remember it as the best inn upon the Bath road. At the time when inns and posting were annihilated by railways, a scheme was in agitation for founding a new public school, which might give, especially to the sons of the clergy, the same advantages as the old ones, at smaller cost. The great inn at Marlborough was then for sale, and offered an advantageous site for the experiment; for the locality was peculiarly healthy, the grounds attached to it were ample, and it possessed the appendages of old trees, and an ancient bowling green, which gave it something of that venerable and antiquated aspect befitting a great place of education. It was accordingly purchased for the purpose; and new buildings were added as the numbers of the school increased.

Among these buildings the most conspicuous is the Gothic chapel wherein were preached the sermons which stand second on our list. The teacher who now sits in the seat of the Druids evidently belongs to a different school of theology from the Warden of Radley, and seems, moreover, to be largely endowed with that practical good sense in which the latter is perhaps deficient. But it is gratifying to see that in spite of diversity of opinion and dissimilarity of character they are labouring in unity of spirit; the great end pursued energetically by both
being

being to imbue every portion of their work with the leaven of Christianity.

Mr. Cotton was formerly a Master at Rugby, and we can trace in his productions the influence of Dr. Arnold, although he has too much originality of thought to degenerate into a servile imitator. The sermons which he has just published were mostly preached upon occasions connected with the great events of last year, from which he attempts, with much success, to derive lessons bearing upon the duties and temptations of a schoolboy. But as we confess ourselves somewhat weary of the innumerable efforts which have during the last twelvemonth tasked the ingenuity of our divines, to point a period with Alma, and extract a moral from Inkermann, we prefer to give, as a specimen of Mr. Cotton's teaching, something of a more general kind. We select the following remarks on 'gentlemanly feeling,' not only as a good example of his style, but as bearing on the same subject with our last extract from Mr. Sewell. Both passages are, perhaps, to a certain degree one-sided; and each may furnish a correction or modification requisite to complete the other:—

'Perhaps the most common principle to which the better class of boys in a school like this are inclined to trust is that of gentlemanly feeling. We constantly hear it said that such and such an action is *ungentlemanly*; they put this forward as their reason for abstaining from certain conduct; so that on the whole I doubt whether any word is so commonly used in a school to express moral disapprobation. Now I am far from saying that we should undervalue and set at nought such a motive as this. Gentlemanly conduct is, of course, essential to the well-being of every school; if this is wanting among the majority of the boys a school had much better perish altogether. We feel the deepest regret and severest indignation at any transaction which indicates the want of it; we welcome as a clear gain any signs of its increase. But the very fact that it is so necessary a basis for the moral superstructure, that it relieves us of so many difficulties, and puts a stop to so many outward and obvious breaches of right principle, makes it necessary to take heed lest we be contented with it, lest we forget that as a principle it is essentially imperfect. Without going into very minute details on this subject I think that I shall be doing you some service by showing that gentlemanly feeling cannot be trusted as a motive for action, because it is (1) shifting and unstable, (2) entirely personal, (3) contented with what is imperfect and external. There is, indeed, one possible meaning of the word *gentlemanly* to which these remarks do not altogether apply. We can imagine it used in a high ideal sense, in which it comprehends all lofty and chivalrous feeling, and includes most of the graces which adorn the Christian character. But this is not its ordinary application; and we will now consider it not as it might be regarded in theory, but as it is commonly used in practice.

'(1) The

'(1) The standard of gentlemanly feeling is shifting and uncertain. Some years ago many vices were not thought inconsistent with it, which now it happily repudiates. Read any memoirs containing an account of the state of society in the last century among the highest classes; ask your fathers about practices tolerated in the days of their youth, and you will find that the standard of gentlemanly feeling has been continually rising. For example, drinking and swearing, now generally banished from decent society, were then literally considered signs of fine spirit and good fellowship. But a standard which has once been low may easily become low again; there are no fixed eternal principles to which it can appeal: at one time it tolerates what at another time it forbids, and therefore he who builds on this foundation has erected his house upon the sand.

'(2) Gentlemanly feeling is entirely personal. It turns our thoughts in upon ourselves, instead of directing them to something higher and better than ourselves. He who makes gentlemanly feeling his shield reasons in some such way as this. Such and such conduct is ungentlemanly, and therefore unfit for *me*; it would lower me in the estimation of my friends. It would interfere with that refinement for which I desire to be distinguished. There are people, indeed, for whom the character of a gentleman is of little consequence, and who have no pretensions to it. I am not surprised at misconduct in them; but I am of a different clay, a different blood from theirs, and therefore I abstain from defilement by which they will not be injured. Thus I am ever the first object of my own admiration and regard, my own taste and good feeling and sense of propriety become the measure of my conduct.

'(3) It confines itself to what is imperfect and can be seen of men. The true wellsprings of our conduct, the heart, the affections, all that St. Paul calls *the inner man*, and which he especially desires to be renewed and sanctified, are left altogether uncared for and neglected. If even truth, justice, hope, and a knowledge of God's word, are imperfect and partial principles of action, much more so is gentlemanly feeling. A man may be proud, vain, indolent, self-indulgent; he may neglect his duty to the poor; he may be perfectly useless, a mere incumbrance on the earth; he may be unkind to his nearest relations, cold-hearted, faithless in friendship; he may be utterly without the knowledge of God; and yet he may not cease to be, in ordinary language, a gentleman. It is quite plain that such a shield as this cannot protect us against the fiery darts of the wicked.* What security does it give for meekness and purity, for gentleness under provocation? what protection against impure and uncharitable thoughts? what consolation does it afford in the day of sickness and sorrow? what hope in the hour of death? We must reject it utterly as any real defence. We may accept it as one slight step on the road of improvement; we may deeply deplore and condemn its absence; we may even allow that as the moral and spiritual life develops slowly and gradually, even as our

The subject of the sermon is '*the shield of faith*.'

Lord

Lord himself has said, *first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear*, so it is necessary that a man or boy should appreciate and value gentlemanly feeling, in order that he may learn at last to base his conduct on duty and the love of God. But we must constantly urge him to rise above this questionable standard; we must teach him that he is required to press on to perfection. He must never be contented till he regards life from another point of view; till he ceases to shrink from an action merely because it is ungentlemanly, and begins to fear it because it is wrong, and to hate it because it is opposed to the will and the example of Christ.—p. 43.

But the most interesting portion of Mr. Cotton's volume is the preface, in which he suggests a change in the present educational course, which, if successfully effected, could not fail to produce very beneficial results. While strongly advocating the retention of the present classical system of instruction (when it can be fully adopted) as the best mode of training the mind in accuracy, in taste, in the power of expression, and in the appreciation of art, yet he notices the fact that there is a large and increasing class of boys in our schools who for lack of time cannot derive from a discipline exclusively literary its real benefits. Those who are intended for the army and navy, or for the pursuits of commerce, can never remain long enough under instruction to penetrate through the husk of verbal studies to their kernel. And, moreover, in order to give them the special preparation required for their future professions (a purpose for which our public schools make at present no provision), they are withdrawn from school just at the time when they are rising out of the childishness of the lower forms, and before they can benefit by that healthy and manly public opinion (to say nothing of still higher influences) which ought to distinguish the senior portion of a well-taught and well-governed school. We agree with Mr. Cotton that—

‘It were surely well that, in a country containing so many noble institutions for the training of her citizens, these should be made as widely applicable as possible to her wants; that her future soldiers and men of business should not be separated from the traditions, the associations, the rewards, the friendships, the moral and religious lessons of these institutions, just at the age when they are beginning to appreciate them.’—p. 10.

Yet how is this to be accomplished? For of course it would be most undesirable (and, indeed, impossible) to give a complete system of professional education at the public schools. Such an attempt could only lead to their subdivision into a collection of cramming classes for the infusion of a small amount of superficial

ficial smattering. Mr. Cotton proposes to meet the difficulty by instituting, alongside of the present classical course, a system

‘in which mathematics should form the principal study, with Latin occupying the next place, as the foundation of a sound grammatical training, and essential to the knowledge of our own literature. Round these might be ranged French, and probably one other modern language, the elements of geography, of history (at least that of our own country), and such other studies as experience proves to be most practicable and most beneficial, and which might vary in some degree, according to the future destination of the scholars.’—p. 16.

It would be out of place to discuss the practicability of this suggestion here. The question is a wide one, and would require an essay to itself. But there can be no doubt that the evil which Mr. Cotton points out is one requiring a remedy; and we wish all success to the educational experiment which he proposes to make. The discussion of such a topic in a volume of sermons will doubtless give offence to those who would separate things sacred from things secular by an impassable barrier of demarcation. But sounder minds will recognise in this no incongruity with efforts which strive to blend religion with the daily work of life, and views which regard the whole machinery of education as subservient to the formation of Christian character.

ART. III.—*The Newcomes. Memoirs of a most respectable Family.*

Edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esq. With illustrations on steel and wood by Richard Doyle. 2 vols., 8vo., London, 1855.

THIS is Mr. Thackeray's masterpiece, as it is undoubtedly one of the masterpieces of English fiction, if fiction is the proper term to apply to the most minute and faithful transcript of actual life which is anywhere to be found. The ordinary resource of novelists is to describe characters under exceptional circumstances, to show them influenced by passions which seldom operate in their excess with each individual, and to make them actors in adventures which in their aggregate happen to few or none. It is the picture of the stages of existence which they represent, and these again are magnified and coloured beyond the measure of nature. Mr. Thackeray looks at life under its ordinary aspects, and copies it with a fidelity and artistic skill which are surprising. Men, women, and children talk, act, and think in his pages exactly as they are talking, acting, and thinking at every hour of every day. The same
thorns,

thorns, the majority of them self-planted, are festering in myriads of bosoms; the same false ambition and crooked devices are fermenting in a thousand hearts; the same malice, lying, and slandering in all their grades, petty and great, are issuing from legions of mouths, and the same mixture of kindness and generosity are checking and tempering the evil. You find yourself in the saloon where upon gala days you are a guest; in the house you frequent as a familiar friend; in the club of which you are a member; you meet there your acquaintances, you hear again the conversation which you have often heard before, and it is by no means unlikely that among the assembled company you may be startled by coming upon the very image of yourself. Truth is never sacrificed to piquancy. The characters in the 'Newcomes' are not more witty, wise, or farcical than their prototypes; the dull, the insipid, and the foolish, speak according to their own fashion and not with the tongue of the author; the events which befall them are nowhere made exciting at the expense of probability. Just as the stream of life runs on through these volumes, so may it be seen to flow in the world itself by whoever takes up the same position on the bank.

A notion prevails that to keep thus close to reality precludes imagination, as if it was possible to furnish an entire novel—plot, persons, and conversations—exclusively or even mainly from memory. The difference between him who wanders in fancy's maze, and him who stoops to truth, is not that one creates and the other copies, but that the first goes further than nature and the second invents in obedience to its laws. Nor is it necessary to this end that every character should have its living counterpart. The diversities of men and women are like the infinite number of substances in the material world, which are made up of a few elementary bodies in varying proportions. In the case of our own kind familiarity with the elements enables the novelist to frame fresh compounds, and the reader to judge of their fidelity to nature. Though we may never have set eyes upon the identical personage, we can pronounce upon his qualities, and determine whether they are separately consistent with truth and in harmony with each other. For all the exactness with which Mr. Thackeray follows life, it will be found that each character is usually in its aggregate an original conception. The range is unusually wide, and from the most noble the Marquis of Farintosh down to little Miss Cann, the humble governess who gives lessons by the hour, the many persons of every degree who compose the miscellaneous group are marked by traits as distinctive as the features of their faces. Some of them appear and re-appear at long intervals, some grow up before the reader's eyes, and

and in all the stages of their progress, and the various attitudes under which they are represented, there is still not a line out of drawing, not a touch out of place. There is always the same individuality, but it is modified by the changes which time and circumstances produce.

‘So much the more our carver’s excellence,
Which lets go by some sixteen years.’

It is indeed a marvellous perception of truth of character which can thus keep every member of the crowd so continuously faithful to his own nature, a rare tact which, without the least exaggeration, can impart interest to so much which in society is wearying and commonplace as well as to that which is intrinsically winning.

‘However the exaltedness of some minds, or rather, as I shrewdly suspect, their insipidity and want of feeling or observation, may make them insensible to these light things, I mean such as characterise and paint nature, yet surely they are as weighty and much more useful than your grave discourses upon the mind, the passions, and what not.’ So wrote Gray of the novels, French and English, of his day, but to no work of fiction is the opinion more emphatically applicable than to the ‘Newcomes.’ A writer who depicts life with perfect fidelity, and indulges in no corrupting descriptions of vice, must, whether he designs it or not, be a powerful moralist. The gloss which men put upon their motives, the meanness, the selfishness, the deceit which they endeavour to hide from the world and from themselves, are as palpable as the actions they have prompted, when the complete transaction is recorded in plain terms, with as little extenuation as malice. What a transparent device is a juggler’s trick when the petty mechanism by which he works has been exposed to our gaze! But Mr. Thackeray has not left his moral to be inferred. He has taken care to point it for himself, and to show that he has a direct purpose of exposing the foibles and misdoings which most easily beset mankind. In the days of the ‘Spectator,’ Addison, with exquisite humour, laughed away many of the social follies of his age. Alongside the papers in which his delicate pencil had drawn with such refined satiric touches the weaknesses of beaux, belles, and country squires, were graver essays recommending industry, truth, and cheerfulness. Mr. Thackeray disclaims the assumption of the preacher’s office, but in reality, while eschewing all hacknied discourses on virtue and vice, he enforces maxims as serious and as important, as any that are contained in the didactic parts of the Spectator, and much more impressive and profound. If he had flourished in the reign of Queen Anne he would have been a celebrated member of the group

group of wits who furnished such delightful miniatures of life, and such graceful little lectures for the reading public of that generation. He would have dealt out his knowledge of men and manners in fragments, cut his pictures to fit the diminutive frame of a daily sheet, and alternated social sketches with moral admonitions. He would have put Mrs. Hobson Newcome and her *soirées* into one number, and a formal dissertation upon hypocrisy into another. In obedience to the taste of the age, he now writes novels instead of essays, paints a large piece, crowded with figures, instead of a long line of single portraits, and blends together grave and gay, light raileries and stern upbraidings. The censors of Queen Anne's fashionable subjects paid particular attention to externals, to the fopperies of dress and the offences against good breeding; Mr. Thackeray, without neglecting these, goes a vast deal deeper, and in this respect is a more interesting and forcible castigat^{or} of the pomps and vanities, the licensed artifices and flagrant trickeries of the world. If the bad are not made good by the lesson, the good will at least be made better. Those who are not too dull or too hardened to learn will rise up from these volumes with an increased scorn of everything ungenerous, sordid, and deceptive, and there is no one so perfect that he will not stumble in his progress upon infirmities which are his own. Even Colonel Newcome himself, if he could have read his history, would have found something to mend.

To reduce what is loathsome and contemptible to its native deformity is only a part of the duty which devolves upon the faithful chronicler of human life. He has to make amiability attractive, and to win sympathy for modest worth. Mr. Thackeray has nobly redeemed in the 'Newcomes' the defect alleged against his former novels—that they were more employed in satirising evil than in setting forth excellence. His present production gains by the change. The larger infusion of benevolence, honour, and disinterestedness into the story makes it pleasanter to read, and gives, we think, a juster notion of the world. Though every character he has drawn has undoubtedly its counterpart,—the worthless, the crafty, the insignificant, and the foolish, much as they flourish in particular soils, are not, we will hope, so thick set as a rule as they appear in 'Vanity Fair.' Nor probably did Mr. Thackeray intend them to be considered as equitable representatives of the human race any more than he meant Charles Honeyman for an average sample of English divines. A novelist selects the characters which he conceives to be best suited to the turn of his talents, and describes the double-dealing of Tartuffe without the least purpose of impeaching the rectitude of Mr. Abraham Adams.

Adams. To this we must add, that much as bad and good people are mixed up in the world, and many as are the points at which they come into contact, those who strive for particular objects chiefly associate with the persons through whom they can get what they desire. They avoid the rest and are avoided by them. 'The poor and the deceitful man meet together,' says Solomon; 'the Lord lighteneth both their eyes.' The discrimination, that is to say, with which Providence has endowed them shows each that what he seeks is not to be obtained from the other, and they recognise that their course is by different ways. Thus when Mr. Thackeray undertakes in 'Vanity Fair' to follow the black sheep in their wanderings, it is not unnatural that their path should never lie long together with the whiter portion of the flock. Altogether the charge of cynicism, so often urged against him, was always exaggerated, and is now become an anachronism. Some asserted, in spite of a hundred signal and touching proofs to the contrary, that he had no belief in goodness. Others mistook his delicate and often subtle irony for grave injunctions to practise the misdeeds he condemned. With many more, the objection was not the indignant remonstrance of virtue, but the angry cry of vice surprised in its ambush. People found themselves turned inside out,—their frailties hung as badges about their necks, written upon their backs, pinned upon their sleeves. The natural impulse was to deny the resemblance, and declare the exposure a calumny.

'Fiction holds a double mirror,
One for truth, and one for error :
That looks hideous, fierce and frightful :
This is flattering and delightful ;
That we throw away as foul,
Sit by this and dress the soul.'

Another indictment preferred against Mr. Thackeray is that he encourages the notion that to go certain lengths in sinning is our appointed course, and that it is necessary to wade through polluted streams to get into clear waters. Novelists may fairly, if they please, exercise their fancy in framing beings of ideal perfection, though, contrary to a common opinion, we believe that it requires a stronger effort of genius to represent men and women as they are than as they ought to be. It demands no great knowledge of human nature to personify the virtues. But because a novelist declines this course and depicts the existing world, instead of drawing from his abstract notions of morality, it is a perverse and unwarrantable reading of his intentions to say that he holds up licentiousness for imitation. To state, and state truly, that particular things *have* been, and according to all experience

rience *will* be, is not to maintain that they *must* be,—to assert that they are usual is not to insist that they are inevitable. Mrs. Opie wrote a book called ‘Illustrations of Lying,’ to show how pervading was the vice. Was this to constitute her a patron of falsehood? Far from being obnoxious to the charge which has been made against him, no writer of fiction has surpassed Mr. Thackeray in the force with which he sets forth the beauty of pure hearts, and the contempt which he casts upon everything evil, however gilded by success. It is the very loftiness of his sense of the power of goodness which has sometimes laid him open to misconstruction. An able critic who admires ‘good Dobbin with his faithful heart,’ asks, ‘Why should the Major have splay feet, Mr. Thackeray?’ Why should he not? They have the low notions of the rightful supremacy of worth who can only appreciate it when it comes recommended by well-turned feet and a handsome face and figure. He is the true moralist who asserts its superiority over corporeal attributes, and refuses to believe that a virtuous man is less deserving of admiration because his limbs are clumsy, as certain Athenians considered Socrates an object of ridicule because he had prominent eyes, thick lips, and a protuberant belly. But there is another answer to the question. Although there is not an invariable connexion between men’s persons and their virtues, it frequently happens that those whose appearance is the least advantageous are remarkable for amiability, from the simple cause that they escape many of the temptations and vanities which beset the well-favoured. If Dobbin had had nothing to keep him humble, if he had been an Apollo or an Adonis, he would probably have ceased to be ‘good Dobbin with his faithful heart.’ The notion is not peculiar to Mr. Thackeray. No one has had a clearer perception of this truth than the fellow-genius who drew Tom Pinch and Traddles and a score of other examples of uncouth worth. If ever anybody was free from the reproach of attempting to lower the respect for moral excellence through bodily defects, Mr. Thackeray is that man. In his present tale, J. J. Ridley, the most contemptible in appearance, is the one genius of the book. With all his tendency, in fact, to satire, Mr. Thackeray has nowhere employed it in his novels upon improper objects. ‘Surely,’ says Fielding, ‘he has a very ill-framed mind who can look on ugliness, infirmity, or poverty as ridiculous in themselves; but when ugliness aims at the applause of beauty, or lameness endeavours to display its agility, it is then that these unfortunate circumstances, which at first moved our compassion, tend only to raise our mirth.’ The author of the ‘Newcomes’ has never forgotten this canon of good taste and good feeling. Calamity, physical and mental, is safe from his

lash; he would as soon think of striking a woman. False pretension and imposture, the affectations and the hypocrisies, the duperies and the greediness of life, are his chosen and legitimate prey, and well may the daws with their peacock strut and plumage begin to chatter and scream when a hawk of the Thackeray tribe is with beak and talons plucking them bare.

Mr. Thackeray, beyond all other novelists, loves to comment upon his own text—to stop in his story, indulge in reflections, analyse the motives of his characters, and cross-examine his readers upon their individual propensities. His book is in many places a discourse upon human nature illustrated by examples. These disquisitions would be blemishes if they were not signal beauties; but the skill with which he unravels the complex windings of the heart, the art with which specious and conventional malpractices are shown under their proper aspects, the pensive tenderness of the sentiments, the charm of the composition, has won general admiration for passages which, were they less perfect, would cumber the tale. As it is, there is nothing which could so little be spared. It is by this means that the reader, who is condemning the proceedings of the personages in the story, finds himself unexpectedly accused of a like crime, and the virtuous juror has hardly delivered his verdict before he is dragged to the bar. Ethel Newcome is represented as riding with Clive in a railway carriage to Brighton, under circumstances which the novelist is aware will provoke the censure of rigorists. The minutely described journey is over, and the chapter is ended all but a single question addressed to those austere judges who search for black hairs in the ermine of their neighbours. ‘I ask any gentleman and father of a family, when he was immensely smitten with his present wife, Mrs. Brown, if he had met her travelling with her maid, in the mail, when there was a vacant place, what would he himself have done?’ Thus the mouth of Mr. Brown is perpetually stopped, and he suddenly drops the stone he was about to fling.

Many of these moralisings and reflections are pervaded by a mild and tranquil melancholy, which give them a strong hold upon the heart. Mr. Thackeray has shown himself in a hundred passages of his story a consummate master of genuine pathos. To draw tears is a vulgar art; it can be done by the clumsiest writer, and the most unnatural fictions, for there are some devices which always work upon the feelings, and the more morbid and melo-dramatic the scene the larger the tribute of sobs from the idle devourer of romances. Mr. Thackeray’s pathos is of a higher and purer kind. By a line, or an allusion, he recalls a train of tender recollections, and stirs up sleeping

sleeping sadness into life. So delicate is the touch by which he awakens sorrowful emotions, that we are apt to imagine that we alone have entered into his meaning until we learn how many have been affected by the same passage in the same way. In the longer scenes of misfortune and grief his tact never forsakes him; there is a chasteness of description, a skilful and sparing selection of details, a manliness of tone which it would be difficult to overpraise. He knows what to relate, and what simply to indicate; he understands the sacredness of sorrow, and never rends away the veil from weeping faces.

Mr. Thackeray is a humourist, as every writer of fiction must be who takes an extended view of human nature. There are few persons who do not deviate in some particular from common forms or common sense; who are not guilty of some vanity, affectation, whim, or inconsistency, which, however far, perchance, from promoting mirth among those who have to bear with them, are comic in the description. The simple Colonel Newcome, when he fancies himself an adept in the wiles of the world, though, 'if he had lived to be as old as Jahaleel, a boy could still have cheated him;' Mrs. Hobson worshipping rank, and pretending to despise the society she cannot obtain; the airs and cowardice of Barnes; the self-importance and primness of Miss Honeyman, who, instead of feeling ashamed at being a gentlewoman reduced to let lodgings, is proud to be a lodging-house keeper who was once a gentlewoman; the clerical impostures of her bland brother, the French-English of Paul de Florac, and his efforts to personate John Bull; Mr. Gandish insisting upon the indifference to 'igh art' as shown in the neglect of his monster pictures, and talking of the heroic in his vulgar language, afford a hundred examples of the ridiculous. Most of the actors in the *Newcomes* are tinged with it, but the quality is always in subjection to truth. There is none of the farcical extravagance which calls forth peals of laughter, always easy to be provoked by absurdity and caricature. In Frederick Bayham there is a two-fold source of merriment, for besides the smiles produced by unconscious infirmities, there is a fertile vein of fun in his expedients and vivacity. It is a peculiar charm of the light and pleasant wit which sparkles through the narrative that it never has the air of being studied. It shines forth in a name, an epithet, a parenthesis, in numberless undefinable ways, and always as if it sprung out of the subject, and had not been introduced for the sake of being facetious.

The execution of the work is not below the conception. Mr. Thackeray is deeply imbued with all our best literature. Numerous phrases and fragments of sentences attest his fami-

this rule the 'Newcomes' alone would ensure Mr. Thackeray a lofty pedestal.

There are not many defects in the work to set against its merits. Rapidity of movement, a throng of incidents, is never a characteristic of Mr. Thackeray's stories; and such is the interest he excites by the development of his characters, that we do not usually desire that he should quicken his pace. Sometimes, however, he lingers too long, and we are only surprised that in a copious novel, of which the precise length is fixed at starting, and of which the beginning is given to the world before the middle and end are composed, there should not be more than two or three scenes which have been unduly drawn out to fill their ample frames. A more substantial fault is the part which is assigned to Laura Pendennis—a portrait in itself as true to life as any in the book. There is a pragmatic assumption about her goodness, an air of prudery and self-conceit—the strings by which she leads her pliant husband, who esteems her the more for her pretension—but which render the praises bestowed upon her, and the general confidence reposed in her, somewhat distasteful. Pendennis himself is, to be sure, the ostensible writer, and the admiration he entertains for his wife, and his parade of her virtues before the public, are, as far as he is concerned, consistent traits in his character; but then again we are by no means reconciled to this exhibition of uxorious weakness in the reputed author of the book, who does not even offer the usual apology,—‘though I say it that shouldn’t.’ In fact, Arthur Pendennis becomes an excrescence. As long as he was kept in the back-ground he was neither an ornament nor a blemish, but when he comes forward as an actor in the story, as well as the narrator of it, we wish him away, and should prefer that Mr. Thackeray would tell his own tale without the unnecessary interposition of an Editor. The advantage of the auto-biographical novel is, that where the hero and the historian are the same, an appearance of reality can be given to events, as may be seen in the ‘Gulliver’ of Swift, and the ‘History of the Plague,’ the ‘Robinson Crusoe’ and ‘Colonel Jack’ of De Foe, which almost amounts to a perfect illusion. But when the bulk of the story is related in the ordinary way, and the auto-biographical method is too sparingly employed to secure any of its benefits, a pretended editor, thrusting himself from time to time upon the notice of the reader, appears an officious and offensive personage. It has the additional drawback that the fictitious author is quite unworthy to hold the pen of the veritable master. However modest it may be in Mr. Thackeray to ascribe his writings to a person of no greater calibre

calibre than his very inadequate representative, the incongruity is too glaring, and no one can for an instant bring himself to believe that the intrusive Mr. Pendennis could have written the 'Newcomes.'

That there is little plot, in the strict sense of the word, and that little of no very exciting kind, is not to be numbered, in our opinion, among the defects of the tale. To be hurried on in breathless suspense distracts the attention from the merits of style, sentiment, and character, and appeals chiefly to minds which are incapable of appreciating more sterling qualities. Mr. Thackeray has simply been faithful to the instincts of his genius. The true and the probable are his domain, and he intuitively casts aside whatever offends against his theory of his art. Few lives would furnish the outlines of romantic stories, but every person has his hopes and fears, his passions and trials which are unceasingly in play beneath the smooth routine which scarce presents a salient point to the common observer. The merit of the plan can only be fully estimated by those who are aware how much easier it is to imagine marvels than to devise details, which shall be at once unhacknied, attractive, and consistent with the ordinary realities of life. The weak part of the plot is the clumsy and now stale device by which Clive and Ethel are brought together at last. The earliest author, whoever he may be, did not gain in originality what he lost in propriety of design, when to vary the old and approved method by which lovers are carried through tortuous paths and much suffering to the foot of the altar, he involved the hero in a preliminary marriage with somebody who was not the heroine, and afterwards brought in Death to cut the knot it was impossible to untie. The relentless tyrant is not usually so accommodating as to kill off the first wife in time for the much-enduring husband to contract a second marriage with the first love. When the contrivance has not even novelty on its side, it has nothing to recommend it, though we willingly admit that Mr. Thackeray has managed it with his usual skill. In one particular we miss the word of rebuke which nobody knows better how to administer with effect. It is consistent, no doubt, with nature that Clive, finding he had made a mistake in wedding Rosa, should pine after Ethel when it became evident that with a little further patience the prize might have been won. But though there are precedents for the course, they appertain to the evil side of humanity, and we wish that Mr. Thackeray had marked his consciousness of the wrong done to an unoffending girl by the neglect of her husband and the passion he continues to indulge for Miss Newcome. If Clive had not been the hero of the story, we should have inferred
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the condemnation without its being expressed. When however he is represented as a manly, and, in the main, a worthy fellow, we look for some exception to be made in the most dastardly abandonment ~~every attempt to~~ ~~his~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~all~~ ~~meaning~~ puppet he had taken to wife, leaving her harsh mother to jerk the wire at the bidding of her low-minded passions. 'The shoe,' says Mr. Thackeray, 'was a very pretty little shoe, but Clive's foot was too big for it.' He might not the less have attempted to guide the little foot, and kindly helped it to keep step with his own. The one occasion in which this unresisting victim exhibits any emotion is at the close of the history, when a visit from Ethel calls forth those pangs of jealousy which agitate hearts that everything else has ceased to stir. 'Ah me! what a story was there; what an outburst of pent-up feeling! what a passion of pain!' But there are no struggles on the part of Clive, no subsequent remorse to alleviate the selfishness with which he plucked the flower and then flung it aside to wither, because the perfume it yielded was not that which he preferred. Nevertheless we must add Mr. Thackeray's apologetic reflection, which, if it does not altogether absolve his hero, is too good to be omitted.

'The little ills of life are the hardest to bear, as we all very well know. What would the possession of a hundred thousand a-year, or fame, and the applause of one's countrymen, or the loveliest and best-beloved woman,—of any glory, and happiness, or good-fortune,—avail to a gentleman, for instance, who was allowed to enjoy them only with the condition of wearing a shoe with a couple of nails or sharp pebbles inside it? All fame and happiness would disappear, and plunge down that shoe. All life would rankle round those little nails.'

Duration is of more importance than intensity. No ill is great of which the painful effects are brief, none is small of which the irritation is perpetual. To be pricked for a life-time with pins would be worse than a single cut from a sabre, a never-ending tooth-ache than the amputation of a limb.

When we turn from the specks in the story, and they are nothing more, to the group of characters with which Mr. Thackeray has covered his thickly-peopled canvass, we must repeat our admiration at the unerring hand with which they are drawn. The real, though not the nominal hero, is Colonel Newcome. The story begins with his birth and ends with his death, and it is he that is the principal object of interest throughout. He is the very soul of modesty, honour, and benevolence—in every inch an officer and a gentleman. His scorn of everything ungenerous and ignoble gives a rare dignity to his simple nature so happily set off by his old-fashioned courtesy, and we know of no other character in fiction which is at once more thoroughly estimable
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and thoroughly human. With an expansive kindness of heart he has, what is not always found in company with it, an extraordinary fervour and stability in his individual attachments. Thus his early affection for the daughter of his French master, an *émigré* noble, is never obliterated. As no second object can take her place, it is out of the stock of his general benevolence, and not from love, that he marries in India the forlorn widow of a brother officer. Being unworthy his compassion, she makes him a bad wife; and the sole benefit he derives from a union, happily terminated by her death, is a son upon whom to bestow the overflowing stores of his fond nature. It is for him that the Colonel lives, and returning from India to England, whither the lad has been sent long before, he knows scarce any other pleasure than that which is reflected from the beaming countenance of his boy. The first part of their intercourse has no alloy, but Clive is at an age when a single stride forwards carries him from his constant place at his father's side into the larger companionship of young men like himself. The Colonel now discovers that love does not return upwards with the same force it flows downwards, and that he must be content to possess a divided property in the advancing youth. In this frame of mind he goes back to India to complete his service, his attachment unabated, and still resolved to make the road of life as smooth as a garden-walk to his son, who is left to saunter over Europe, and, since he has chosen to be an artist, to work or play at painting as he will. The Colonel is again in England, having made his fortune by taking shares in a bank, and must now put the crowning-stone to his schemes by marrying Clive, and establishing him in wealth and happiness. As Ethel, the lady of the young man's heart, is not to be had, the Colonel endeavours to bring about a match with Rosa Mackenzie, the niece of an old friend; and to this pretty, insipid girl Clive gives his hand, partly from the apathy produced by the extinction of better hopes, and partly to gratify his doating father. The fabric thus built up proves to be a house of painted cards, gaudy and unsubstantial. The prosperity of Clive is not the natural growth of circumstances; it has been forced upon him by the impatient love of his father, who is irritated when he sees that all his sacrifices and exertions have only resulted in the moodiness and discontent of the object of his idolatry. The history is unfolded with a thousand refined and natural strokes of character, but nothing is more delicately shaded than the picture of the Colonel under the combined influence of his domestic disappointments and worldly grandeur. He is injured in just the degree that so excellent a person would be by riches
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and fine living; and though the metal remains the same, spots of tarnish begin to show upon its surface. 'If it cannot be said that his new life had changed him, at least it had brought out faults for which there had hitherto been no occasion, and qualities latent before.' In this interlude of his history he stands upon the liberal interest for Newcome out of hostility to his nephew, Sir Barnes, and his nature is admirably developed upon the occasion. He is totally ignorant of politics and has compounded a system out of his feelings. With military loyalty to his sovereign, traditional reverence for the constitution, and benevolent sympathy for the labouring classes, he is a contradictory medley of the high tory and the socialist.

'He was for having every man to vote; every poor man to labour short time and get high wages; every poor curate to be paid double or treble; every bishop to be docked of his salary, and dismissed from the House of Lords. But he was a staunch admirer of that assembly, and a supporter of the rights of the crown. He was for sweeping off taxes from the poor, and as money must be raised to carry on government, he opined that the rich should pay.'

He is preserved from the further effects of the corrupting and confusing atmosphere into which he is plunged by the breaking of the bank, which with a chivalry that scorns all mercantile considerations he refuses to abandon when it is tottering to its fall, and devotes every sixpence he possesses to the attempt to prop it up. The fortune of Rosa is swallowed up in the same gulf; and her penurious, greedy, and despotic mother, has also trusted her accumulations, by the advice of the sanguine Colonel, to the Bundelcund bubble. This coarse, passionate, hardened woman never ceases reproaching the noble-minded old man with her own and her daughter's ruin, and repeatedly tells him to his face that he is a swindler. The Colonel, as we have said, is the soul of honour; he feels an imputation upon like a wound; to this honour he falls a martyr. Because was through him that the loss was incurred, he writhes under her invectives, and does not venture to raise a finger to ward off blows which strike him to the dust. In spite of the offers of assistance, and the sympathy of friends, his mind begins to break down under the cruel scourgings of his mean and brutal task-mistress. When he has endured them for a while he finds a new home. Annuities are pressed upon him; doors are thrown wide open to receive him as a life-long guest; but he was educated, and his son after him, at the Cistercian school, or, to call it by its true name, the Charter-house, and he prefers to be appointed one of the 'poor brothers,' and end his race where it began. Like the stag represented in the initial engraving of

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one of the chapters, he goes to die where he was roused. It was a happy thought to conduct him to this asylum, recommended by old associations, the humility of his nature, the independence which will not permit him to be a burthen to others, and the appropriateness of the place for a wounded and prostrate spirit, unfitted for society and anxious to escape its notice and turmoil. To a superficial eye it might seem a melancholy close to a benignant career, but true nobility is in the mind and not in the trappings external to the man. It is here that his better self gains undivided sway; that, elevated above frivolity and false aspirations, he devotes himself to his prayers, to his Bible, to Heaven. To have been daily more and more leavened by the world, to have had his finest impulses stifled in crowded rooms, to have been drawn deeper and deeper into the whirl of ambition, jealousies, and petty rivalries—this is what would have been melancholy indeed, however encompassed by outward prosperity; and it was impossible for Mr. Thackeray, who discriminates so acutely between what is solid and what is specious, to have committed such treason against his exquisite creation. The solemn parts of his subject are passed gently over with a reverent abstinence. He has not thought fit in a work intended for general amusement to bring religion into a prominence by which the sacred might be profaned by its proximity to the secular, but he has said enough to indicate his opinions and to enable the imagination to fill up the outline. The last days of the Colonel at the Charter-house supply the climax to the moral, which is as plainly stamped upon the *Newcomes* as the name upon the title-page—that all is vanity except goodness and love, that the highest employment of man is the service of his Maker. The concluding scenes are masterly in the extreme; the description of the good man's death simple and sublime. Fiction affords no more beautiful page.

Mr. Hazlitt was riding in a public conveyance from Paris to Versailles, one of the passengers spoke of the marriage of a couple that morning who had been ten years engaged. A second person remarked that they had at least this advantage, that they were thoroughly acquainted with each other. A third dissented from the conclusion, and shrewdly rejoined that perhaps the wife would appear next day in a different light from what she had ever been seen in the ten years of courtship. The case is common; and Mr. Thackeray has furnished in Mrs. Mackenzie a forcible illustration of it. Her object is to win Colonel Newcome for herself, which she soon discovers to be hopeless, and Clive for her daughter. She appears an active, gay, obliging widow—affectionate to Rosa, and kindly to everybody. In that proba-

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tionary period she kept her violence to the bedroom, where she boxed her poor girl's ears in secret. The sobbing over, she put her arm about her darling's waist, and led her fondly to the drawing-room, where she talked to the company of her maternal solicitude, and prayed Heaven to provide for the happiness of her dear child, 'who had never known an instant's sorrow.' She has gained her end. Clive is married; Rosa gives birth to a son, and her mother has arrived for the interesting occasion. 'Assuming the command of the household, whilst her daughter kept her sofa, Mrs. Mackenzie had set that establishment into uproar and mutiny. She had offended the butler, outraged the housekeeper, wounded the susceptibilities of the footmen, insulted the doctor, and trampled on the inmost corns of the nurse. It was surprising what a change appeared in the campaigner's conduct, and how little in former days Colonel Newcome had known her.' The power of self-control vanishes with the motive for it; but the mask is not wholly dropped till the family reverses, when she stands revealed a furious scold, a grovelling schemer, an avaricious cheat, who charges her own vices upon probity and honour. "What a woman that Mrs. Mackenzie is," cries F. Bayham. "What an infernal tartar and catamaran! She who was so uncommonly smiling and soft spoken, and such a fine woman, by jingo! What puzzles all women are." F. B. sighed, and drowned further reflection in beer.' Who does not remember that maxim of Swift—"The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.' How deep a response must the deceased Captain Mackenzie have sighed to hear of the pithy saying of the Dean.

The manhood of Clive does not sustain the expectation by the description of his early days. He has spirit, truthfulness, the generosity of youth, and not a little of the selfishness which grows out of boyish thoughtlessness. His subsequent want of self-control, his inability to cope with the annoyances of his position, or, to say the truth, his entire subjection to them, destroy our respect for him. Ethel, on the contrary, is a charming example of the force of resolute virtue. Mr. Thackeray is not, for the most part, a flattering painter of women. The clever are artful and wicked; the good are insipid. Ethel is a great exception, and has no counterpart in 'Vanity Fair' or 'Pendennis.' There are three stages in her career, and each is distinguished by the nicest traits of nature. In the first she is a blooming girl, endowed with beauty, talent, and artlessness, and blessed with an independent mind which lifts her above the sordid atmosphere in which she is bred—the latent haughtiness of her disposition, softened

softened by her feminine gentleness, and gracefully blending with it. She sympathises with whatever is good, has the instinct to discriminate, the courage to countenance and uphold it. In the second stage she figures under the influence of her match-making grandmother, Lady Kew, in that world of fashion

‘Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold.’

Here the admiration she receives, the language she hears, the dazzling attractions of rank and wealth to one so young, coupled with the lessons of her overbearing, satirical, wily chaperon, begin to spoil her. She grows coquettish and wayward; but retains her generous impulses, her proud spirit and indomitable will, and would marry her cousin Clive in spite of angry relatives, if, upon the whole, she did not prefer a nobleman she despised to affection and a commoner. In a word, she yields to the exaggerated importance attached to social distinctions by all who approach her, and commits the crime of becoming no better than her neighbours. Yet as she had too much conscience to act avowedly from the usual motives, she persuades herself that she is chiefly influenced by the desire to obtain a position in which she can promote the interests of her family. There are two events for which the story prepares us—the elopement of the wife of her eldest brother, and her own marriage with Lord Farintosh. The completion of the first tragedy is ingeniously contrived to prevent the second. Ethel is now alarmed by the fatal consequences of mercenary alliances; the opportune death of Lady Kew releases her from the control of that evil genius; she sees the peril and degradation of her course, her subsiding worth regains an immediate ascendancy, and, with the determination inherent in her character, she breaks through the artificial network which had held her in bondage, dismisses Lord Farintosh on the eve of their marriage, and appears under her third and abiding aspect. • If a nature like hers has the strength to shake off its toils, it is no half goodness which results. Shame at the past, the necessity to recover her own self-respect, the native nobility of her disposition, unite to make her a pattern of self-denial, and diligence in the discharge of humble duties. When she breaks with Lord Farintosh, she is ignorant of the marriage of Clive. To have lost him through her folly at the moment she was about to welcome his suit is a new source of vexation—the severest of the taxes which she pays for past weakness; but she who has played so long with the hearts of others surpasses them all in schooling her own; and a more estimable being than Ethel Newcome, when she emerges purified

purified from the stains contracted in her worldly time, cannot well be imagined.

This book will open the eyes of many a girl who is dimly conscious of her position, and lead some, perhaps, to avoid the error of Ethel, or, more difficult still, enable them, like her, to retrace their steps. The 'Newcomes,' by precept and example, is designed above all to shame a debasing traffic, which is carried on under so thin a veil that 'a good match' has long ceased to mean anything good in the contracting parties, but stands only for money or station. 'God forbid,' said Lord Kew, when he drew back from his engagement with Miss Newcome, 'that she and I should lead the lives of some folks we know; that Ethel should marry without love, perhaps to fall into it afterwards.' Ill-assorted unions abound in the story; and they flow so naturally out of the circumstances, are so varied and arranged, that there is no appearance of a wish to force a moral by the arbitrary collection of cases, after the fashion which was sometimes practised by Hogarth in his department of art, as when, to aggravate the distresses of his 'Enraged Musician,' he gathers under his window every discordant sound which was scattered throughout the length and breadth of London. Mademoiselle Léonore resigns Thomas Newcome to marry, in obedience to her father, the Comte de Florac, who is older than her father himself. What is begun in duty is carried on in the same spirit to the end. In being a martyr she becomes a saint. By piety, resignation, and the rigorous discharge of every obligation she has contracted, she attains to the peace which the earnest execution of our appointed task never fails to bring. Her meek acceptance of her part, her faithful performance of it, her angelic disposition, and the subdued sadness which hangs about her perpetually—the effect of that old love-wound never healed—are brought out by those ethereal touches in which Mr. Thackeray excels, and which, light and almost incidental as they seem, leave a perfect image upon the mind. Madame de Florac is an example how a wise and worthy woman may make, under disadvantageous circumstances, the happiness she does not find. Colonel Newcome, after his manly fashion, is not behind her, as we have seen, in accommodating himself to his mistaken marriage. Clive, with far better materials at his disposal, and in a kindlier situation, resigns himself to chagrin, and passes the period of his wedded servitude in moaning over his fate. The weak Lady Clara, repelled by a worthless, tyrannical husband, and solicited by the lover her parents obliged her to refuse for the sake of a monied lump of selfishness, suddenly snaps the tie she can endure no longer,

longer, and elopes with Lord Highgate. These are the several fruits of the misalliances introduced into the 'Newcomes.' Notwithstanding the energy with which he denounces them, Mr. Thackeray reminds us, through the mouths of some of his characters, that love-matches have constantly as unprosperous an issue. But how many of these deluded adorers would have been happy with anybody? The qualities for the purpose are wanting; and whether the marriage was suggested by calculation or passion, the issue would be vexation and strife. If the blind god, at an age when affection is strongest and judgment weakest, misleads some who were worthy of a better lot, the majority of them do but end where the traffickers begin. Because, argue the Lady Kews, there are blanks in the lottery of love, therefore let us ignore love altogether, crush it in young bosoms, compel them to do violence to it, and put all our trust in venal and sordid marriages.

There are many characters in these volumes subsidiary in the space they occupy, or in their action on the main story, which are not inferior in execution to the central figures. Such is Lord Kew, highminded, unassuming, with a disposition naturally turned to rectitude, flinging aside his youthful vices, and settling down upon his paternal estate, where his virtues and good sense, backed by his station, have a diffusive influence throughout and beyond his domain; an improver of land, a builder of churches and schools, a friend to his tenants, and a benefactor of the poor. Such is the oily Charles Honeyman, a fop vain of his person, who, without truth or seriousness, turns clerical actor, plays his sanctimonious part with sleek hardihood, his doctrines fashioned to the varying hour, a parasitical pastor fawning and fawned upon, and who, notwithstanding Mr. Thackeray's assurance that he has removed to India, still, we fear, preaches at Lady Whittlesea's chapel. Such is Sir Barnes Newcome, a banker on his father's side, and connected on his mother's with the aristocracy, who blends the meanness of a covetous trader with the vulgar insolence of an upstart moving in the outer circle of fashionable society; a bully, who strikes his wife, and turns pale at the cane of Colonel Newcome; a man without a heart or conscience, and whose only check is the fear of being thought a scoundrel by the world, yet a man who believes himself knowing in his generation, who considers life to be a game of selfishness, and who, without supposing himself to be a saint, would be surprised to find what an ugly portrait he made. Such is jovial Frederick Bayham, a large consumer of meats and drinks, a frequenter of all societies where good cheer is on the way, with empty pockets and inexhaustible spirits, a confident presence and rattling vivacity, not over-nice in the methods by which he builds up his own or
other

other people's fortunes, but one of the staunchest and most zealous of friends as well as one of the liveliest of companions. Such is Paul de Florac, a *roué*, with a heart full of kindness and generosity, who comes before us under various phases, the result of new situations and increasing years, and whose attempts, in acts and conversation, to graft the Englishman upon the French stock are a surprising specimen of exact observation and humour. Exceedingly beautiful, too, is his reverence for his religious mother, his deference to her feelings, and his assumption of the outward sobriety of dress and deportment which will be most grateful to her solemn and chastened spirit. 'Shall not I,' he says, 'who have caused her to shed so many tears endeavour to dry some?' Rawdon Crawley, with his warm fatherly affections, Harry Foker, with his vivid sense of honour, are questionable characters of the Paul type, and we are half-ashamed of the favour they find in our eyes till we observe that there is a healthy spot in full play in their hearts amid the surrounding contamination, and that it is by this alone that our sympathy is won.

The merit of the 'Newcomes' cannot be judged from quotations. They are like the stones of the temple, whose beauty is in their proper place, as parts of a design. Characters are built up bit by bit, and many admirable traits depend for their effect upon the knowledge of the antecedents. The passages we give are selected because they can be separated from the context, and not because they are otherwise the best. Mr. Thackeray deals largely in irony, and here is an example of his mode of satirizing vices under the guise of commending them:—

'To push on in the crowd, every male, or female, struggler must use his shoulders. If a better place than yours presents itself just beyond your neighbour, elbow him and take it. Look how a steadily-purposed man or woman at court, at a ball, or exhibition, wherever there is a competition and a squeeze, gets the best place; the nearest the sovereign, if bent on kissing the royal hand; the closest to the grand stand, if minded to go to Ascot; the best view and hearing of the Rev. Mr. Thumpington, when all the town is rushing to hear that exciting divine: the largest quantity of ice, champagne and seltzer, cold pâté, or other his or her favourite fleshpot, if gluttonously minded, at a supper whence hundreds of people come empty away. A woman of the world will marry her daughter, and have done with her, get her carriage, and be at home and asleep in bed whilst a timid mamma has still her girl in the nursery, or is beseeching the servants in the cloak-room to look for her shawls, with which some one else has whisked away an hour ago. What a man has to do in society is to assert himself. Is there a good place at table? take it. At the Treasury or the Home Office? ask for it. Do you want to go to a party to which you are not invited? ask to be asked. Ask A., ask B., ask Mrs. C.; ask everybody

everybody you know. You will be thought a bore, but you will have your way. What matters that you are considered obtrusive, provided that you obtrude? By pushing steadily, nine hundred and ninety-nine persons in a thousand will yield to you. Only command persons, and you may be pretty sure that a good number will obey. How well your shilling will have been laid out, O gentle reader, who purchase this, and, taking the maxim to heart, follow it through life! You may be sure of success. If your neighbour's foot obstructs you, stamp on it; and do you suppose he won't take it away?—vol. i. p. 72.

These are the people who, passing beyond the instincts of selfishness, erect it into a law, and pride themselves upon the easy victories they win through bad manners and a bad heart. The impulsive selfishness of anger is less coolly calculating, but the results are similar, and full as effective:—

‘When Lady Kew heard that Madame d'Ivry was at Baden, and was informed at once of the French lady's graciousness towards the Newcome family, and of her fury against Lord Kew, the old Countess gave a loose to that energetic temper with which Nature had gifted her; a temper which she tied up sometimes, and kept from barking and biting, but which, when unmuzzled, was an animal of whom all her ladyship's family had a just apprehension. Not one of them but in his or her time had been wounded, lacerated, tumbled over, otherwise frightened or injured by this unruly brute. The cowards brought it sops and patted it; the prudent gave it a clear berth, and walked round so as not to meet it; but woe be to those of the family who had to bring the meal and prepare the litter, and (to speak respectfully) share the kennel with Lady Kew's “Black Dog!” Surely a fine furious temper, if accompanied with a certain magnanimity and bravery which often go together with it, is one of the most precious and fortunate gifts with which a gentleman or lady can be endowed. A person always ready to fight is certain of the greatest consideration among his or her family circle. •The lazy grow tired of contending with him; the timid coax and flatter him; and, as almost every one is timid or lazy, a bad-tempered man is sure to have his own way. It is he who commands, and all the others obey. If he is a gourmand, he has what he likes for dinner, and the tastes of all the rest are subservient to him. She (we playfully transfer the gender, as a bad temper is of both sexes) has the place which she likes best in the drawing-room, nor do her parents nor her brothers and sisters venture to take her favourite chair. If she wants to go to a party, mamma will dress herself in spite of her headache; and papa, who hates those dreadful soirées, will go upstairs after dinner, and put on his poor old white neckcloth, though he has been toiling at chambers all day, and must be there early in the morning. He will go out with her, we say, and stay for the cotillon. If the family are taking their tour in the summer, it is she who ordains whither they shall go, and when they shall stop. If he comes home late, the dinner is kept for him, and not one dares to say a word, though ever so hungry. If he is in a good humour,

how every one frisks about and is happy ! How the servants jump up at his bell, and run to wait upon him ! How they sit up patiently, and how eagerly they run to fetch cabs in the rain ! Whereas, for you and for me, who have the tempers of angels, and never were known to be angry or to complain, nobody cares whether we are pleased or not. Our wives go to the milliner's and send us the bill, and we pay it. Our John finishes reading the newspaper before he answers our bell and brings it to us ; our sons loll in the arm-chair we should like, fill the house with their young men, and smoke in the dining-room ; our tailors fit us badly ; our butchers give us the youngest mutton ; our tradesmen dun us much more quickly than other people, because they know we are good-natured ; and our servants go out whenever they like, and openly have their friends to supper in the kitchen.'—vol. i. p. 321.

Madame de Girardin has the same idea, but not worked out with the same felicitous prodigality of detail, in her disquisition upon 'profitable defects.' She adds obstinacy to the list, because, she remarks, 'every one says of an obstinate man, "You will get nothing from *him*," and he is let alone in consequence.' The reflections we have quoted treat of outside frailties : in the next our great explorer of the human heart conducts us into one of its inner chambers.

'The writer of these veracious pages was once walking through a splendid English palace, standing amidst parks and gardens, than which none more magnificent has been seen since the days of Aladdin, in company with a melancholy friend, who viewed all things darkly through his gloomy eyes. The housekeeper, pattering on before us from chamber to chamber, was expatiating upon the magnificence of this picture ; the beauty of that statue ; the marvellous richness of these hangings and carpets ; the admirable likeness of the late Marquis by Sir Thomas, of his father, the fifth Earl, by Sir Joshua, and so on ; when, in the very richest room of the whole castle, Hicks—such was my melancholy companion's name—stopped the cicerone in her prattle, saying in a hollow voice, "And now, madam, will you show us the closet *where the skeleton is*?" The scared functionary paused in the midst of her harangue ; that article was not inserted in the catalogue which she daily utters to visitors for their half-crown. Hicks's question brought a darkness down upon the hall where we were standing. We did not see the room ; and yet I have no doubt there is such an one ; and ever after, when I have thought of the splendid castle towering in the midst of shady trees, under which the dappled deer are browsing ; of the terraces gleaming with statues, and bright with a hundred thousand flowers ; of the bridges and shining fountains and rivers wherein the castle windows reflect their festive gleams, when the halls are filled with happy feasters, and over the darkling woods comes the sound of music—always, I say, when I think of Castle Bluebeard, it is to think of that dark little closet which I know is there, and which the lordly owner opens shuddering—after midnight—when he is sleepless
and

and *must* go unlock it, when the palace is hushed, when beauties are sleeping around him unconscious, and revellers are at rest. O Mrs. Housekeeper, all the other keys hast thou, but that key thou hast not! Have we not all such closets, my jolly friend, as well as the noble Marquis of Carabas? At night, when all the house is asleep but you, don't you get up and peep into yours? When you in your turn are slumbering, up gets Mrs. Brown from your side, steals down stairs like Amina to her ghoul, clicks open the secret door, and looks into *her* dark depository. Did she tell you of that little affair with Smith long before she knew you? P'sha! who knows any one save himself alone? Who, in showing his house to the closest and dearest, doesn't keep back the key of a closet or two? I think of a lovely reader laying down the page, and looking over at her unconscious husband, asleep, perhaps, after dinner. Yes, madam, a closet he hath, and you who pry into everything shall never have the key of it. * I think of some honest Othello pausing over this very sentence in a railroad carriage, and stealthily gazing at Desdemona opposite to him, innocently administering sandwiches to their little boy.—I am trying to turn off the sentence with a joke, you see—I feel it is growing too dreadful, too serious.'—vol. i. p. 112.

There are many eloquent passages in the 'Newcomes' upon the unballowed marriages which are the grand theme of the work. Two paragraphs contain the summary of Lady Clara's tragic history—what she was, and what she might have been; the fair prospect which nature had provided for her, and the dark fate to which her parents condemned her.

'Poor Lady Clara! I fancy a better lot for you than that to which fate handed you over. I fancy there need have been no deceit in your fond simple little heart, could it but have been given into other keeping. But you were consigned to a master whose scorn and cruelty terrified you; under whose sardonic glances your scared eyes were afraid to look up, and before whose gloomy coldness you dared not be happy. Suppose a little plant, very frail and delicate from the first, but that might have bloomed sweetly and borne fair flowers, had it received warm shelter and kindly nurture; suppose a young creature taken out of her home, and given over to a hard master whose caresses are as insulting as his neglect; consigned to cruel usage; to weary loneliness; to bitter, bitter recollections of the past; suppose her schooled into hypocrisy by tyranny—and then, quick, let us hire an advocate to roar out to a British jury the wrongs of her injured husband, to paint the agonies of his bleeding heart (if Mr. Advocate gets plaintiff's brief in time, and before defendant's attorney has retained him), and to show society injured through him. Let us console that martyr, I say, with thumping damages; and as for the woman—the guilty wretch!—let us lead her out and stone her.'—vol. ii. p. 168.

The catastrophe is not long in coming. Lady Clara elopes with the Jack Belsize, who possessed her heart when she gave her hand to Sir Barnes, and how well does Mr. Thackeray tell the consequences of the attempt to rectify wrong by wrong!—

' So Lady Clara flies from the custody of her tyrant, but to what a rescue? The very man who loves her, and gives her asylum, pities and deploras her. She scarce dares to look out of the windows of her new home upon the world, lest it should know and reproach her. All the sisterhood of friendship is cut off from her. If she dares to go abroad she feels the sneer of the world as she goes through it, and knows that malice and scorn whisper behind her. People, as criminal but undiscovered, make room for her as if her touch were pollution. She knows she has darkened the lot and made wretched the home of the man whom she loves best, that his friends who see her treat her with but a doubtful respect, and the domestics who attend her with a suspicious obedience. In the country lanes, or the streets of the country town, neighbours look aside as the carriage passes in which she sits splendid and lonely. Rough hunting companions of her husband's come to her table: he is driven perforce to the company of flatterers and men of inferior sort; his equals, at least in his own home, will not live with him. She would be kind, perhaps, and charitable to the cottagers round about her, but she fears to visit them lest they too should scorn her. The clergyman who distributes her charities blushes and looks awkward on passing her in the village, if he should be walking with his wife or one of his children. . . . No wonder that her husband does not like home, except for a short while in the hunting season. No wonder that he is away all day; how can he like a home which she has made so wretched?'—vol. ii. p. 197.

From these calamities of life—sorrows which know no healing, and spread over the whole of existence like a pall—we turn to give a specimen of Mr. Thackeray's mode of representing the lighter incidents of everyday occurrence, and take for this purpose one of those offshoots from the tree which can be transplanted without injury. Paul de Florac has married for her money the daughter of a Manchester manufacturer, a good, vulgar little body, who lived for a considerable period, separated from her husband, at her villa at Rosebury, where she is looked down upon by the clergyman, Dr. Potter, and his wife and daughters, who are visited occasionally by a county family. Sir Barnes 'Newcome has at last electioneering motives for taking up the neglected Madame de Florac, and resolves to call upon her.

' One day the carriage-and-four came in state from Newcome Park, with the well-known chaste liveries of the Newcomes, and drove up Rosebury Green, towards the parsonage-gate, where Mrs. and the Miss Potters happened to be standing, cheapening fish from a donkey-man, with whom they were in the habit of dealing. The ladies were in their pokiest old head-gear and most dingy gowns, when they perceived the carriage approaching; and considering, of course, that the visit of the Park People was intended for them, dashed into the rectory to change their clothes, leaving Rowkins, the costermonger, in the
very

very midst of the negotiation about the three mackarel. Mamma got that new bonnet out of the band-box; Lizzy and Liddy skipped up to their bed-room, and brought out those dresses which they wore at the *déjeuner* at the Newcome Athenæum, when Lord Leveret came down to lecture; into which they no sooner had hooked their lovely shoulders, than they reflected with terror that mamma had been altering one of papa's flannel waistcoats, and had left it in the drawing-room, when they were called out by the song of Rowkins and the appearance of his donkey's ears over the green gate of the rectory. To think of the Park People coming, and the drawing-room in that dreadful state! But when they came down stairs the Park People were not in the room, the woollen garment was still on the table (how they plunged it into the chiffonier!), and the only visitor was Rowkins, the costermonger, grinning at the open French windows, with the three mackarel, and crying, "Make it sixpence, Miss—don't say fippens, Maam, to a pore fellow that has a wife and family." So that the young ladies had to cry—"Impudence!" "Get away, you vulgar, insolent creature!—Go round, sir, to the back door!" "How dare you?" and the like; fearing lest Lady Ann Newcome, and young Ethel, and Barnes, should enter in the midst of this ignoble controversy. They never came at all—those Park People. How very odd! They passed the rectory-gate; they drove on to Madame de Florac's lodge. They went in. They stayed for half-an-hour; the horses driving round and round the gravel-road before the house; and Mrs. Potter and the girls speedily going to the upper chambers, and looking out of the room where the maids slept, saw Lady Ann, Ethel, and Barnes walking with Madame de Florac, going into the conservatories, issuing thence with Mac Whirter, the gardener, bearing huge bunches of grapes and large fascies of flowers; they saw Barnes talking in the most respectful manner to Madame de Florac; and, when they went down stairs and had their work before them—Liddy her gilt music-book, Lizzy her embroidered altar-cloth, Mamma her scarlet cloak for one of the old women—they had the agony of seeing the *barouche* over the railings whisk by, with the Park People inside, and Barnes driving the four horses.'—vol. ii. p. 177.

Every one can judge of the truth of a scene which every one has witnessed, and may remark what reality is given to the narrative by that accumulation of characteristic details upon which so much of the novelist's art depends. The husband of Madame de Florac is reconciled to his wife, goes down with her to Rosebury, and determines to act the part of a thorough Englishman. His appearance in that character, which he has so elaborately got up, is a perfect sketch, equally ludicrous and truthful:—

"*En Angleterre je me fais Anglais, vois tu, mon ami,*" continued the Prince. "*Demain c'est Sunday, et tu vas voir!*" Sunday morning arrived in the course of time, and then Florac appeared as a most wonderful Briton indeed! He wore top-boots and buckskins; and after breakfast,

breakfast, when we went to church, a white great coat with a little cape, in which garment he felt that his similarity to an English gentleman was perfect. In conversation with his grooms and servants he swore freely,—not that he was accustomed to employ oaths in his own private talk, but he thought the employment of these expletives necessary as an English country gentleman. He never dined without a roast beef, and insisted that the piece of meat should be bleeding, “as you love it, you others.” He got up boxing-matches, and kept birds for combats of cock. He assumed the sporting language with admirable enthusiasm—drove over to cover with a steppère—rode across country like a good one—was splendid in the hunting-field in his velvet cap and Napoleon boots, and made the hunt welcome at Rosebury.’—vol. ii. p. 180.

Another brief episode of the dramatic kind shall conclude our extracts. The elopement of Lady Clara Newcome occurs just as Lord Farintosh is about to marry Ethel; and his Lordship’s two shadows, whose business it is to keep him in good humour with himself, and by consequence with them, have to deal as they best can with the effect which the stigma upon the family of the intended bride may produce upon their noble chief:—

‘It may naturally be supposed that his Lordship’s gentlemen-in-waiting, Captain Henchman, Jack Todhunter, and the rest, had many misgivings of their own respecting their patron’s change in life, and could not view without anxiety the advent of a mistress who might reign over him and them; who might possibly not like their company, and might exert her influence over her husband to oust these honest fellows from places in which they were very comfortable. The jovial rogues had the run of my Lord’s kitchen, stables, cellars, and cigar-boxes. A new marchioness might hate hunting, smoking, jolly parties, and toad-eaters in general, or might bring into the house favourites of her own. I am sure any kind-hearted man of the world must feel for the position of these faithful, doubtful, disconsolate vassals, and have a sympathy for their rueful looks and demeanour as they eye the splendid preparations for the ensuing marriage; the grand furniture sent to my lord’s castles and houses, the magnificent plate provided for his tables—tables at which they may never have a knife and fork; castles and houses of which the poor rogues may never be allowed to pass the doors. When, then, “the elopement in High Life,” which has been described in the previous pages, burst upon the town in the morning papers, I can fancy the agitation which the news occasioned in the faithful bosoms of the generous Todhunter and the attached Henchman. My lord was not in his own house as yet. He and his friends still lingered on in the little house in May Fair; the dear little bachelor’s quarters, where they had enjoyed such good dinners, such good suppers, such rare doings, such a jolly time. I fancy Hench coming down to breakfast and reading the “Morning Post.” I imagine Tod dropping in from his bedroom over the way, and Hench handing the paper over to Tod, and the conversation which ensued between these worthy men.

• “Pretty

"Pretty news, ain't it, Toddy?" says Henschman, looking up from a Perigord-pie, which the faithful creature is discussing. "Always expected it," remarks the other. "Anybody who saw them together last season must have known it. The chief himself spoke of it to me."

"It 'll cut him up awfully when he reads it. Is it in the 'Morning Post?' He has the 'Post' in his bed-room. I know he has rung his bell: I heard it. Bowman, has his lord-ship read his paper yet?" Bowman, the valet, said, "I believe you, he *have* read his paper. When he read it he jumped out of bed and swore most awful. I cut as soon as I could," continued Mr. Bowman, who was on familiar, nay, contemptuous terms with the other two gentlemen. "Enough to make any man swear," says Toddy to Henschman, and both were alarmed in their noble souls reflecting that their chieftain was now actually getting up and dressing himself; that he would speedily, and in the course of nature, come down stairs, and then most probably would begin swearing at them. The most noble Mungo Malcolm Angus was in an awful state of mind, when at length he appeared in the breakfast-room. "Why the dash do you make a tap-room of this?" he cries. The trembling Henschman, who has begun to smoke—as he has done a hundred times before in this bachelor's hall—flings his cigar into the fire. "There you go—nothing like it! Why don't you fling some more in? You can get 'em at Hudson's for five guineas a pound," bursts out the youthful peer.—ii. p. 200.

'Satire or sense, alas! can Henschman feel?'

His brethren, who belong to the genus toad-eater, unless they are of the identical species described by Mr. Thackeray, nor perhaps even then, will not recognise their likeness. Major Pendennis, who might be termed a toad-eater unattached, who called no single peer master, who flitted from table to table, and was of the courtliest and most finished breed, despised the members of the family who served a single owner, followed him like a dog, obeyed his whistle or call, crouched at his feet, and ran where he was hied. 'My Uncle and Captain Henschman,'—it is Arthur Pendennis who reveals the fact—'disliked each other very much, I am sorry to say: sorry to add that it was very amusing to hear either one of them speak of the other.'

'Happy, harmless fable-land,' exclaims Mr. Thackeray. The fable-land of his creation is more than this. Those who have traversed it leisurely have found it as healthful as it is beguiling, and it is through its more sterling qualities that he has won for his book a loving admiration in many a home where genius alone would have been faintly welcomed. It is a proud privilege to have been able, month by month, for nearly two years, to interweave his fictions into the daily existence of his readers, and bring his mimic characters into competition with the living world, till forgetting

forgetting they were shadows, we have followed their fortunes, and discussed their destinies and conduct as though they had been breathing flesh and blood. 'What a wonderful art!' so we may suppose some future critic of the English humourists to say—'what an admirable gift of nature was it by which the author of these tales was endowed, and which enabled him to fix our interest, to waken our sympathy, to seize upon our credulity, so that we believe in his people, speculate gravely upon their faults or their excellences, and talk about them as if we had breakfasted with them this morning in their actual drawing-rooms, or should meet them this afternoon in the Park! What a genius!—what a vigour!—what a bright-eyed intelligence and observation!—what a wholesome hatred for meanness and knavery! What a vast sympathy!—what a cheerfulness!—what a manly relish of life!—what a love of human kind! What a poet is here!—watching, meditating, brooding, creating! What multitudes of truths has that man left behind him! What generations he has taught to laugh wisely and fairly! What scholars he has formed and accustomed to the exercise of thoughtful humour, and the manly play of wit!' Such is Mr. Thackeray's character of Fielding—such to the letter is the character, as a novelist, of the author of the 'Newcomes.'

ART. IV.—*Selections from the Family Papers preserved at Caldwell, 1496-1853.* Presented to the Maitland Club by William Mure, M.P. Glasgow. 1854.

THESE three substantial quartos are among the very valuable of the many contributions to that excellent Society, the Maitland Club, to which our historians and archæologists have been so much indebted. By this lifting up another corner of the curtain hung over the private scenes of auld lang syne, glimpses of the manners of our Scottish forefathers are offered, and an insight is given of the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, by which their days were rounded off: thus introduced to their homes and hearts, we become familiar with details too much neglected by grave historians, whose stilty pen seldom condescended to deal with trifles below their dignity. Recorders only of events at which the world grew pale, they noted down the thunder-crashes that scarred the mountain summits, while the humble valleys beneath lay overlooked in their obscurity. These family papers, rescued from the moths of muniment rooms, from the tidy matron or the fatal housemaiden—these planks saved from

from the wreck of ages, are relics of increasing value; they form the basis of national investigation, which widens with the diffusion of education and enlightened curiosity. In an exhaustion of the present, inquiry which must be fed, falls back on first principles, and is driven to the past; and whatever draws us from the present, elevates in the intellectual scale. Thus poor finite mortals, who remount the stream of time, give battle to oblivion, and dispute victory with the grave.

No apology was needed from Mr. Mure on the ground of the little claim which the private memoirs of a private family might have to public attraction. It is from such untampered materials that history in the aggregate is best constructed; and in early periods how much of general history was included in that of individuals, by whom the form and pressure of the age and its spirit was illustrated! And here, once for all, we must enter our literary protest against Mr. Mure's usual intitulation of Colonel; this brevet rank militates against all our inkstand associations, and throws an air of improbability over learned and critical authorship. We have already called attention in our No. 139 to Mr. Mure's classical pilgrimage to Greece, which, undertaken in true Homeric faith, formed a fitting preparation to his *opus magnum*, 'The History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece,' a work discussed in our No. 174, and which, combining all the research and accuracy of the German school without its dulness and want of good taste, is written in a most searching, liberal, and genial spirit. Strong indeed must be the covets of militia captains, majors and minors, whose brigaded brains could have furnished one chapter. Let right men ever be in right places; and well will our muscular country-gentlemen teach the young idea to shoot, and assuredly from their nurseries many, the stoutest and bravest, will march with honour to the East, who would have quailed and failed when examined in Polybius and political economy. Mr. Mure, recognising the duties as well as the rights of property, and acting as became the chief of his time-honoured race, for a while laid down the pen for the sword; and if he exchanged the banquet of the Homeric gods for the mess, let it be hoped that, induced by his example, the sons of clansmen bold mixed a thought of Castalian streams with their native farintosh. Be that as it may, we can only deal with the Colonel in our and in his critical phase.

Our learned compiler has illustrated these volumes with a running commentary of notes, by which this evidence from the tomb is explained; he has throughout exercised an amiable caution, both in the avoidance of tender, disputed points, as in refraining

refraining from opening many ticklish questions now settled, rightfully or wrongfully, which might jar with the politics and opinions of his readers whatever they may be. He has moreover prefixed to these Selections a memoir of the genealogy and leading incidents of the House of Caldwell, and thus introduces his readers in this prologue, to the principal performers of a drama extending over the three centuries (acts, as it were) on which the destiny and well-being of Scotland hinged. Thus, in this Banquo glass, in this moving diorama, so full of interest first the armed chieftain of the clan hurries on to the raid and foray, to the slaughter of foeman and the sacking of fortress. Anon, as the feudal spirit of the age is changed, the tragic wail of war, civil and religious, is heard, and the crumbling throne and altar tingle to the social extremities; then, when the hurricane, spent in its own violence, is passed, the horizon brightening up with the coming of better days ushers in the union with England, and the epithalamium, joined in by the chorus of Caldwell, constitutes a happy conclusion and epilogue. The details which mark the gradual transition from an iron age to a golden one of law and order revealed from these repositories, often amusing as a romance, possess the charm of truth—that *sine quâ non* to the British *ἠθος*, and which is often stranger than fiction—whatever may be predicated and practised across the Channel.

The Mures, an ancient, although untitled family, would, had they flourished beyond the Elbe or Niemen, have been princes at the least: they descend from Sir Reginald Mure, who in 1329 was Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland. The family name was differently written in different periods: More and Moore are the most ancient forms; Mure and Muir the most usual; but a settled nomenclature is a nicety of modern orthography. Early in the fourteenth century, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Adam Mure, married her cousin the Earl of Strathaven, who, succeeding to the throne as Robert II., was the first sovereign of the House of Stuart, and by him she became mother of the whole blood royal of that race: her grand-uncle cemented the connexion by marrying the wealthy sister of Robert's first wife. No wonder that finally a Mure—backed by royal alliances and grants of forfeited lands—should become one of the richest and most powerful subjects. The family split into many branches, of which the House of Caldwell, although not the chief, has ever ranked very high; and their estates in Ayr and Renfrewshire were acquired about the close of the fourteenth century by the marriage of a Mure with the heiress of Caldwell of that ilk. While we pass rapidly over the detailed links of a clearly made out pedigree,

as an inquiry of private rather than of public interest, the honest pride of birth which stimulated this genealogical labour of love, claims the respect of all who, like ourselves, are believers in race. The organic laws of breeding from a good stock are not to be defied, and blood must tell in the long run of every race of honour. Nor does the tendency to truth, *bon sang ne peut mentir*, form a bad point in 'raising' an historian.

However the sons of nobodies may affect to sneer at these vanities of vanities, and pretend that a pot of clay is as good as porcelain, to be born an Hidalgo, a son of somebody, is a distinction that courts cannot confer, nor mobs take away; and its real value may be tested by the cash a millocrat millionaire would pay down for a genuine grandfather. The *nouveau riche* finds it easier to be inscribed in the *Grand Livre de Rentes* of the Bourse at Paris, than in the *Libro de Oro* of aristocratic Venice. Nor is this infirmity one from which strongest minds can escape: thus Byron was prouder of his seat in the House of Lords than of his place in the poets' corner on Parnassus. Mr. Mure has grafted a new laurel on the ancestral stock by adding to the accidental honour of birthright, the personally achieved aristocracy of intellect. Thus, our *Hidalgo*, as the Spaniard has it, is also *Hijo de sus obras*—son of his own works—and is himself, had it been needed, a founder of a family to which those who come after might honestly look up.

Since the days of Horace, name and birth *without* property has not been rated in the books so high as vile sea-weed; a fiscal dilemma from which the Mures are happily exempt, and have long been. Touching their ample territorial possessions, one of the earliest documents, dated 1496, is an instrument of sazine of Sir Adam Mure's—*Nobilis viri Adæ Mur de Caudvel*—peaceably and legally conveying a small hamlet called Kempisland, alias Breedsorrow, so named because of the 'grate sorrow it bred in debating and contesting for the hereditary right thereof.' This 'canting' term *kemping*, an old Scotch word for 'striving and fighting,' was a symbol and commentary of a disputatious age, when border chiefs, great coveters of Naboth's vineyard, converted many an adjoining field into a *campus belli*, of which the strongest man reaped the harvest with his claymore.

This forefather Adam, knighted by James IV. as a *preux chevalier* and Cid Campeador, is described by flattering annalists as 'a gallant stout man, having many feuds with his neighbours, which were managed with great fierceness and much bloodshed.' 'Hector Mwyr,' son of this worthy sire, was killed in 1499, by the Maxwells of Pollok, whose laird narrowly escaped the *vendetta* of Caledonia and the wild justice of Hector's brother. This pretty quarrel

quarrel long remained an heirloom in the families, and the spirit of the age is read in the indictment of the avenger John for laying an ambuscade for John Maxwell and his man, and capturing them with 'wikid malice wrangwislie and violentlie.' Neither did this John respect the holy church, for in 1515 we find him busy 'with maister full spoliatioun,' sacking the palace at Glasgow of Archbishop Beaton, and 'breking down of the samyn with artazary [artillery] and utherwaies.'

This feat was more political than sacrilegious; the prelate, a supporter of the Regent Duke of Albany, was opposed by the Lennox league, and this bold partisan Mure, a master of his art, was no hand at mere legal logomachies. The triumph of the league was short, and the very next year, when the Regent recovered the ascendant, an action was brought 'aganis Johnne Mure for the wrangis and violentrejection.' The curious indictment printed at p. 54 enumerates the items of the damages done. At the inventory of the household stuff of a Scottish lord-chancellor and archbishop of that day, Lincoln's Inn and Lambeth—not to say the most non-erastian manse of the Free Kirk—may blush. The wardrobe of the prelate was in truth rich in 'gowns of scarlet lynit with furreis,' in rings of gold 'with precious stanes,'—articles of greater value than size, and easily carried off in troublous times. The bishop was stronger in feather-beds than towels, and while he possessed '13 roasting-spets and 18 pots,' his plate veschell [vaisselle] consisted only of '5 duzane of powder; his larders, garde viandes, were stocked with 15 swine, 4 dakyr of salt hydys, 6 duzane salmon, and 1 last of salt herring.' The stronghold was victualled with vivers for the garrison, perhaps more substantial than elegant. But the prelate's private provision was of another kind: his grocery, 'pepir, saffron, ginger, sugar, clovis, and cannel' infer a reasonable sipping of loving-cups and spicy bishop, while the '12 tunnes of wyne' in the cellar judiciously relieved the salt diet. The store of ordnance and 'villanous saltpetre,' was commensurate with the commissariat: '6 barrels of gunpowder, 11 gunnis, 14 halkirks, 14 steel bonnets, and 13 pair of splints,' formed the outer defences of this castle of the church militant. In this schedule the backward condition and discomforts of the epoch are revealed; few even in this mansion of a magnate and minister are the evidences of intellectual enjoyment: no vestige is to be traced of a library—that larder for the mind; no Bible, not even a breviary for the bishop, is catalogued.

The 'lands and guts' of the said John Mure were so 'compelled and distressed' for these damages, that he was driven to mortgage an estate for 'auchtt hundredth merks,' an incumbrance from
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which he was relieved in 1527 by the Earl of Eglington, with whom he was connected by marriage; but the benefit was burdened with a bond of manrent, and limited space alone prevents our citing the curious deed. The laird thereby became bound, 'me and myne airs perpetuallie to bekum man and servant till the Erle, and till his airs perpetuallie,' and to do him military service so long as the sum lent should remain unpaid; and the lender, in further security, was conditionally 'infest' with a portion of the lands of Caldwell. The obligation of service hung long over the house, and in 1665 the Lord Eglington of the day called for the penalty of the bond, on some alleged default of performance. The two opinions of learned counsel repudiating the validity of the claim, illustrate the transition from feudal violence to constitutional law. The signature of Caldwell affixed to the original deed, with 'his hand on the pen led by the notary,' offers evidence that he could not write; this faculty, now common to every cottar's son in Scotland, was rare then among lairds and laymen. The power to wield the pen—an accomplishment clerical not military—was held to unfit the hand for the sword. The rude barons and mere soldiers despised letters, and looked down upon men of learning and scholars, who, then as may be now, quietly returned the compliment; and the priests, too wise to risk the substance for the shadow, and in possession of the monopoly of knowledge—power—chuckled when brute and armed force that feared no sword, trembled before the crosier. The bold but unlettered Sir John was killed in his time and turn by the Cunninghams of Achett, by whom soon after the Earl of Eglington was also dispatched; the family honours and habits were worthily maintained by Sir Robert Mure, son and successor of this Sir John, who, when cited at the trial of a kinsman accused of many murders, for tampering with witnesses, pleaded successfully 'that he could not be expected to act otherwise when a clansman's life was at stake.'

The first act of the Caldwell drama closed with this bright knight, few of whose predecessors died peaceably in their beds or were longevous; yet their life, if short, was lively, 'very exciting, sir,' as fighting Picton said amid the bombs of Badajoz. The resources of human vegetation in the country were rare before turnpikes, turnips, and quarter sessions were invented; and when war was the serious business, and the chase, its mimic, the recreation, the transition was easy from stalking the red deer to the ambushade and 'slochter' of a neighbour foe. In remote counties, hardly yet over-fertile in events and novelties, injuries were long brooded over: the monotony of life was broken by the plotting and committing great crimes, and by the discussion and remembrance

remembrance of them afterwards ; thus to wipe out the stain of a murdered kinsman was the inheritance of generations, and the demon of revenge, the first duty of a good chief, was immortal.

A change had come over the social spirit when the second act of our drama commenced. The monarchical principle, which, by absorbing petty tyrants into the throne, had triumphed over the feudal, was now itself to be put to severe trial, and the increasing importance of the middle classes led to that reaction of the many against the monopolies in Church and State of the few, which, commenced before by Knox, was now to be consummated by Cromwell. Soon the coming calamities cast a shadow before them, for however good may have emerged ultimately out of the fermentation of evil, the happiness of thousands was wrecked during the process. The little black cloud rising on the horizon could not escape the far-seeing ; thus the dying voice of one of this family in 1640 expresses, in the quaint Anglo-Scoto language, a solemn foreboding which cannot be misunderstood :—

‘ For sa mickel as at this tyme thair is great appeirance of trubles and warres in this land, whilk God of His infinit mercie preveht, and grant ane happie and gude reformatioun to the glorie of His name. Howbeit I, Robert Mure, of Cauldwell, am now baith weill and haill in bodie, spirit, and mynd ; yit, considering there is nothing more certaine nor death, and nothing more uncertaine nor the tyme and manor yrof . . . thairfor I heirby mak my latter will and testament.’

This long foreseen hurricane passed comparatively gently over the house of Caldwell, whose owners were minors during the downfall of Charles and the ascendancy of Cromwell ; but the factory accounts of their guardians mark unmistakeably the general malaise of Scotland. Unfortunate Caledonia, alternately a victim to royalist and republican, might well exclaim, ‘ A plague on both your houses !’ Meantime the lairds, youthful and unfashed with politics, cared little for these things, and rejoicing in horseflesh, were curious in costume and became the dandies of their day ; constant charges occur in their ‘ small accounts’ for ‘ dozanes of silver and gold buttones,’ doublets of ‘ Pan velvet,’ with ‘ sweit Cordiphant gloves.’ These items, the ‘ Pannos’ of Italy, the perfumed skins of ‘ Cordova,’ with the ‘ claithes of Holland’ and ‘ Frenche serges,’ denote a dependence on the foreigner for most articles of luxury and refinement, and indicate the backward condition of national manufacture, and this in the vicinity of Glasgow. Meanwhile the expenditure of the young gentlemen in ‘ ink-hornes and buiks’ fell below the charges for spurs and ‘ buitts,’ nor could the ‘ waidgs’ and offerings to their schoolmaster, and doctor be pronounced prodigious by the most modest of Dominies.

The accounts are kept in the Scotch money of the time : this
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currency, full of sound and show, signifies but little compared to the sweet simplicity of the unpretending sterling. According to Caledonian Cockers, the merk, 13s. 4d. Scot, is worth about 13 of our pence, and the *pund* Scot is only equal to the twelfth part of a pound sterling, or to 1s. 8d., the Scot shilling being thus equivalent to the English penny. The use of the pound sterling only obtained when the golden age of Scotland dawned after the Union with England and her guineas. It is evident, without studying Adam Smith, that the value of coins current and in which accounts are usually kept, offers a test to the wealth of nations: thus our plain pound shrinks from no comparison with the roubles or florins of Russia and Austria, imperial and impecunious; nor need this Protestant pound aforesaid, much fear the fivepenny Paul of the successor of St. Peter, infallible and insolvent; so Spain, proudest of paupers, repudiates in *reales*, in nothing less than royals, worth about twopence-halfpenny; while poor Portugal promises to pay in kingly Reis, the infinitesimal fraction of a farthing; but all this mint magniloquence cheers the pride of poverty with the mirage of millions.

The factory accounts of these Mure minors, like the Northumberland and household-books of past centuries, throw much light on statistical and politico-economical details, particularly as regards the ordinary outgoings of a Scottish laird and a country estate of the period. The best evidence is also afforded of the incident law expenses, of the rate of interest on charges, of the variations of prices, and of the gradual rise of rents and fall in the value of money. A long series of tacks or leases furnish curious conveyancing precedents, while, to those who judge of character by handwriting, the facsimiles of landlords' and other lords' complicated signatures, when they could sign and deliver their acts and deeds, offer suggestive materials. The rents, from the scarcity of coin, were partly paid in kind,—for instance in poultry, eggs, and even cream,—a payment which occasioned and sustained the rude hospitality of the lairds, with whom ready money and luxuries were scarce, wants and comforts few.

These accounts offer collateral evidence of that sad state of Scotland during the civil and religious struggle, so truthfully and vividly depicted by the great Wizard of the North in his Bothwells and Balfours of 'Old Mortality': they tell of times when the land was overrun by the armed stranger, when houses were converted into barracks, and the owners 'dragooned and eaten up.' Charges occur at every page for horses taken by the Englishman, for 'tour gaitts' which the Englishman 'brak,' and with allowances to tenants for free quarterings and billetings of troupers,

troupers, for 'levyis,' cesses, and maintenancies of 'English garrisons.'

The House of Caldwell escaped better from the 'plague and pestilence' which, sure followers of the camp, filled poor Scotland's miseries to the brim. Fortunately the guardians of the Mures were possessed of certain marvellous medicines, which, in spite of the selfish injunction in the MS. receipt-book never to divulge these family secrets, have been considerably given to the public by their descendant, and submitted, in these days of dreaded cholera, to the learned College of Physicians, and to the confiding patients of water-doctors, homœopathists and hygeists in general. We subjoin a specimen, in our earnest desire to combine useful with entertaining knowledge, and give a peep into the pharmacopœia of a period long before Dr. Buchan's book on 'Family Medicine'—by making every patient his own physician—hurried thousands of good Scots to an untimely end.

'Tak three mutchkeens of Malvosie, and ane handfull of red sage, and a handfull of rew, and boyll them till a mutchkeen be wasted; then straine it, and sett it over the fyre againe; then put thereunto ane pennieworthe of long pepper, half ane of ginger, and ane q'ter of ane ounce of nuttmegges, all beatten together; then let it boyl a litle, and put therto fyve pennyworth of mithridat and two of treacle, and a q'ter of a mutchkeen of the best angelick water. Keep this all y^r lyfe above all bodlie Treasures. Tak it alwayes warm both morning and evening, ane half spoonfull if ye be in healthie, and one or two if ye be infected, and sweet thereupon. In all the plague tyme (under God) trust to this; for ther was never man, woman, nor chyld that this deceived. This is not onlie for the conon plague, wh^{ch} is called the seeknesse, but alsoe for the small pockes, missells, surffete, and diverse other deseases. This copied of a Paper found in my Boxchamber, at the desye of Besse.'

To continue these sanitary revelations, by the leave or without the leave of sweet Besse:—

'Take of asphodell Romano, and sett it under the sone in the Caniculare dayes, till it become in whyte ashes or lyke whyt powder. That done, put it in a boxe. Then to applye: Tak the blood or matter of the wound on a cleane linning, and lay on a litle of the powder to the blood or matter; and keep the cloathe in a boxe, quth it may nither gette muche cold nor too muche heat. This done, dresse the wounded persone everie day once, and keepe alwayes linning cloathes above the wound. But let no linning cloathe which hath been used or worne by anie woman com neare the powder or wounded persone. Observe this secreet, and keepe it to yourselfe.'

This misogynist mixture is followed up by a medical diagnosis
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on a Mure of the feminine gender, and not, we trust, sweet Besse:—

'SIR,—The bearer labours under the common weakness of being now more feard yⁿ is just, As she was formerlie a little too confident in her own conduct. The spinal bon head hath never been restor'd intirly, qth will make her sensible all her days of a weakness in a descent, but will be freed from all achin paines if she nightly amoint it wth the following oyl, viz., Take a littl fatt dogg, take out only his puddings, and putt in his bellie 4 ounces of Cumingseed; rost him, and carefullie keep the dropping, grin boyl a handfull of earth wormes quhill they be leiklie; then lett it be straind and preservd for use, as said is. My humble dutie to you, Ladie. I am, Glanderstoune, your most humble servitor,

JOHNSTOUNE.'

The feud and the foray, the skein dhu and claymore, alone could have kept down the population of a country possessed of such checks to death, undevise'd in the multitudinous pamphlets of Mr. Malthus, or the speculations of Miss Martineau.

The vials of wrath were emptied in all their stern reality upon the house of Caldwell at the restoration of Charles II.; the national joy of Scotland was soon clouded over by the revival of the hierarchy, by prelatist persecutions, and by the bad faith of the king, in whose family, sincerity was no marked feature. He indeed, in his hour of need at Breda, had subscribed to the Covenant, and had confirmed the Presbyterian Church as a condition of his accession; but now, backed by Clarendon, over whom the spirit of Laud brooded, and disliking the religion of the Presbyterian as one not fit for a gentleman, Charles, who hated the Puritans both from creed and policy, lapsed readily—although in reality he cared little for religious things, the papacy perhaps excepted—into a cognate prelacy. The darkest period of Scotch historical tragedy extended during his reign and that of his brother James II. This poor bigot, who preferred depopulation to disaffection, thought the fair lands near the Forth 'never would be well untill reduced to a hunting field,' while Lauderdale, his ferocious minister and the tool of the apostate Archbishop Sharp—sent to his dread account in 1679—re-echoed the paternal sentiment, and held it to be better 'that the West bore windle straws and sand larks than rebels.' But civil rights are easier to be trampled on than religious opinions in Scotland, where an antipathy to the episcopacy and a loathing of Erastian dependence was a second nature and conscience. Then where popery and its shadow, the prelacy, was held to be the harbinger of slavery to mind and body, the field conventicle soon superseded the cathedral, and the faithful, excited by preaching in the wilderness, speedily made it a rendezvous of rebels. Scotchmen, serious by

nature, and who really believed, in those days neither knew nor practised toleration, that spiritual panacea under which modern indifferentism masks itself so plausibly. But persecution was in vain, and their church waxed strong when watered by the blood of martyrs. Meantime, while war was waged to the knife on both sides, between the massacring and massacred, as the turn might be, the national character became deteriorated under the mutual exasperation, and men, worn down by penalties and persecutions, by torturings and inquisitions, grew weary of their lives.

In 1666, a year fatal to the West of Scotland, William the Laird of Caldwell, irritated beyond endurance, set forth, when none could remain neuter, with his armed and mounted tenants to join the Covenanters, when marching on Edinburgh. They dispersed, however, on hearing of the defeat of the Whig insurgents at Pentland on the 28th of November. Caldwell, who was then attainted, fled the country, by the assistance of devoted clansmen and the supporters of liberty, by whom he was highly esteemed. The moneys advanced to him are acknowledged in 'obligations' under the equivocal signature of William Robertssone—William Mure the son of Robert—a method of disguising a real name, without substituting one altogether fictitious, commonly adopted by the conscientious Covenanters in these perilous times of proscription. Our exile died in Holland, broken by the disasters of his family and country. His forfeited estates of Caldwell were given to General Thomas Dalzell, who was thus rewarded for his victory at Pentland. To this unscrupulous tool of the priests, who had learnt cruelty during his early service in Russia, is ascribed the introduction of the torturing screw, the thumbkin, while wives and sons were put to death by him for sheltering husbands and fathers. The hand of the new owner fell heavily on the house of Caldwell, the tenants were rack-rented, and the time-honoured tower and manor place levelled to the dust. One vein of good nature ran through this granite old General; his permission is preserved and printed giving a brother officer leave 'to put a boat in the lock att Caldwell, and to recreate himselfe by taking of fishes, or any uther why he pleases,' and we learn by a note that this 'Locklyboth' luckily still teems with the finny tribe.

The sins of this William Mure were moreover visited on his widow and orphans. The 'Lady Caldwell,' plundered of her personal property and jointure, was with her three daughters imprisoned for three years in the Castle of Blackness; nay, this mother, when a child was on its death-bed only two miles from the castle, was refused by the Council, when she petitioned to be allowed to visit it, although she offered to take the whole garrison
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with her as a guard, and to maintain it while she performed the last offices to her fatherless bairn.

The hereditary property of Caldwell, restored to the Mures in 1690 by a special Act of Parliament, passed in 1710 on the failure of the elder male line, to William, the head of the cadet branch of Glanderstone, one which had been severed from the parent stock by Sir John Mure in 1554.

The sister of this William gave birth in 1649 to the celebrated William Carstairs, afterwards chaplain to William III. and his principal adviser in Scottish affairs; for the King, busied with distant and more important affairs, gladly availed himself of the services of this brave and discreet man. Carstairs himself also had been schooled in adversity, being imprisoned in 1683 after the Rye House plot; when put to the torture, his resolute keeping of important secrets secured to him, on his settling at the Hague, the confidence of the Prince of Orange. When he accompanied the King to England at the Revolution, the identical instrument whose terrible torments he had resisted was presented to him by the Council as a delicate attention. William desired to see the relic, and tried it on, bidding Carstairs to turn the screw; but at the third 'gentle violence' His Majesty cried out 'Hold, Doctor, hold!—another turn would make me confess anything.'

The difficulties of the house of Mure passed away with the dynasty of the Stuarts; William III., the rising sun, was welcomed from Holland by the Presbyterians, who were patronised by the new King from political motives, when a fresh germ of dissension arose from the prelatists of Scotland becoming Jacobites.

The MS. journal kept in 1685, by this Carstairs during his journey to Holland—then the asylum of persecuted Covenanters—and still preserved in the archives of Caldwell, is written in a small parchment-bound memorandum book, one sold, as the printed docket—the cover—records, 'by Joseph Paste, stationer in the Piazza, on the north side of the Royal Exchange, London;' to this little tome is also appended an account of the travels of his cousin, our William Mure, in 1696, when he visited the head-quarters of King William, and was hospitably welcomed by Carstairs, who evidently in those handbookless days had lent him his journal; whereupon the canny Scot availed himself of the spare blank pages to make his own notes on.

The twin journals here printed in extenso,—although neither would nowadays go down in Albemarle Street,—offer a characteristic contrast in their treatment of the same scenes by the different hands of a grave clergyman and a garrulous Scotch laird.

laird. In those serious times of persecution the professors of an austere, morose creed—one suited better to the cheerless North than to the genial, sunshiny South—cared little for nature and the fine arts which refine and civilise; curiosity was Calvinised by the repulsive disciples of Geneva and Knox. Having dipped their Bibles in vinegar, and dwelling more on the terrors of hell than on the joys of heaven, they resisted the seductive siren Beauty in all its shapes, and offering no idolatrous sacrifice to the Graces, warred to the death against the Vatican as the mystery of iniquity, and scouted all its appeals to the heart, passions, enjoyments, wants, and weakness of poor humanity, which that system, with the wisdom of serpents, had enlisted into its service.

The tour of William Mure was made in 1696, and the commonplace curiosity of that period is now become a curiosity of itself. ‘*Le style est l’homme,*’ and we recommend to our excellent friend Peter Cunningham the detail of the lions of London a century and a half ago. The traveller from Caldwell put up at first in the city with ‘one Mr. Mure, a merchant,’ and doubtless a Scotch cousin. From there he went to the Pell Mell—

‘Where I [*ipse loquitur*] lodged with one Mrs. Noris att the 2 pigeons, where I had a most desyreable societie. There I stayed until the 24 of May. I went frequently amongst the Tames to the city, where I went upon the tope of Paul’s church, a most famous building both for hight and fabricke, where I had a speciall view of the city. I saw the Towre, and in it the Armourie, Crowne, with diverse oyer rarities; such as Lyons, Tygers, and outlandish wild cattles. I went also to Bedlam, where I saw most humbleing sights of distempered people of all kynds, great care being taken of them in their lodgings and dyet. Some were reclaiming, others reclaimed, serveing the rest. I went to Grassame, where were a great many rarities of stones, foules, fishes, East and West India rarities, and mummies. Att other tymes I went to Whitehall, Westminster; but frequently to St. James’ Park and the Mell, where I diverted myself oft. Againe to Chelsey, where ther is a hospitall of invalide souldiers, who are well cared for. They have their chapland, who morneing and eveneing sayes prayers. Besyde their lodgeing and dyet they have, according to their qualitic, soe much a day for their pocket money. There are the most regular gardens and pleasant looking to the Thames yt are about London, except the Earl of Montague’s, who has a most noble house with a large fair staircase, large roomes, fine finishing, furniture, and painteing, that I have seen; a mighty dale of silver plate. Upon the sute off arras hangings there’s a Scots highland wedding, acted lively, with all y’ ordiuare garbes.’—i. 171.

This Mr. Mure, after all the perils by sea and land, died quietly in his bed, full of years and honours. He was succeeded by

by his nephew William, who began life as a barrister, and died M.P. for his county; an extract printed from his 'contingent expenses' illustrates the life and habits of a laird apparent while leisurely following the law in Edinburgh at the beginning of the last century. The student had a keener relish for spitchcock eels and creature comforts than for the Pandects or the spiritual manna of the Kirk. The Scotch youth of that day, when escaped from the durance of the domestic roof—of which more anon—made up in wine and wassail for the thin potations and paternal brose. Yet the 'cartes à payer' of the emancipated youngster, kept in 'punds Scot,' prove that the son was no prodigal, and that, although on pleasure bent, he had a frugal mind: his dinner, averaging 8 shillings Scot, can hardly be pronounced extravagant compared to the 1*l.* 10*s.*, 3*l.* 4*s.*, &c., which generally follow up when he 'wined' with boon companions. In all this intolerable quantity of sack, while 'wine, brandy, punch, and ale' figure copiously, not one passing allusion is made to toddy. No mention whatever occurs of whisky in the household or cellar-books of Caldwell; the Mures were ripened by good 'ail and wync' until 1745, when the present *vin du pays* of Scotland, usquebaugh, that water of life, as this phlegethontic fluid of death is miscalled, crept down to the Lowlands after the battle of Culloden. This *short* concentrated dram, which, suiting a damp dreary climate, had cheered the chilled breechless Highlander, now bids fair to convert modern Athens into a gin-palace and pandemonium, in spite of Forbes Mackenzie's Act and temperance societies.

Be this as it may touching whisky, the wigs in 1710—the periwigs, not politicians—were to the rising generation an evil and expense no less ruinous than cigars are in 1855. Thus on one day, June 23, we find noted in the account: 'To a wigg, 36*l.*; to Charles Murthland to buy a London wigg, 8 guineas'—103*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.* Scot; nor are some Irish ones much dearer in St. James's Street to this day.

The high and low life traditions of Old Reekie in auld lang syne are vividly chronicled by the lively daughter of this William; the lairds and elders about the year 1730 are thus touched off:—

'Their manners was peculiar to themselves, as some part of the old feudle system still remained. Every master was revered by his family, honour'd by his tenants, and awful to his domestics. His hours of eating, sleeping, and amusement were carefully attended to by all his family and by all his guests. Even his hours of devotion was mark'd, that nothing might interrupt him. He kept his own sete by the fire or at table, with his hat on his head; and often perticular dishes

dishes served up for himself, that nobody else shared off. Their children approach'd them with awe, and never spock with any degree of freedom before them. The consequence of this was that except at meals they were never together; tho' the reverence they had for their parents taught them obedience, modisty, temperance. Nobody helpd themselves at table, nor was it the fashion to eat up what was put on their plate. So that the mistress of the family might give you a ful meal or not, as she pleased; from whence came in the fashion of pressing the guests to eat so far as to be disagreeable. Their tables were as full as at present, tho' very ill dress'd and as ill served up. They eat out of pewder, often ill cleaned; but were nicer in their lincn than now, which was renewed every day in most gentlemen's familys, and allwise napkins besides the cloth. The servants eat ill; having a sett form for the week, of three days broth and salt meat, the rest megare, with plenty of bread and small bear.'—i. 260.

The holidays, few and far between like angels' visits, were chiefly connected with the church, as the name implies; nor would a new-born Scot by any means have fancied that he was ushered into a world of privation from the first impressions of it.

' On the forth week after the mother's delivery, she is sett on her bed on a low footstool; the bed coverd with some neat piece of sewed work or white sattin, with three pillows at her back coverd with the same; she in full dress, with a lapped head-dress and a fan in her hand. Having informed her acquaintance what day she is to see company, they all come and pay their respects to her, standing or walking a little throw the room (for there's no chairs). They drink a glass of wine and eat a bit of cake, and then give place to others. Towards the end of the week all the friends were ask'd to what was called the Cummer's Feast. This was a supper, where every gentleman brought a pint of wine to be drunk by him and his wife. The supper was a ham at the head and a pirimid of fowl at the bottom. This dish consisted of four or five ducks at bottom, hens above, partrages at tope. There was an eating posset in the middle of the table, with dried fruits and sweatmeats at the sides. When they had finished their supper, the meat was removed, and in a moment everybody flies to the sweatmeats to pocket them. Upon which a scramble insued, chairs overturned and everything on the table; wrassalling and pulling at one another with the utmost noise. When all was quiet'd they went to the stoups (for there was no bottles), of which the women had a good share. For tho it was a disgrace to be seen drunk, yet it was none to be a little intoxicate in good company. A few days after this the same company was asked to the christening, which was allwise in the church; all in high dress; a number of them young ladys, who were call'd maiden cummers [*the French commère*]. One of them presented the child to the father. After the cerrimony they dined and supped together, and the night often concluded with a ball.'—i. 265.

The introduction of the herb that cheers but not inebriates, began

began a social reform ; for *la destinée des nations dépend de la manière dont elles se nourrissent*, according to Brillat Savarin.

‘ About the same time that tea tables were established, it was the fashion for the men to meet regularly in change-house, as it was called, for their dissipated clubs. There they spent the evening in conversation, without much expence ; a shillings reckoning was very high ; and for people of the first fashion it was more generally from four pence to eight pence the piece, paying besides for their tobacco and pipes, which was much in use. In some of those clubs they played at backgammon or catch honours for a penny the game. All business was transacted in the forenoon and in the change-houses. The lawiers were there consulted, and the bill paid by the employer. The liquor was cherry in Muchken stoups. Every new Muchken was chalked on the head of the stoup. It was incredible the quantity that was drunk sometimes on those occasions. Everybody dined at home in privacy, unless called to some of the entertainments mentioned above ; but the tea tables very soon introduced supping in private-houses. When young people found themselves happy with one another they were loath to part, so that supping came to be the universal fashion in Edin ; and lest the family they visited might be unprepared, they sent in the morning to know if they were to drink tea at home, as they wished to wait on them. Amongst friends this was always considered as a supper, and any of their men acquaintances asked that they could command to make up the party. The acquaintance made up at public places did not visit in this way ; they hired a chair for the afternoon, and run through a number of houses as is the fashion still. Those merry suppers made the young people find a want when they went to the country, and to supply the place of them was introduced collations after supper ; when the young people met in some one of their bed chambers, and had either tea or a posset, where they sat and made merry till far in the morning. But this meeting was carefully concealed from the parents, who were all enemies to those collations. Those manners continued till the sixty, or near it, when more of the English fashions took place, one of which was to dine at three, and what company you had should be at dinner. These dinners lasted long : the woman sat for half an hour after them and retired to tea ; but the men took their bottle and often remained till eight at night. The woman was all the evening by themselves, which put a stop to that general intercourse so necessary for the improvement of both sexes. This naturally makes a run on the public places ; as the woman has little amusement at home. Cut off from the company of the men, and no family friends to occupy this void, they must tire of their mothers and elderly society, and flee to the public for relief. They find the men there, though late in the evening, when they have left their bottle, and too often unfitted for everything but their bed. In this kind of intercourse there is little chance for forming attachments. The woman sees the men in the worst light, and what impression they make on the men is forgot by them in the morning. These late dinners have entirely cut

cut off the merry suppers very much regretted by the women, while the men passe the nights in the taverns in gaming or other amusement as their temper leads them. Cut off in a great measure from the society of the men, its necessary the women should have some constant amuse-ment; and as they are likewise denied friendships with one another, the parents provides for this void as much as possible in giving them compleat education; and what formerly begun at ten years of age, or often leater, now begins at four or five. How long its to continue the next age most determine; for its not yet fixed in this. Reading, writing, musick, drawing, Franch, Italian, geografie, history, with all kinds of nedle work, are now carefully taught the girles, that time may not lye heavie on their hand without proper society. Besides this, shopes loaded with novels and books of amusement, to kill the time.—i. 271.

•This diorama of men and manners in Edinburgh contrasts with a companion picture drawn in Hanover by Mrs. Scott, a sister of Mrs. William Mure, and wife to a diplomatic agent. Less easily to be pleased, she carried abroad the likings and dislikings of her country and creed: thus while a sermon was her summum bonum, cards—the deil's buiks—were her detestation.

‘Perhaps you desire to know something of the diversion of the Carnival. For my part I find none; and were I to make an exact description of it, you would say perhaps that I had mistaken the penances imposed on reasonable people on Ash Wednesday for y^e pleasures that Shrove Tuesday put an end to. But I will give you a hint of the Redoubt. It is the town-house with several rooms; but in the large one that opens with a great gate into the street} is the place of public diversion. In this house is put up a bar like the inner house, within which is the dancing, where everybody that can buy or borrow a masking habit is a companion for y^e princes, he or she: without this bar are tables for game, where the Electrice, or any other that weary of the dancing, plays, and the whole mob has free egress and regress, so that the Electrice herself shall have her table crowded with such as our Caddies; and to speak the truth our Caddies are at all possible points very much their superiours. To avoid being stifled with dust, the room is wet all over the hour that the Redoubt begins; so that none need have vapours, if the smell of a new-washed room (or rather a room that has been laid under water, for they know no other way of washing), tallow ruff, filthy feet, breath perfumed with garlick and sour crude (a stinking kind of kail), can cure them. The last time I was there there were some masques appeared so loathsome that I could not stand near them; for all the mob, male and female, has a masque on. The consequence of that is the stealing from their masters to equipt themselves for y^e carnival, and till three or four in the morning they are coming in. There is rooms to retire to, to drink or do what else they please. Tho’ I believe people ill disposed may have fitter places for lewd actions, yet I may say the mischievous effects of this are only
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to be imagined by those who are witness to the snares it is to them who may rather be said to want prudence than virtue. In short I believe it is only among the Germans, or people as phlegmatick, that such licentiousness can be tolerat without runing all to ruin. And this way of diversion for the princes is here wisely likened to our Queen going incognito to the House of Commons to hear the freedom of speech ; as if a German canailly, met together without thought, at least of good, were the same with the Parliament of Brittain assembled to consult of affairs of the last importance to all the Christian world !'—Part i., p. 207.

The caustic sketches of a gross, sensual, vulgar German Court, recall the style of a sister of this Mrs. Scott—Mrs. Calderwood, the heroine of the 'Coltness Collection,' noticed by us in No. 140. These clever but cantankerous ladies were daughters of Sir James Stewart, the founder of Scotch Political Economy, who, long exiled from political causes, was pardoned during the ministry of Lord Bute, through the influence of his first cousin Baron Mure. These she-Lismahagos were homesick creatures, of provincial prejudice ; and as Mrs. Scott partook more of crabbed 'Mausers' of Old Mortality, than of the mirthful daughter of the Mures just quoted, those curious in the elegances of Hanover must be referred to the original text now printed in tome two.

We turn therefore to the hero of this Epos, to the Mentor and Nestor of our learned Homeric compiler, the Solon, the one, of all the men he had ever known, who, in the experience of Professor Jardine, came nearest up to his notion of a wise man. Traditional reverence to a benefactor is natural and pardonable in a promoted tutor, as also in a dutiful grandson. William Mure, *baro et vir bonus*, was born in 1718 ; his father having died suddenly a few days after his election for Renfrewshire, the infant heir was left under the sole guardianship of a mother of genuine piety and good sense. He was educated at home by an eminent Scotch divine, William Leechman, who afterwards, by the interest of his pupil, was promoted to the Principal's chair in the University of Glasgow ; but tutorship is the natural stepping-stone to the young ambition of the mace and mitre in posse. When the toga virilis was assumed the customary continental tour was made, not indeed on the grand scale ; a desire to represent his native county, which he did in 1742, limited his circuit. The future Judge, comely then' as a Quentin Durward, signalised himself in France without wig or toga : we quote from the journal of a visit to the same countries performed thirty years afterwards by one of his own sons :—

'I remember going to see the Chateau de Sceaux, belonging to the
Count

Count d'Eu, a descendant of Louis XIV., and then almost a rival to Versailles, but plundered and destroyed at the Revolution: in the fine park was a large piece of water; our guide through the grounds entertained us with the following story:—Many years ago two impudent Englishmen, who had been permitted to see the place on a very hot day, took advantage of not being observed as they supposed, to bathe in the lake: the Countess however got word of what was going on much to the consternation of the bathers, who had just time before she came up to regain their clothes and effect their retreat into the wood; our guide added that the strangers were both above six feet high, and that as they hurriedly dressed themselves and slunk away, the princess remarked, "What fine tall fellows they were:" on my repeating this story to my father on my return home, he asked if our cicerone had told us the names of the two tall Englishmen, and on my answering that he had not, he said, "Then I will tell you; the one was the late Sir John Maxwell of Pollock, the other myself."—Part i. p. 30.

Sir John Watson Gordon might attempt for the next Exhibition this feat of his distinguished countrymen, as a rival to the magnificent Pisa cartoon of the Bathers by Michael Angelo. Our Scotch Adonis having donned his senatorial robes, sat for three sessions a silent member until 1761, when he was appointed a Baron of Exchequer; his range of public activity and influence, limited to Scotch politics and internal administration, rendered him the highest authority in all improvements of land, commerce, and manufactures in Scotland; and one constantly referred to as a sort of standing chamber counsel, with a special retainer.

The Baron, amongst other strong points, possessed the faculty of forming and maintaining friendships with great men—*Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est*. In his infinite correspondence—a portion of which only is now selected, specimens abound from persons of every rank and station acknowledging benefits conferred, or soliciting advice and assistance, nor was it likely that one who was the right hand of Lord Bute in the disposition of loaves and fishes in Scotland, should on any lawful day lack a letter; yet with all his post-office practice the Baron himself was a bad correspondent, unbusiness-like, irregular, and long in answering; his letters scrawled in an almost illegible hand when written at last, frequently wanted dates, and were put too late in the post: their quality again is strained, and the composition studied; the copies of them, carefully kept by their author, demonstrate the value he put on them, and the difficult gestation of Mural parturition. His 'brain babes,' hammered out *invitâ Minervâ*, bear small sign of the current quill: such ponderous labourings to be lively, when compared to the dash and capering of his contemporaries.

temporary Horace Walpole, resemble an Ursa Major's attempt at a Scotch reel.

The Judge, be it observed, was from the beginning the leading personage of his grandson's compilation; the greater portion of the two last volumes was printed and prepared for circulation in separate integrity more than ten years ago, although from accidental circumstances the distribution was postponed. The work, originally consisting of two quartos, was specially entitled 'The Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers of Baron Mure;' a third tome has since been added, and one, with its wider scope and pithy annotations, which to our minds is by no means of the least interest.

Many who fully admit the good sense and conduct of the hero, may hold him to be a trifle tiresome; indeed when off the bench, and dealing with lighter literature, the best of Barons may be a bore; an inference not incompatible with the pursuits of law or political economy. As the bones of rabbits fed on madder turn pink, so the turn of mind and exponent style of one crammed with matter, maigre as poor-law gruel, with difficulty becomes poetical or pleasant; nor was the threat of the Duchess of Douglas towards the guardian of her antagonist, the Duke of Hamilton, without some consequence. 'Ah! that Baron Mure!' exclaimed her Grace, shaking her fist in the air, 'if I catch him, I'll mak him as barren a muir as ony in Scotland.' We must decline, therefore, the temptation of critically eviscerating and embalming the Baron and his epistles, partly from a respect to those of our weaker English brethren, to whom statistics, theories of Scotch banking, currency, and the culture of flax, &c., suaves res, may seem savourless; and again, because the dicta of this wise man of the North will more appropriately appear in all their length and weight in the pages of a respected colleague, when full justice is done to an illustrious countryman and judge.

Mr. Mure, by his experience in local matters, had greatly assisted Lord Bute in the improvement of his dilapidated Scotch estates, and the Earl, kind by nature and never disinclined to advance a North countryman, repaid the service by intrusting his active agent with the Government patronage of Scotland; this power of the keys during the Bute Ministry rendered the Baron the person perhaps of the greatest influence north of Tweed—an influence that was preserved by his own personal character, after political power had passed away from his patron; nor could the dispensing deputy complain of those on whom he bestowed his good things, for while many kept up with him a relation nearly resembling that of patron and client in ancient times, others
nominated

nominated him and his descendants heirs—failing their own heirs—of destination to their property, nor was this an empty compliment on parchment, for these settlements have in various instances benefited the Caldwell family; nor, however thoughtful of his friends, did the Baron altogether forget that sinecures began at home—or perhaps this great fact was not forgotten by his patron; so in 1763 a patent was passed granting him the reversion of the office of Receiver-General in Jamaica, a snug thing then worth about 700*l.* a-year. Few givers-away of such loaves and fishes have wanted a friend, and many of the Baron's ranked as bright luminaries of the period, although they now, in the distance of time, are scheduled away into dim oblivion, and lumped with the *fortem Gyam fortemque Cleanthum*, of ephemeral notoriety. Brief indeed is the span of the majority of judicial and official personages; and few now-a-days can recollect even the names of the Presidents of the Court of Session or Lords of the Bed-chamber of those days.

In this firmament of the now forgotten, two names shine forth as fixed planets, that of David Hume the historian and of John, Earl of Bute, the premier of George III. when he first ascended the throne. Tardy justice is now done to this calumniated minister, during whose short-lived power the game of unscrupulous opposition was easy; then mob prejudices needed only to be pandered by all who envied him his office, and who traded on the soreness felt in the South by the irruptions from Scotland. Thus the ancient border irritation—incidental to the friction of neighbourhood—was soon fretted into a fever, and the North Britons were ranked in the national antipathy with the rats of Hanover, as aliens and paupers who came to suck the vitals of England. Bute became the butt, and the unpopularity of the minister recoiled on his royal master. He was baited by a party who, ever hungering for place, are oligarchs when in, and 'friends of the people' and 'something more' when out; for the temperature of such loyalty, barely warmed by the sunshine of place, soon passes below the zero of Democracy. Wilkes in prose and Churchill in verse were the foul mouthpieces of the *Vox Populi*, while caricaturists symbolised the Earl with their king's mother by *jackboot* and *petticoat*, and the whole pack was hallowed on to the death by Temple and Fox. But truth is great, and ultimately will prevail; and now that time has opened the despatch-box and destroyed the spell of 'Private and confidential,' we know the great men of the past better than their contemporaries did; and how the character of that brave, honest, and truly English king, the much maligned George III., rises with every new revelation
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of authentic papers, and how our surprise is lessened that he and the 'King's friends' should have been hated and pecked at by the Wilkites of that day!

The correspondence of the Earl with Baron Mure corrects the inventions of the enemy, and neutralises many an acid aspersion of the lively but prejudiced partisan Horace Walpole, with whom hatred to a Scot was a second nature, although the private notes, written by Lord Bute and his brother at moments snatched from the business of high office, and speaking with the authority of knowledge, may be less spicy and entertaining than the tittle-tattle of an idle semi-Parisian man about town, a creature of coteries and gossip, a professed composer of letters, and a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, which it must be confessed, he often set marvellously in false paste. Full evidence is now offered, says our compiler, of their patriotism and the purity of the motives by which the Bute system of local administration was guided; their

'ruling principle of patronage was expressly stated in more than one "Detur digniori" consistently with this principle, preference may have been shown to friends rather than opponents; but of that unscrupulous party favouritism, of those mercenary jobs, or that reckless expenditure of public money, which were so generally recognised as the practice and privilege of placemen in those days, there is no vestige whatever. No less agreeable is the light reflected by Lord Bute's letters on the more amiable points of his private character, his generous temper, affectionate heart, high sense of personal honour, and elegant accomplishments.'—i. 33.

We cannot resist citing a characteristic inkling or two shot thus from the secret quiver of the premier's thoughts:—'What strange things,' writes the patron to his protégé, 'have passed since you left this! O quando licebit—procul a negotiis, &c. Why am I doomed to climb ambition's steep and rocky height, who early in life had the meanest opinion of politicians—opinions that maturer age and dear-bought experience too well confirm?' (Vol. i. p. 119.) Short as was his tenure of office, he was 'long tired of the anxiety, envy, and disgust of a situation ill suited to his temper or habitudes of life' (vol. i. p. 175); yet, courageous in his devoted loyalty, he would have done battle to a faction greedy for place as he was indifferent, had his physical powers been equal to his moral fortitude. 'Many, many reasons justify this resignation in a prudential light, but none of these should have had weight with me at present, if my health had permitted my continuance; the state of that made it impossible, and I yield to necessity.' (i. 176.)

The possession of power which hardens, and the shafts of
calumny

calumny which sadden, never soured the milk of his human kindness; he clung fondly to the memory of private and real friends, much as he knew the full emptiness of mere heartless lip-service and obsequiousness to the man in public office.

‘The death of my worthy, dear Stewart goes to my heart—the only remaining legacy of my father out of five or six, all of whom loved me with that fraternal affection, that inviolable attachment, that this iron age will seldom parallel! Few are the real friends that fifty years of life has made; for within a twelvemonth I have seen so much that I blush at my former credulity, and now know that the school of politics and the possession of power is neither the school of friendship nor the earnest of affection. Attachment, gratitude, love, and real respect are too tender plants for ministerial gardens: attempt to raise them, and they are either chilled on their first springing, or if they once appear they fade with the very nourishment that is given them.’

Lord Bute, relieved at last from the cares of State, truly enjoyed the otium cum dignitate, and safe in his much longed for procul a negotiis, thanks to his enemies, lived down calumny. His latter years, spent at Luton, are thus sketched by his son:—

‘He is no longer abused in print, nor tormented with people desiring his interest: that indeed has left him to a miracle. Ambiguous expressions, double cabinet, &c., no longer amuse the Houses of Lords and Commons in the mouths of Lord Chatham and Mr. Burke. Lord Bute is entirely free to amuse himself with planting and building at Luton, without being accused of governing the king and his ministry in London. All the world are, I believe, convinced that he has nothing now to say (behind the throne): the ministry knew that all along, however many of them said to the contrary; their only support was the cry of undue influence: the event we talk of put an end to that, and with that an end to opposition; they durst not any longer make a handle of my father’s name, as they knew it was too weak a basis to stand on.’—ii. 200.

A verdict of honourable acquittal must also be given to another friend and voluminous correspondent of the Baron—to James Stuart Mackenzie. This amiable and accomplished gentleman, whose earnest wish also was to put the right man in the right place, was appointed by his brother Lord Bute to be Lord Privy Seal, and to direct Government in Scotland; his dismissal was forced on George III. in 1765 by the unbending over-rated dictator George Grenville, to whose petty spite against his King, London owes a Belgravia of bricks, when the site might have been added, for a miserable sum, to Buckingham Gardens, and through whose pig-headed bad policy England lost America. Mr. Mackenzie, to accommodate George III., had surrendered a former place, and was given this Scottish direction in its stead, which,

which, as it was not a patent one, the King promised upon his honour never should be taken away during his reign; but the painful sacrifice of word and friend was insolently extorted, and the imputed sins of the favourite were visited on an unoffending brother. Mr. Mackenzie was in 1766 restored to his office of Privy Seal by Mr. Pitt, who, although no admirer of Lord Bute, felt the unworthy affront offered to a gentleman and a king. The Scotch patronage was not restored, nor was it regretted by Mr. Mackenzie, who knew that political gratitude consisted too often in a lively anticipation of future favours.

Enough of fleeting party and politics: turn we now to matters more enduring. The fruits of the happy union with England were soon manifested in Scotland, where, as national differences dissolved, faction and fanaticism broke down before the material prosperity of the country—where, as we have seen in Ireland in our times, the evil birds that speculate on public distress expatriated themselves—their occupation gone—for the public good; then the sound portion of the Scotch nation turned to individual interests, with a passing tribute to literature. This was the Augustan age of Scottish letters; when adult education progressed without Manchester agitation or eleemosynary grants from the consolidated fund; but the national hunger for instruction was then natural, not forced. The most remarkable among the Baron's intimate associates, says our compiler, was David Hume. The historian, although many years the senior, survived the Baron, and deplored, 'as a loss irreparable, the death of the oldest and best friend I had in the world;' adding, 'I should be inconsolable, did I not see an event approaching which reduces all things to a level.' And in four short months afterwards he too was gathered to his forefathers. 'The Philosopher,' as he was familiarly called in the Mural circle, was certainly one of its most distinguished dramatis personæ. The appearance of his outer man is here recorded by one 'who as a boy was struck with his ponderous, uncouth person equipped in a bright yellow coat spotted with black.' Even the judgment of Paris was perplexed by the corpus dilecti. It must be owned, writes Andrew Stuart to the Baron, that—

'Some of his admirers were at first a good deal surprised with the largeness of his figure: they had generally in idea clothed him with a person very little encumbered with matter. Diderot among others was in this mistake, and told Mr. Hume at their first interview, that in place of taking him for the author of his works, he should have taken him for *un gros Bernardin bien nourri*.'—i. 25.

L'habit ne fait pas le moine, nor have fat paunches always lean pates, and so—

'All

'All ranks of people,' continues Stuart, 'courtiers, ladies, old and young, wits and savants, vied with each other in the incense they offered up to the célèbre Monsieur Hume. Amidst this intoxicating worship [drunk with Gallic praise and Gallic wine—according to Mason] he preserves his own natural style and simplicity of manners, and deigns to be cheerful and jolly, as if no such things had happened to him.'

Meantime our partycoloured Philosopher, the observed of all observers at Paris, where 'motley's your only wear,' was moreover hailed as the apostle of Atheism, and was welcomed by the D'Alemberts, and advocates of the rights of man, who, having cleared the ground of Christianity, brought infidelity and republicanism into fashion, leading the way logically, first by denial of God, to the guillotining the king. Thus Voltaire—the high priest—speaking of David, said to Mr. Moore, 'You mos write him, as I am hees great admeerer. He is a very great onor to England, and above all to Ecosse.'—ii. 203. So Rousseau, before he had quarrelled with his honourable friend, described Scotland as 'l'heureuse terre où sont nés David Hume et le Maréchal d'Ecosse.'—i. 250.

Hume, according to his own showing, passed his life, when out of this 'happy land,' not so unpleasantly at Paris:—

'I continue to live here in a manner amusing enough, and which gives me no time to be tired of any scene. What between public business, the company of the learned, and that of the great, especially of the ladies, I find all my time filled up, and have no time to open a book, except it be some books recently published, which may be the subject of conversation. I am well enough pleased with this change of life, and a satiety of study had before paved the way for it.'—i. 254.

The Philosopher, astonished at his success, concludes:—'Those who have not seen the strange effects of modes will never imagine the reception I met with at Paris from men and women of all ranks and stations: the more I resiled from their excessive civilities the more I was loaded with them;' and Horace Walpole, at that time at Paris, describes Hume, Whist, and Richardson (*i. e.* his novels) as 'the *only Trinity* now in fashion here.'

When France set the fashion, no one can be surprised that the Baron's better half, a lady distinguished in her early days for beauty and wit, allied to a certain eccentricity of manners, should also 'admeer' David, or be always at home to him, at her town residence at Abbey Hill. Still less is it to be wondered that this, the Holland House of Edinburgh, should become the favourite evening haunt of the great man in his best yellow and black spotted coat. While the Baron was the dispenser of the patronage of Scotland, this suburban villa shone like a petty court, and
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my lady's levees were better attended by men of letters and waiters on providence than those at Holyrood House. Mr. Hume too, besides joining in the chat, made one at the card-table. He piqued himself on the good game he played at whist, but—

‘His proficiency in the history of card kings was not rated high by the professors of Hoyle of those days. And on this point, although David could not bear criticism, Mrs. Mure was wont to find fault with him *à tort et à travers*. One night they got into such a warm discussion on his play, that the Philosopher lost his temper; and taking up his hat, and calling a pretty Pomeranian dog, that always accompanied him, “Come away, Foxey,” walked out of the house, in the middle of the rubber. The family were to start the next morning for Caldwell; and David, who then lived in St. Andrew’s Square, a good mile distant, was at the door before breakfast, hat in hand, with an apology.’

Other ladies indirectly suffered worse: thus a letter from London informs the Baron that there—

‘Are many squibs thrown out against our friend the Philosopher, but so scurrilous and silly that I did not think they were worth sending him: tell him, however, this fact, that a certain lady of very high rank and distinction miscarried last week, and told Sir John Pringle, President of the Royal Society, that this was entirely owing to the brusquerie of a puppy at her table throwing out impertinent reflections against Mr. Hume in favour of Rousseau.’

This Ishmaelite of the inkstand, who in his half crazy conceit fancied the universal world to be combined in one conspiracy of envy and malevolence to persecute and crush him poor inoffensive Jean Jacques, was very well at one time with David; so the Genevan philosopher, when in London, became the lion of the English one, who soon, like the rest of mankind, felt inclined to clothe the recreant in calfskin. ‘They are lodged together,’ writes a friend to the Baron, ‘in Buckingham Street, Strand—

‘Where many go from civility [curiosity?] to see him [Rousseau]. Our friend David is made the shower of the lion: he is confoundedly weary of his pupil, as he calls him; he is full of oddities, and even absurdities. A friend of mine has offered him a retreat in Wales, where he is to board in a plain farmer’s house, for he would not stay at St. James’s unless the king took board.’—ii. 63.

The morbid egotist finally settled at Chiswick, ‘boarded in a small house, his landlady a grocer: he sits in the shop and learns English words, which brings many customers to the house.’—ii. 71.

Next to his skill at cards, David prided himself on the of his style, and bore the Baron’s criticisms less philosophically than the whist strictures of his better half Mrs. Mure.

'I am surprised,' replies Hume to his reviewer, 'that you should find fault with my letter. For my part, I esteem it the best I ever wrote. There is neither barbarism, solecism, equivocation, redundancy, nor transgression of one single rule of grammar or rhetoric thro' the whole. The words were chosen with an exact propriety to the sense, and the sense was full of masculine strength and energy. In short, it comes up fully to the Duke of Buckingham's description of fine writing: exact propriety of words and thought. This is more than what can be said of most compositions. But I shall not be redundant in the praise of brevity, tho' much might be said on that subject. To conclude all, I shall venture to affirm that my last letter will be equal in bulk to all the orations you shall deliver during the two first sessions of parliament.'

Hume, however heavy in person, skimmed lightly with his pen, and was, what seldom happens with infidels, tolerant of religion: thus when our compiler's father and uncle were taken as boys to see St. Paul's, and had been told (tell it not to the Dean) by the beadle who showed it,

'That the daily service was not attended, and that even on Sundays the congregation was small; wishing to curry favour with their sceptical friend, on repeating this conversation, added "How foolish to lay out a million on a thing so useless!" David rebuked them mildly, saying, "Never give an opinion on subjects which you are too young to judge: St. Paul's, as a monument of religious feeling and taste of the country, does it honour, and will endure; we have wasted millions on a single campaign in Flanders, and without any good resulting from it."'

At home, as abroad, Hume's amiable character, and the

'Charm of his conversation, caused his society to be courted even in quarters where his religious scepticism was least likely to meet with approval. The tone of scoffing in which he was occasionally tempted to indulge was also seasoned with so much good humour, and so lively a vein of pleasantry, as to prevent its being offensive. The compiler can vouch for the authenticity of the following anecdotes derived from family sources. One Sunday forenoon, going forth to his walk, the philosopher met Sir James Hunter Blair (the compiler's grandfather), then an eminent banker in Edinburgh, afterwards M.P. for that city, on his way with his lady to church. They asked Hume to turn and accompany them. "What," he replied, "go to church with you! with publicans and money changers; the same who were driven with scourges out of the temple! No, no, I'll never be seen entering a church in such company.'"

Whatever our philosopher might believe or disbelieve touching another world, he could quote Scripture, whenever it served his turn, in this: thus when building a new house in St. David's Street—his name-sake tutelary—he used daily to take a short cut from the old town, across what was then a swamp, and on

'One

' One occasion, while picking his steps, made a slip, fell over and stuck fast in the bog : observing some Newhaven fish-women passing with their creels, he called aloud to them for help, but when they came up and recognised the wicked unbeliever David Hume, they refused any assistance unless he first repeated in a solemn tone the Lord's Prayer : this he did without pause or blunder, and was extricated accordingly. He used to tell this story with great glee, declaring that the Edinburgh fish-wives were the most acute theologians he had ever encountered.'—ii. 178.

Nous avons changé tout cela ; and we have heard that the Poundtexts of the Free Kirk, now avoiding this perfect prayer as savouring of ritualistic form and bookery, indulge in an extemporaneous periphrasis of their own. Our David, however indebted, like pious Æneas, to these interposing female divinities, died a tough old bachelor. When young and more tender, he courted a well-born beauty of Edinburgh, and was rejected. ' But several years afterwards, when he had obtained celebrity, it was hinted to him by a common friend that the lady had changed her mind : " So have I," replied the philosopher.' (ii. 178.) Αἱ δευτερεῖς φροντίδες σωφραταί, said the sages of old ; and second thoughts are still sometimes the best in these delicate dilemmas.

Mr. Hume, before he built this new house in the New Town, by which he was led into the quagmire, occupied a lodging in the lofty building called St. James's Court, at the south end of the earthen mound. On the floor below lived Mrs. Campbell of Succoth, mother of the Lord President, Sir Islay Campbell. One Sunday evening Hume, who was on friendly habits with Mrs. Campbell's family, stepping down to take tea with her, found assembled a party of pious elderly ladies met to converse on topics suitable to the Sabbath. David's unexpected entrance on such an occasion caused some dismay on the part of the landlady and her guests ; but he sat down and chatted in so easy and appropriate a style, that all embarrassment soon disappeared. On the removal of the tea-things, however, he gravely said to his hostess, ' Well, Mrs. Campbell, where are the cards ? ' ' The cards, Mr. Hume ! surely you forget what day it is.' ' Not at all, madam,' he replied ; ' you know we often have a quiet rubber on Sunday evening.' After vainly endeavouring to make him retract this calumny, she said to him, ' Now, David, you'll just be pleased to walk out of my house, for you're not fit company in it to-night.'

The placid philosopher quitted the world and these ladies at peace, and when on his death-bed, and taking leave of Mrs. Mure, with whom he had had many a critical rub and rubber,

'Gave her as a parting present a complete copy of his History. This tradition is confirmed by the existence, in the Caldwell library, of his own last edition of his great work (8 vols. 8vo. 1773), inscribed on the title-page of the first volume, "From the Author." She thanked him, and added, in her native dialect, which both she and the historian spoke in great purity, "O, David, that's a book you may weel be proud o'; but before ye dee, ye should burn a' your wee bookies!" To which, raising himself on his couch, he replied with some vehemence, half offended, half in joke, "What for should I burn a' my wee bookies?" But feeling too weak for further discussion of the point, he shook her hand and bade her farewell.'

Baron Mure, lukewarm in his own orthodoxy, was partial from associations of his youth to foreign education, which was increased by his fondness for Hume and French philosophy, then all the mode; so he sent his two scapegrace sons who fell foul of St. Paul's, with a private tutor, Mr. Jardine, to the fashionable Parisian 'Pension Bruneteau.' The details of this part and parcel of the 'ancien régime,' and how the juvenile Scots were French polished, recall a scholastic state of things doomed never to return again. One of the pupils, however, the Baron's brother, did return, after a lapse of forty-eight years; and did our limited space permit, his graphic reminiscences should have adorned our pages. Such a revisit after a long interval soothes, and may be saddens; the progress of time is arrested, and the hand of the dial marks as it were backward, while the old stand on the charmed sites. How unaltered everything, where the visitor alone is changed!—and here at Paris, while the buildings, the carcass of the school had been spared in the Revolution, the spirit was fled, and even the names of the former masters had passed away, as the memory of a guest that remaineth for a day, and like our own sweet youth, which never can be recalled.

Notwithstanding this literary legacy, and in despite of all the promise of the Pension Bruneteau and the Baron, the breath was no sooner out of the body of the worthy Judge than his son and heir turned from Minerva to Mars, and 'listed in the Blues.' Having gone with much credit and suffering through the wretched and mismanaged campaign in America, he quitted the regular service, and settling at Caldwell, judiciously became the Distributor of Stamps for Glasgow. He held this good thing for forty years, amusing his official leisure with playing at war, by commanding fencible and militia regiments. His military capacity was fully appreciated by his early friend Sir John Moore, whose father, a Glasgow surgeon, had been travelling tutor to the Duke of Hamilton, on the recommendation of Baron Mure, his Grace's guardian. The letters of the hero of Corunna now selected are simple,

simple, straightforward, and savour more of the soldier than the scholar; but nature had destined his right hand for the sword, not for the pen, and, in those 'dark days,' no 'competitive examinations,' or tests, risked the exclusion of the best men from the camp; no pedants with softened brain bothered bold men of muscle and action,—theoretic civilians, who to a dead certainty would have 'plucked' both Nelson and Wellington.

The aspirations of Baron Mure for learned accomplishments—right honourable and superexcellent things in the right man and place—were realised in the next generation; and if there be consciousness in the grave, with what pride and pleasure must he turn to the son and heir of this gallant officer, to his grandson, the traveller, scholar, and critic, and the historian of his ancient clan, whose broad estates he holds, and whose fair fame he upholds and extends. Lands indeed are easier to be entailed than intellect; and genius, the rarest of inheritances, is the gift of the Great Giver alone;

Rade volte risurge per li rami
L' Umana probitade; e questo vuole
Quei che la dà, perchè da lui si chiami!

Mr. Mure has, indeed, as we said, grafted new laurels on the stock of distinctions, almost hereditary in his house; for he too has represented his native county in Parliament, and has been invested with the 'blue ribbon' of Scottish literature, as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. Assuredly, when in after times another edition is called for of this Caldwell Roll, in order that new worthies may be installed, a foremost post in the Fasti of the family will be assigned to him, their first chronicler; nor will our posterity willingly let die a name already inscribed with so much honour on the mantle-hem of the immortal Homer.

ART. V.—1. *The Charities of London: comprehending the Benevolent, Educational, and Religious Institutions, their Origin and Design, Progress, and present Position.* By Sampson Low, jun. London. 1850.

2. *The Million-peopled City.* By the Rev. J. Garwood.

3. *The Rookeries of London.* By Thomas Beames, M.A. London. 1850.

4. *Meliora.* First and Second Series. Edited by Viscount Ingestre.

5. *Chapters on Prisons and Prisoners.* By the Rev. J. Kingmill.

6. *The Sorrows of the Streets.* By M. A. S. Barber. 1855.

7. *The*

7. *The Hearths of the Poor.* By M. A. S. Barber. 1852.
8. *Notes and Narratives of a Six Years' Mission, principally among the Dens of London.* By R. W. Vanderkiste, late London City Missionary. London, 1854.
9. *Sought and Saved.* A Prize Essay on Ragged Schools and kindred Institutions. By G. J. Hall, M.A. London. 1855.
10. *Ragged Schools; their Rise, Progress, and Results.* By John M'Gregor, M.A.
11. *Social Evils; their Causes and their Cure.* By Alexander Thomson, Esq., of Banbury. London. 1852.
12. *Juvenile Delinquents; their Condition and Treatment.* By Mary Carpenter. London. 1853.
13. *Home Reform.* By Henry Roberts, F.S.A. London.
14. *London Labour and the London Poor.* By Henry Mayhew. London.
15. *The Ragged School Union Magazine.*
16. *The City Mission Magazine.*
17. *The Scripture Reader's Journal.*

THE sweeping accusations of neglect and inhumanity with which the works before us abound are to a certain extent their own refutation. A charitable literature called into existence by the interest which the public takes in works of charity belies its own complaints. In fact there never was a time when the condition of the poor engaged so much of the attention of the legislature, or occupied so large a portion of the time and energies of individuals. East Indians, returned from their long exile, have been heard to complain that the air must be more unwholesome, the population more ignorant and vicious, and the country poorer, than when they left it in their youthful days : never before had they heard so much of hospitals, churches, schools, and poorhouses. It is no reproach to the cause of benevolence, but in fact only a further proof of its popularity, that we may sometimes see it abused for the selfish purposes of literary or political ambition. Throughout the whole frame of society we find a disinterested anxiety to alleviate the evils incident to a high state of civilization, and a general recognition of the widely-extending obligations of Christian charity.

So far this is satisfactory ; but, nevertheless, the aggregate of public exertion, considerable as it is, falls short of the public need, and many, especially in London, stand aloof from the work of charity and withhold the co-operation which we might expect from their humanity, and which their wealth and intelligence would render highly important and efficient. Many of the wealthier classes treat their periodical visits to London as mere

episode in their existence, and regard their country homes as the allotted scene of their duties. The landowner, familiar with the wants of the agricultural population, knows little of the condition and habits of the metropolitan poor, and is apt to avert his eyes from an unexplored evil, which he deems it hopeless to relieve and useless to investigate. Thus many a man of feeling in his walks through London is harassed by two contradictory convictions—on the one hand he knows that somewhere in the wilderness of brick-work with which he is surrounded is to be found some scene of wretchedness which a mere trifle would relieve (and who has not felt a thrill of awe on discovering what utter ruin a mere trifle may at times avert?); on the other, experience has forced on him something more than a suspicion that every case which obtrudes itself on his notice is one of vagrancy or imposture. Accordingly, his charity is hesitating and inconsistent; he gives in defiance of his judgment, or denies in doing violence to his feelings. Not unfrequently, perhaps, the very zeal with which the cause of charity is advocated produces an unfavourable impression. To not a few the bewildering multitude of applications suggests an excuse for neglecting all. Some supinely infer that everything is done which can be done; while others, on the contrary, are disposed to disapprove the plans they have never examined; they find reasons for distrust in the means employed or the persons engaged, and allow the scepticism which should rouse them to hurry to sink them to apathy and inaction. And yet if chance brings to the knowledge of the public some unquestioned case of genuine distress, the donations which pour in from unknown benefactors prove how freely the stream of charity flows when the ice of incredulity is broken. As long as this state of feeling is common among the opulent classes, precise information is a more effectual stimulant to benevolence than the most eloquent appeals; and, in fact, we are persuaded that to point out how charity may be bestowed without the fear of imposition, and with the certainty of doing good, is all that is needed to call into action the sensibility which now lies idle, useless to the public and burdensome to the possessor.

In this belief we shall endeavour to present to the reader some account of the London poor, and of the machinery which has been organised by charity for their relief. From the vastness and complexity of the subject our sketch must necessarily be slight and imperfect. Many of the topics it will embrace are important enough to deserve a separate consideration hereafter; and in the meantime it must be our endeavour rather to point out the objects best deserving the attention of the charitable than to satisfy in full their benevolent curiosity.

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A great advance was made in the work of charity when the haunts of poverty and crime were explored, and their melancholy statistics were ascertained. This has not been accomplished by any single and uniform effort: it is the combined result of Parliamentary inquiry and of the exertions made by private associations and by individuals to penetrate the terra incognita of London misery; and, appalling as are the facts thus brought to light, it is much that we know the worst. To probe the social gangrene is the first step to its cure.

In every society a portion of its members must annually drop into pauperism. Age disables, or sickness and accident surprise, those who have made no provision for the evil day. Manhood is cut off in its strength, and leaves those who depended on its labour a helpless burden on the community. Many trades are affected by the seasons of the year, and all, in towns periodically emptied of the wealthiest portion of their inhabitants, suffer a corresponding periodical stagnation. At these times, many, especially the unskilled hands, are thrown out of work. Where population presses closely on the means of subsistence whole classes live in the constant and imminent danger of distress. A slight fluctuation in the trade of silk half starves the wide district of Spitalfields. The long frost of last winter caused bread-riots among the marine and river population. The 'costermongers,' or vendors of provisions in the streets, amounting, it is calculated, to not less than 30,000, may at any time be brought to the verge of famine by a three days' rain. Many callings, at the best, scarcely supply the necessities of life. Decayed gentility struggling to extract a livelihood from the accomplishments of happier days; artists who have mistaken their profession, or in pursuit of fame have thrown away their bread; the overworked sempstress, whose grievances are well known to the public; the poor charwoman, who by her hard and precarious earnings tries to eke out a scanty subsistence for her children—all these are but the more prominent figures among large groups condemned to similar toil and privation.

If to these inevitable causes of distress we add the ~~and~~ of folly and vice, we shall see the lineaments of our overgrown metropolis beginning to darken the canvas. Reckless improvidence reduces to destitution thousands who have had ample means of providing for the future. Intemperance brings want, disease, and crime. Idleness and the love of pleasure tempt to theft and consequent ruin. Whole classes eat their bread on condition of good conduct; and they annually supply a large percentage of defaulters to fill the ranks of destitution. There are numbers claiming the respectable rank of householders
whose

whose small trade scarcely raises them above poverty, and whose equivocal dealings connect them rather with the criminal than the industrial classes—such, for instance, are the booksellers who derive their chief profit from scandalous publications; lodging-house keepers who in many ways deserve a harsher designation; pawnbrokers who ‘ask no questions;’ or ‘general dealers,’ whose open shop fronts present a dingy array

Of rusty locks and dusty bags
And musty phials and fusty rags—

and whose back rooms are open for the sale of any quantity and every variety of plunder. But the most remarkable feature of London life is a class decidedly lower in the social scale than the labourer, and numerically very large, though the population returns do not number them among the inhabitants of the kingdom,* who derive their living from the streets. To obtain in this way the means of subsistence every resource that could be devised by ingenuity has been exhausted. But for the most part their utmost efforts do little more than maintain them in a state of chronic starvation. We have already alluded to the sellers of provisions: for the other trades, the variety of which is immense, we must refer the reader to Mr. Mayhew's interesting volumes. Another less respectable portion, scarcely raised above mendicancy, derive their gains from the gratuitous bounty of the public—ballad-singers, musicians, street showmen, the owners of happy families, mountebanks—their name is legion—the sweepers of crossings, and the linkboys, whose designation attests the antiquity of their calling, once so useful in ill-lighted London, the most clamorous of licensed beggars. Others try to earn a few pence by holding horses or doing jobs, or literally pick up a livelihood in the streets by retailing the fragments of cigars, old rags, or lumps of coal which they have found on the pavement. Very many have, besides their acknowledged calling, another in the background in direct violation of the eighth commandment; and thus by gradations, imperceptibly darkening as we advance, we arrive at the classes who are at open war with society, and professedly live by the produce of depredation or the wages of infamy. The evils of over population are further exasperated by a constant immigration from the provinces—the idle, the dissolute, the credulous, the despairing, all flock to the metropolis. Homeless and penniless, they trust to theft or to charity for food, and to chance or the streets for a shelter. The colony of Irish alone,

* Mayhew, Preface.

and it is annually increasing, equals the population of many a great European capital.

The dwellings in which for the most part this pauper population is stowed away rather than lodged are revolting to humanity. In all great cities from the earliest times the poor man is meanly housed. Competition raises house-rent; and when he can no longer pay a higher price he accepts inferior accommodation. Landed proprietors know how difficult it is, even with the patriarchal control which is given them by the absolute ownership of the cottages on their estates, to prevent improper subletting whenever accident has brought a temporary accession to the population of their neighbourhood. In London this process of compression has been going on slowly and gradually for centuries. Wherever a colony of the very poor is to be found, the tendency to indecent and unhealthy crowding operates with baleful activity. Thus even in the neighbourhood of our handsomest squares, in the centre of the healthiest quarters, are to be found 'rookeries,' as they have been called, to the infinite disparagement of the rooks, the cleanest and the most orderly of bipeds, which, as plague spots of moral and physical contagion, may rival the well known districts of St. Giles's or Saffron Hill. In the eastern parts of London, which, instead of being improved to meet the demands of advancing civilisation, were successively abandoned to poorer and lower classes of inhabitants, population has reached the extraordinary density of 185,751 persons to each square mile,* and the hardship suffered even by the industrious of the labouring classes is proportionally great. Out of lanes the meanest, it might be thought, which could be built for human habitation are courts and alleys meaner still. The picture is by no means over drawn which the author of 'Sorrows of the Streets' presents us of one of these 'diminutive squares of towering houses, black with the soot of many generations, room piled above room, each the dwelling of a separate family, and topped with a workshop glazed all round.' Blackened beams stretch across to prevent the bulging walls from falling inward. Yet even here there is relative prosperity. In one window a goodly array of flower-pots, in which green leaves are sprouting in defiance of London smoke, attests that the poor soul, who pines for country sights and sounds within, has still a taste for innocent pleasures and a few pence to spare from the necessities of life.

'In a corner of the court is a habitation containing four rooms, one

* Report of the District Visiting Association for 1853, p. 6.

above the other. There is no ventilation—no room at the back. Here dwell four families and twenty-one children, six on the first floor, four on the second, three on the third, and eight at the top. The father and mother and eight children have dwelt all the winter in that little room, and yet the children are clean and tidy, the poor mother calm and submissive to her lot. All the long winter, in sickness and in sorrow, she has never left that little room.’—p. 102.

In yonder alley is a lodging-house where, besides its habitual inmates, are heaped together all who seek and can afford to pay for its miserable shelter. There seems no limit to its capacity till it is ascertained what is the smallest quantity of atmospheric air on which life can be supported. Within its walls all self-respect is lost, all decency is outraged. It is not possible to exaggerate the moral contamination or physical loathsomeness of such a dwelling. We spare the reader the disgusting details. Yet this is a ‘moral lodging-house.’ Let him infer from this the condition which we dare not describe of those dens of infamy where vice professedly holds its orgies, and where crime seeks fellowship and concealment in numbers.*

The indignation with which humane writers discuss this subject is not unnatural; but their remedies are for the most part such as could be applied only by some beneficent and despotic Haroun al Raschid, and their accusations are unjust. Their declamations would imply that, by the pressure of human regulations, this wretchedness is artificially created, and that to promote the convenience of the rich the poor are thus cruelly circumscribed. But what has taken place is in exact conformity with the laws which regulate supply and demand. The body corporate is to blame only for omission. It has not interfered to modify or suspend in the poor man’s favour the operation of those laws which, in ordinary cases, it is found best to leave to their unrestricted action. An American writer (Dr. Channing), quoted by the author of the ‘Rookeries,’ acknowledges the bountifulness of British charity, but warns us ‘to be just before we are generous, and to remember that private liberality will not atone for selfish institutions.’ But what institutions, we would ask this able writer, could avert—what, except those of socialism, even profess to avert these evils?—what institutions has America for the purpose? It is not unnatural that an American should confound the local advantages of his country with her institutions; but when she no longer possesses the resource of a vast unemployed territory; when her capitals teem with a redundant population, it will then be seen whether her institutions will prevent the growth of a pauper population, or

* Beames’s ‘Rookeries,’ p. 79.

whether her pauper population will destroy her institutions. We are not stepping out of our way to pick a quarrel with our transatlantic critic. It is precisely because our social evils cannot be corrected by any change of institutions, and can only be mitigated by the best directed efforts of the Legislature, that they belong to the province of private charity.

The notions of charity which were entertained by our predecessors must be much enlarged to adapt them to the use of modern times. To relieve suffering merit, though its most *pleasing, is by no means its most frequent nor its most important task. Guilt and poverty are closely connected. Misconduct leads to poverty, poverty tempts to crime. To discriminate between them would be as hard a task as that imposed by the Lord Mayor on the mutinous scavengers when they remonstrated that they were hired to remove the dirt, but not the snow. The civic Solomon admitted the plea, but enjoined them with all haste to separate the one from the other. It matters not with what views the philanthropist begins his task. The humane are anxious to supply the physical wants of the poor, the statesman tries to raise their social condition, the missionary sighs to enlighten their spiritual darkness. The means which all must employ are the same. If they would christianise, they must civilize. If they would feed, they must reform. In short, charity must embrace every effort which benevolence can devise to rouse the slothful, tame the brutal, instruct the ignorant, and preach the Gospel to the native heathen.

But in thus enlarging the aims of charity it is necessary to prescribe some limits to its exercise; and in this country the law which allows no one, however worthless, to want a bare subsistence, enables us to draw the boundary line with some precision. Private charity withdraws its aid from the detected impostor and the shameless mendicant, the incorrigibly idle and the dissolute, and leaves them to the stern justice or to the cold bounty of the law. There is indeed a case where charity would fain interpose if possible. As workhouses are now constituted, it is painful to consign age and infirmity to their inhospitable shelter. But this is an artificial difficulty, the existence of which is contrary to the intentions of the law and the dictates of humanity. The poor-house, which is justly made distasteful to the able-bodied vagrant, should present a different aspect to those who are driven thither by no fault of their own, and the grievance we have to complain of is one which, for the sake of all concerned, should be remedied without delay. It is the insolence of its officials and the insubordination of its inmates that make the poor-house (what we have heard respectable paupers call it)

‘a hell

‘a hell upon earth.’ It is intolerable that an asylum established by law, instead of being made formidable to the bad by the order it enforces, should be made revolting to the good by the licence it permits. We impute no blame to the poor laws, but we are glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity of pointing out a defect in their execution, which every magistrate and poor-law guardian may do something to amend.

The charitable machinery which has gradually been organized to assail the ever-growing mass of social evils is the work of many founders, and so happily has the variety of tastes and sympathies directed their disconnected efforts that the whole presents the appearance of a combined plan. The number of charitable institutions is so considerable that Mr. Low’s catalogue of them, though the information it gives is most judiciously condensed, occupies no less than 450 pages. Of these various schemes, comprising every resource which man’s ingenuity has as yet invented to aid man’s infirmity, it is difficult to devise such a classification as may enable the reader to comprehend them in one view as component parts of one uniform whole. But perhaps we may best perceive their relations to each other and to their common object by arranging them as they represent, first, the simpler, and then the more complex notion of charity as it successively enlarged its views to meet the wants of advancing civilization. Thus to the first class belong those institutions whose simple aim is to provide for the old, instruct the young, heal the sick, and preserve life under various circumstances of peril. To the second, those which have been set on foot with the hope of effecting social improvement and moral reform.

At the head of the first class stand those time-honoured foundations raised by the pious of former days—‘Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, leaders of the people by their counsels, wise and eloquent in their instructions, rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations.’* These for the most part have been magnificently endowed, and require nothing from posterity but that degree of interest and attention which may suffice to preserve them from decay by ventilating them with the free current of publicity. The first idea that occurs to the philanthropist of a rude age is to provide an asylum for the old. There is a time, thought our ancestors, when man can no longer toil for his bread. There is a time when his care should

* Eccles. xlv. The fifteen first verses of this beautiful chapter are usually read on the commemoration days of the great foundations. It is known as the ‘Founder’s chapter.’

be directed to the bread of life alone. And they loved to dwell on the image of old age rescued by charity from toil and want to atone for the follies of youth, by

‘Counted beads and countless prayer,’

and to send up daily orisons for the soul of its benefactor.

The earliest of these foundations is St. Katherine's, whose modern Gothic is so conspicuous in Regent's Park. The most celebrated are the Royal Hospitals of Greenwich and Chelsea, but it would be unjust to the claims which their inmates possess on the gratitude of their country to class them among eleemosynary institutions. Exclusive of these Mr. Low reckons eleven colleges and superior foundations, and eighty-two almshouses. Many of the latter, which have been erected in modern days, depend in part on voluntary contributions, and also are restricted by limitations which are intended to make them subserve the cause of morality and religion. But the zeal for founding institutions of this class was materially abated by the enactment of the Poor Laws, which superseded the necessity for them, and the doctrines of the Reformation, which discountenanced vicarious devotion, and has in modern days almost entirely given way to sounder plans of dispensing charity. Associations which limit their aid to the grant of an annuity afford a more welcome relief to the distressed, and extend the benefits of the charitable fund much further, than expensive foundations which impose the obligation of residence.

The first ‘Benevolent Society’ was founded in 1811, by Peter Hervé, who (Mr. Low tells us) injured his health and his fortune in the attempt (an arduous one at that time, when the public were less accessible to appeals of this kind than they are at present), and who lived to need, but would never accept, the help of his own charity. Its object is to supply small pensions from 20*l.* to 30*l.* a-year to persons of a better class (who have reached the age of 60), without distinctions of country or religion. The candidates are elected on a poll of the subscribers, but no case is placed on the list till it has been investigated and approved by the committee. Mr. Low reckons sixteen of these societies with slight variations in their rules and restrictions. Since the last edition of his work was published a society exclusively for Governesses, and another for Gardeners, have been established. He estimates their united funds at 18,000*l.* a-year, of which 15,000*l.* depend on the precarious payments of annual subscribers. There are few charities to which it is possible to contribute with greater certainty of doing good, and few, if we may judge from the earnest canvassing

canvassing for admittance, and the large number of disappointed candidates, which stand more in need of increased support.

The foundations for the education of youth are such as befit the grandeur of the cities of London and Westminster. The more important of these are familiar to all. But we cannot pause to pay even a passing tribute to the talents and genius they have fostered, or the virtues that have adorned them; our present business is with the humbler institutions, for the most part of recent date, which are supported chiefly or solely by voluntary subscriptions. Besides the parochial schools and other 'merely local establishments,' Mr. Low enumerates fifteen schools for the maintenance and education of orphans, and sixteen for 'necessitous children, whether orphans or not.' Of the former some are restricted to particular classes. The most ancient was instituted for the orphan children of the clergy, four are for the orphans of soldiers and sailors, and one for those who have been deprived of their parents by the cholera. Of the latter, St. Ann's School, at Brixton, is best known to the public by the active canvass which is constantly going on to obtain admission to its benefits. It is open to all, without restriction, except that a preference is accorded to those who have known better days. These institutions maintain and educate an aggregate of 14,500 children. In a majority of cases the admissions depend on the votes of the subscribers. But (as is also the case in the Pension societies) any opulent contributor may obtain immediate admittance for a duly qualified candidate by the payment of a fixed sum, which varies in different institutions from 50*l.* to 200*l.* Both parties profit by the transaction. Donations of this kind are funded for the permanent benefit of the charity, and the benefactor obtains an excellent education and maintenance for the object of his charity at a trifling cost.

• The efforts to promote national education, though now superintended by the Privy Council, and assisted by grants from Parliament, were originated, and are mainly supported, by the energy and the bounty of individuals. Though so much remains to be done, we cannot, without a sense of gratitude, recollect that the parent societies, and the network of schools with which they have covered the country, have been called into existence since the days, which many of our readers can well remember, when Bell and his follower, Lancaster, brought into general notice the subject of education. Both pursued a similar plan of tuition, but they differed in one vital point. Dr. Bell made religion an integral part of his system, and of course could teach only the doctrines he professed, those of the established church. Lancaster, who was a dissenter, desired to make it only an accessory,

sory, and by leaving to his scholars the choice of their religion, to open his schools to the professors of all creeds. Since then, these two systems have divided the advocates and promoters of education. The National Society is the representative of the one party, the British and Foreign School Society of the other.

Midway between places of education and infirmaries, and partaking of the character of both, are the schools for those who are suffering from some privation imposed upon them by step-dame nature at their birth. The institutions for the Indigent Blind, and for the Deaf and Dumb, would each furnish materials for a longer paper than we can devote to the entire charities of London. We would entreat the reader to pay them a visit: he will be well rewarded by witnessing the wonderful effects produced by human ingenuity and perseverance, when inspired by Christian love. The visitor will find these institutions (and indeed all the others to which we have referred) in what is called a flourishing state, that is to say, they are admirably managed, and rich enough to be eminently useful: the annual income for the most part equals the annual expenditure, and not many among them are reduced to the alternative either of encroaching on their capital, or diminishing their usefulness. Does he ask what more is needed? Let him call on any subscriber, and see the applications for admission, perplexing by their variety, distressing by their importunity, which cover the table, or, it may be, fill the waste basket; and let him reflect that unless the means of the society are enlarged, each successful candidate destroys the hopes of a dozen not less deserving than himself. •

Among the benefactors of mankind enumerated by the wise Son of Sirach, we should not have omitted 'such as found out musical tunes and recited verses in writing.' It was neither Prelate, Prince, nor Peer, but the minstrel of Henry I., Rahere by name, who founded St. Bartholomew's, the first London hospital 'for the relief of 100 sore and diseased persons.' It is strange that no similar foundation followed till St. Thomas's, Southwark, in 1553, was endowed out of the spoils of the monasteries. The increased value of property has raised the income of both these hospitals to upwards of 30,000*l.* a year. Early in the eighteenth century, the munificence of Mr. Guy, a bookseller at Tamworth, and subsequently of Mr. Hunt, endowed the hospital which bears the name of its first founder with sums amounting to upwards of 450,000*l.*, the largest, Mr. Low remarks, ever contributed by private persons to charitable purposes.

The remaining nine of the twelve General Medical Hospitals are supported by voluntary contribution; and all, we regret to say, have to complain of resources undeveloped for want of means

means or of expenditure exceeding their income. Moreover, the aggregate of the whole, as the district visitor will tell us to his sorrow, falls short of the need of the metropolis. The general hospitals are aided by various establishments for affording medical treatment and relief in special cases, and so numerous are these, that (together with the dispensaries) they fill sixty of Mr. Low's pages. Every year adds to their number, but we dare not set this down as so much clear gain to the cause of humanity. There is reason to fear that the funds of the larger hospitals have declined, as the bounty of the public has been diverted to other channels.

Among the special hospitals most remarkable for the benevolent thoughtfulness of their conception, the hospital for Convalescence is pre-eminent. The poor patient who cannot recover in the close atmosphere and on the meagre diet of his home, may find in the establishment at Walton-upon-Thames the fresh air and generous food which, more than all the drugs of the pharmacopeia, are needed to recruit his strength. Alas! in how many ailments of the poor it is the cook and not the physician which should prescribe!*

The institution for training nurses is admirably designed as the complement to our hospitals. Kindness of heart, it is true, cannot be taught, but method, economy of labour, and all the routine of treatment which kindness would suggest, may be learnt as a lesson. Much of the efficiency, and more of the comfort of the hospitals, depend on the nurses. It is bad economy to pay them ill; it is cruelty to the patients as well as to themselves to overtask their strength. By such ill-treatment their health will be impaired and their standard of duty lowered. Persons of respectability will be deterred from taking the situation, and the service of the wards will eventually suffer.

Mr. Dickens's amusing portrait of Mrs. Gamp is not so far from truth as we could desire. To those who lead a life of hardship, petty sensuality (such is the contradiction of human nature) is apt to become a besetting sin.† Familiarity with the sight of suffering, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, hardens our passive sensibility to witness it, and in refined and

* The Empress Maria Louisa (Grandduchess of Parma) established in her kitchen a department for the supply of well-dressed and wholesome food to such poor patients as could produce a medical certificate that they needed it. Might not a branch of the Convalescent Hospital be established in London for a similar purpose? But, unfortunately, that institution itself is reduced to the greatest difficulties by the bankruptcy of Messrs. Strahan and Co.

† This remark is especially confirmed by the testimony of those who have had an opportunity of observing the working of the rigorous rules of monastic institutions upon their inmates.



generous natures stimulates our active sensibility to relieve it, but it acts thus on refined and generous natures only. The nurse who is a mere nurse has a tendency to become cruel. The corrective of this must be an active superintendence on the part of the authorities, and judicious regulations which provide for the health and comfort of the nurse as well as of her patients. There is another remedy, which recent events have made familiar to our imaginations—we mean the admixture of voluntary and unpaid labour, undertaken by those who make it their office to tend the sick for charity. It is not our duty to suggest what class of persons may with safety and propriety undertake this task. There is no general solution to be given of the delicate problem, how far the obvious and ordinary duties of life may be set aside to undertake the more arduous and exceptional. Many there doubtless are who, without neglecting duty, may engage in this office of charity, and thus shun the dangers of a world they dread, or find a refuge from the hardness of a world which has lost its power to please though not to wound them; and thus far at least is clear, that whether they sacrifice its pleasures or seek a shelter from its vexations, their presence at the sick bed will diffuse the zeal of love and the charm of refinement over an office which has hitherto at the best been executed with the cold regularity of routine.

In almost all the hospitals supported by voluntary contributions, a preference is given to the patients who are recommended by subscribers or governors; this is the result of sheer necessity. Many would refuse to subscribe unless they secured some privilege in return; and many more are reminded of the duty of subscribing only by some accidental circumstance, which makes them desire to procure admission for a patient.

A certain annual subscription, or the payment of a certain sum, constitutes a governor, and by a general body of governors meeting at an open board, or by a select committee of them, the affairs of all hospitals are managed. Those who have leisure cannot bestow it more advantageously to the public than on this unremunerated service. • All human institutions have a tendency to collect abuses as seaweed gathers damp. The carelessness of to-day becomes the habit of to-morrow. Ill-timed parsimony creates a nuisance; ill-judged liberality degenerates into a job. The most active officials are apt to be *optimists*, and to maintain that all is for the best in their own, the best of possible institutions; and it is scarcely credible to those who have no experience on the subject, by how trifling a cause the health of the patients may be affected. Constant vigilance is the only safeguard. Let not the humane be deterred from visits of inspection by vague apprehensions

apprehensions of painful sights and sounds, and offensive smells. The clean and well-aired wards, the ingenious contrivances for saving labour, the care bestowed on the patients, and the comforts accumulated round them, will leave on his memory little but the soothing impression of charity well directed, and suffering relieved.

The institutions for preserving human life from the opposite perils of fire and of water have their head-quarters in the capital, but they extend their benefits directly to all parts of the country. Of these the Royal Humane Society, as might be guessed from the vagueness of its title, is the earliest. Had societies for humane purposes been more common, its founders would have endeavoured to find some more discriminating appellation to convey to us that it was set on foot to rescue those who are in danger of drowning. It much resembles in its general management the society for the preservation of life from fire.* Both are supported by voluntary subscriptions, and both offer rewards to stimulate exertion in favour of those whose lives are endangered.

Much has been said on the subject of low motives and the impropriety of substituting the sordid inducement of gain for the loftier impulses of humanity. But it is not to be supposed that a trifling gratuity or a trumpery medal is held out as an adequate motive or reward for the risk of a life: it is merely a recognition on the part of the public of desert, and as such it affords a very high and a legitimate gratification to the individual who obtains it.

‘The committee feel that they are not substituting one motive for another, but are acting strictly in imitation of the great Governor and Lawgiver of the universe, who, whilst He has offered his creatures the purest and highest principles for their guidance, has at the same time surrounded them with a thousand minor helps and secondary springs of action, none of which they can with impunity despise or reject.’

This sentence is quoted from the Report (for 1853) of the Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck, which also offers similar medals and prizes. This society too has its principal office in London, and must often engage the sympathy of the Londoner in his summer tours to our dangerous coasts. It appears that in the three last years 2600 vessels have been wrecked; and of the many lives lost in consequence, it is calculated that at least one-half might have been saved if the proper means had been at hand; and as yet the income of the society is quite inadequate for the task it has undertaken. Its president, the Duke of Northumberland (as we learn from the

Report for 1853) has established, at his own cost, at the principal stations of his own neighbourhood, life-boats on an improved construction, and supplied with all the necessary apparatus, and appendages—a piece of munificence which has acted most favourably in stimulating the humanity and activity of the neighbouring peasantry, and from which the tourist, without being unreasonably sentimental, may derive his full share of satisfaction. The grave-yards which surround the striking ruins and picturesque churches ‘of mountainous Northumberland’ are full of the mournful records of youth cut off in its bloom and manhood in its prime by the tempestuous waves. Each stone has its own sad tale—of brothers found locked in each other’s embrace—of a father who perished in the vain attempt to save his son—of whole families, united in industry and affection, and undivided in death, swallowed up in the little craft that constituted the whole of their worldly wealth. He must be ‘duller than Lethe’s dull weed’ whose heart does not swell as he reads the simple tale of their struggles and their fate, and whose eye does not glisten when he hears of the munificence which has done all that on that dangerous coast can be done to avert such catastrophes in future. Few can follow such an example. Few can guard the coasts of a county, but many can bestow a guinea, and thanks to the power of combination—blessed indeed when exerted in a good cause—the feeble many, by their union, can surpass the efforts of the strongest in their single strength. ●

But the great problem which perplexed our ancestors less than ourselves, only because in a less crowded state of society social ills were more easily dealt with, was mendicancy. In every community there must always be some who cannot dig, and in the most primitive there are always some who will not, and are not ashamed to beg. From the earliest times the sturdy mendicant has constituted himself the representative of ‘the poor,’ in whose behalf the Gospel pleads so authoritatively. In that character he lounged at the convent-grate, he devoured his dole at the Baron’s hall door, he clamoured for alms at the church-porch, and in that capacity we presume he is accepted by the modern advocates (happily few in number) of indiscriminate almsgiving. But even in the most picturesque times, when he pretended to show the scallop-shell from the Holy Land in his hat, or perhaps the scars of infidel sabres on his body, he was but a good-for-nothing vagabond. We do not know whether the critics have agreed to class Belisarius among the street beggars, but we are certain that if he really belonged to that fraternity, the virtues of the patriot hero would not have withstood three months of such companionship. The enactment of the poor law in Elizabeth’s reign was occasioned rather

rather by the desire to effect a social reform than by any necessity created by the dissolution of the convents,* to which it has been the fashion to attribute a much larger share in feeding the poor than they ever took in this or any other country. Our ancestors were determined to get rid of the vagrant and the mendicant; and to give themselves the right to prohibit their shameless trade, they imposed on themselves and their successors the prodigious sacrifice of the poor law. But though from that time forth acts against able-bodied paupers were multiplied, the vagrant continued to prefer idleness and independence to work or the poor-house, and the tender-hearted, in spite of experience, persisted in being duped. By degrees the number of beggars swelled, till they exceeded the powers of the beadle and constable to arrest, and of the gaol or poorhouse to contain, and, by the impotence of the law, and the forced connivance of its ministers, they acquired an all but legalised existence. At the close of the great European war the evil had reached its height; ostentatiously loathsome objects paraded the great thoroughfares; professional beggars, by a police of their own, quartered the town amongst them, and stories were currently told of the nightly carouses and orgies which were defrayed by the proceeds of their frauds on the credulous public. In 1818 an association was formed for the purpose of effecting that which the state neglected to do, or despaired of doing. It took the name of the 'Society for the Suppression of Mendicity.' A large staff of paid agents was engaged, and a committee for its management was formed, counting among its members many naval and military men, who, having no longer any professional employment, brought their habits of business and administrative talents to the service of the new Society. It was enabled to enforce the laws against mendicity by combining with them a system of discriminating charity, which made their execution practicable. The Society issues to its subscribers or to purchasers tickets for distribution, which ensure to the holder a meal, the examination of his case, and employment, if he chooses to take it, at the Society's work yards. The good which it has effected can hardly be estimated, except by those who remember the condition of the streets before it began its operations. The work, no doubt, is still incomplete; but for the greater part of the evil that remains the good easy public must blame itself. As long as indolent pity will give without inquiry, ingenious roguery will contrive to present its

* Acts relating to mendicancy were passed before the dissolution of the monasteries. The Romish system was and is favourable to mendicancy, but the convents never had the power or the will to perform the gigantic task which is popularly attributed to them.

petition. A sponge, a comb, a box of lucifers, enables the vagrant to importune passengers at pleasure. Many beg in defiance of the law. Some, without asking, will stand in mute despair, or lie down as if exhausted by fatigue. One worthy was long known in the profession as the 'cabbage-eater.' Clothed in scarcely decent rags, he would station himself in some great thoroughfare, and, apparently unconscious of the gazing crowd, he would devour with famished eagerness a coarse raw cabbage-stalk; he marked not the pence which some poor woman, advancing with hesitation, would slip into his hand—he only stared at the shilling thrown to him by the benevolent old gentleman. The whole man seemed absorbed in satisfying the animal craving for food, till at last he would rise staggering and stupefied at the bidding of some good Samaritan, who takes him home, feeds, clothes, and dismisses him to repeat the same performance in a distant part of the town.

The offer of a mendicity ticket will generally cause the professional impostor to betray himself, though he will not always be so maladroit as directly to refuse it; when the applicant gives an address, the case may be referred to the society for investigation, but in a majority of instances the address will prove false. The tender heart may be consoled by dispensing these touchstone tickets instead of pennies and sixpences, assured that if the distress is real it will receive suitable relief.

Yet destitute and houseless strangers are sometimes to be found in the streets of London. They know not where to find the work-house, and they want intelligence to inquire for it. To aid such as these, nightly refuges have been established. Mr. Low mentions one in Old Broad Street, and another in Market Street, Paddington, which he calculates in one year afforded lodging to 70,000 persons, and rations to many more. But it must not be dissembled that this is a subject full of difficulty. The refuges are also the resort of the vicious and depraved, nor do we see how it is possible to prevent the mischief which their 'evil communications' are said sometimes to have caused.

The Mendicity Society also undertakes to investigate the cases (which, without such aid, would be so perplexing to the charitable) of the higher class of beggars, who write letters, or who pay personal visits, and, by the respectability of their appearance, often succeed in obtaining an interview. The begging visitor is generally so well 'got up' to play his part, with so close an observation of life and manners, that we might fancy he could write a good novel; and he displays a presence of mind and a power of acting which would make his fortune on the stage. He often presents the card (which he has taken from the last vestibule to which he

he was admitted) of some 'gentleman who has greatly befriended him,' or perhaps he ventures to say who has recommended him. Every variety of fiction has been tried. Men of science and clergymen in difficulties—Poles of illustrious rank—military men involved by the misconduct of a friend, present themselves in numbers, and the Report of the Society for the last year contains a caution against persons who represent themselves as the collectors of charitable institutions, and present charity lists with every appearance of authenticity.

The concoction of begging letters is the usual resource of those who have received a better education, and perhaps held a place in society which they have forfeited by misconduct. It is often continued as a profession by those who once adopted it as a resource in times of real distress. The ingenuity and talent displayed in this branch of business are really admirable. The following case, which is quoted in one of the Reports of the Society, is remarkable for its novelty. The writer always took care to speak the exact truth. Mrs. C—— B——, who represented herself as the last of a long descended line who had known better days, lived at Walworth in a large house, and at a considerable annual expense. She paid her tradesmen regularly, but on the strange condition that she should always be compelled to do so by a legal process. Thus, when the clergyman was commissioned to make inquiries, he found the sheriff's officers at the door. The landlord when applied to could truly affirm he was distraining for rent. The butcher and the baker when questioned could conscientiously assert they had sent executions into the house, and for years this ingenious system prospered. Even the references, especially when voluntarily offered, are often impostures. On one occasion a supposed clergyman excited suspicion by commencing his testimony with presenting his *complements*, and on referring the case to the Mendicity Society, it was discovered that the whole story was a fabrication. Advertisements in the newspapers, or circulars in behalf of cases of fictitious distress—appeals in favour of institutions which have no existence—projects for the relief of distressed needle-women, or any other object that attracts public sympathy at the time, 'putting forth statements as to their supporters, patrons, and patronesses, wholly unwarranted,'* are of the most frequent occurrence, and all inculcate the lesson which cannot be repeated too frequently, 'never to give without inquiry.'†

* Mendicity Report for 1854. Page 44.

† It is a proof of the union and concert which exist among this fraternity, that those who answer their appeals are constantly importuned by them, and those who steadily adopt a system of investigation and inquiry soon cease to be solicited at all.

The Mendicity Society keep a register of their discoveries, and preserve all letters and other documents that are referred to them, in order to facilitate their future researches, or, if possible, to secure the conviction of imposture. As several officers are engaged exclusively in these investigations, the Society require, to defray the necessary expenses, an additional subscription from those who wish to employ their services in this way. We had not intended, in giving this sketch of London charities, to say a word to bias the reader's decision in favour of any one, but we must be allowed to depart so far from our reserve, as to urge that no one who wishes to walk in the streets of London, with the entire right to disregard the importunities of its mendicant population, should refrain from contributing his mite to the Mendicity Society.

But those who would really be acquainted with the condition of the London poor, and especially those who aspire to legislate for their benefit, must occasionally, if not habitually, visit them in their own homes. A personal acquaintance with the dwellings and habits of the poor is necessary to give energy of purpose and distinctness of aim to our projects for their social improvement. As early as 1785, The Stranger's Friend Society* was founded for this purpose. But it was not till the approach of the cholera created the 'movement' in favour of sanitary reform, that a general visitation was carried into effect. On that occasion recesses were penetrated which had hitherto been considered inaccessible, and misery was brought to light which was not believed to exist. Here and there, among the victims of misfortune, and in the midst of the most squalid wretchedness, were found families who had known better days, and having been deterred by sickness, helplessness, pride, and despair, from applying to the parish, were actually perishing from want. At the present time there is organised in almost every parish in London a district visiting society. In 1843 was established the General Metropolitan Visitors' Association, the objects of which are to promote the formation of local societies where they do not previously exist, and to collect funds for the purpose of aiding the various parochial societies, when the local contributions are insufficient.

The parochial societies are under the direction of the minister of the parish, and the task of visiting is executed by such of their parishioners, of either sex, and of all classes, as he can induce to take a share in the duty. These societies endeavour to introduce all the machinery—including penny clubs, clothing clubs, and provident societies—which in rural neighbourhoods

* The objects of its benevolence were (as its name denotes) principally, but not exclusively, strangers to London.

has been found so effectual to improve the condition of the poor, and they supply the most powerful means that have yet been devised to revive the parochial system in London. By furnishing the clergy with the means of dispensing relief, they enable them to penetrate where, on no other condition, they could obtain access, and to soften prejudices which have hitherto proved insuperable. By uniting all in the common work of charity, they bring classes into communication who are apt to misunderstand each other, and they bring home the personal obligation of charity to the feelings of many who had hitherto considered it as the privilege or duty of the rich alone.

Above all, they are strongly impressed with the reformatory character which is distinctive of modern charity. Their object is to raise the moral not less than the physical condition of the poor, and to give a permanent character to temporary relief, by teaching the poor to help themselves. They offer aid at the critical moment when some impending calamity threatens to sink the sufferer to a depth whence no subsequent energy can raise him. In sickness they provide medical attendance or tickets for the hospitals, and when debt and want of work combine to compel the workman to part with what little remains unpledged of his worldly goods, that he may qualify himself for admission into the workhouse, they step in to save him from that last resource of his despair, whence he can issue only with character blemished, energies impaired, and destitution such as he never knew before. But the district-visitor is not the bearer of material relief alone. By the unwonted words of kindness he may often arm the sufferer with courage, and rouse him to exertion; he is ever on the watch to drop the seasonable word which may open to the mourner the highest sources of consolation, or point out to the fallen his true enemy, in idleness, drunkenness, or some besetting sin, which he must overcome before he can rise to comfort and respectability. But it must not be forgotten that superiority of station, and the consciousness of good will, do not confer a right to enter the poor man's dwelling to dictate and reprove. His confidence must be won before his feelings and his judgment can be influenced. To calculate that the expectation of relief will ensure his patience is deliberately to make him a hypocrite. The object is persuasion, and if the visitor neglects those means of persuasion which he would be quick enough to discover where his own interests were concerned, he shows how much less carefully he does his Master's work than his own. But on the other hand, firmness and sagacity are needed. Investigation and caution cannot be dispensed with. At first the poor are inclined to treat the visitor merely as a supernumerary relieving officer,

officer, and many will exert all their ingenuity to deceive him.* The visitor must not be too ready to trust to professions unsupported by proofs. The poor are quick at learning a religious jargon if they find it the road to pecuniary relief. The extreme of caution must be united to the extreme of kindness. But let not the charitably disposed be scared by the many high qualifications that are needed to visit the poor with complete effect. If we hesitate to perform every duty in which we cannot acquit ourselves to perfection, we shall stand idle in the marketplace till the sun is down. He who begins the task with a hearty good will, with real love for his neighbour, and with humility and patience to profit by his own mistakes, and the experience of others, cannot fail of success.†

It is said that books lose half their usefulness because they cannot, like letters, be sent sealed to their address. Mr. Dickens's character of a district visitor might be profitably studied by those engaged in the same work of charity. Mrs. Pardiggle (for that is the woman's portentous name), restlessly active, harsh, unsympathising, coldly methodical, valuing herself on the quantity of work done, indifferent to the effect produced, exhibits in her own person all the faults which, in their combination, it is to be hoped are found in none, but each and all of which the district visitor should most carefully avoid. So far this negative instruction is most useful. But to those who are anxious to find some pretext for taking no active part in works of charity, this frightful example suggests the very excuse which their own timidity had already suggested, and which their indolence is so ready to accept, namely, that their interference would do more harm than good. And yet (we cannot forbear urging), according to the gifted novelist's own showing, Mrs. Pardiggle on the only occasion on which we are introduced to her company performs a blessed day's work; she persuades his two amiable heroines to accompany her on her visits, and there, from their own personal experience, they learn how much of comfort a few kind words can impart to the wounded spirit. If after making this discovery they neglect to turn it to account, we submit that Mrs. Pardiggle's faulty performance is less culpable than their total neglect.

We have often wondered that from the metropolitan pulpits we hear so seldom the enforcement of these duties, and an ex-

* It is often desirable to give relief as much as may be in kind, in order to remove from the objects of charity the temptation to abuse it.

† When the system of district visiting is perfected, a certain amount of paid agency will be found expedient, but no paid agency can supply the place of the love that wins.

planation how they may be efficiently performed. Those who have not reflected by what infinitesimally small motives human actions are influenced, would scarcely believe how slight an amount of shyness and helplessness will paralyze the impulses of conscience for years, and how quickly they may be dispelled by a little practical information.

When the first difficulties are surmounted, the personal visitation of the poor will bring with it its own reward. Charity is not, as it is described in novels, a perpetual reciprocation of beneficence and gratitude. Like all else, it has its discouragements and disappointments, but in spite of many instances of fraud and imposture and incorrigible vice, the district visitor will find among his poor clients an amount of patient suffering, resignation, true delicacy, and forbearance which will amply repay him for all his sacrifices.

Nothing perhaps has so much contributed to drive away the opulent from the dwellings of the poor as the dread of their unwholesomeness and dirt—the very evils which render a personal inspection so necessary, and the correction of which lies at the root of all reformatory charity. It is useless to address the word of advice and instruction to those who are herding together, like animals in all but their innocence, in dens ill ventilated and undrained, where no decency, no self-respect, can be maintained, and where human beings must be utterly wretched if they are not utterly degraded.

Many of these over-peopled districts belong nominally to opulent proprietors, but the houses have been let on long leases, and are sublet, it often happens, to a series of middlemen in succession, the last of whom is some poor tenant, who hopes to make his own rent by becoming landlord and crowding yet more human beings into the overcrowded space. He is not always a cruel or hard man. He inflicts only what he has suffered and in some degree shares, and if a qualm of conscience seizes him, he overcomes it with the reflection that ‘a man must live.’ The result of all this is, that a poor family pays for one sordid room three or four times as much as would procure them a comfortable cottage in a rural district, and the aggregate of the rents of one crazy tenement equals the price of a moderate-sized house in an airy quarter of the town. (*Rookeries*, p. 150.) The correction of these evils is the necessary preliminary to all improvement. But let it not be supposed that it is a burden imposed on the charitable alone. It is indispensable to sanitary and social not less than to moral reform, and concerns the Epicurean who seeks only his own health and safety not less than the philanthropist who is animated by zeal for his neighbour’s welfare.

‘Mr.

‘Mr. Simon (says Mr. Roberts, p. 23), the able medical officer of the Corporation of London, estimates, that of the 52,000 deaths which occur annually in the city of London, one-half might have been averted by the use of means at our disposal; whilst the untold amount of acute suffering and lingering disease, caused by neglect, is beyond calculation.’

Nor are the effects of the moral malaria less detrimental. We are not now urging the danger, so often insisted on, of allowing this mass of corruption to ferment beneath the surface of society till, like some foul gas, it explodes and causes a disruption of the social system. Its lesser evils, the deterioration of the workman’s character, and the consequent hindrance of business and loss to trade, are so important that we cannot understand why the trading classes have not shown themselves more zealous in the work of reformation. But in truth, though we call on state policy and commercial forethought to lend their aid, charity is the only principle strong enough to animate so great an enterprise. There is much indeed that must be done by the legislature, but in a constitutional country the act of the legislature is only the expression and result of individual feeling, and much remains which the legislature is powerless to effect unless backed by individual energy.

The dwellings of the poor, considered with reference to their possible improvement, fall under three heads. To the first belong those crazy tenements so dilapidated and ill-contrived that no repair can make them tolerable; or those, still more unfit for human habitation, which the neighbourhood of some unhealthy manufactory or deadly nuisance has made attractive to poverty by lowering the rate of rent, or to crime by banishing the decent and orderly from the neighbourhood. The reader may, perhaps, have seen the house in West-street, built on the side of the Fleet ditch—during two centuries the notorious haunt of felons—for many went to see it previous to its demolition, when its mysteries (far surpassing those of Udolfo) were exposed to the public gaze, with all its sliding-panels, trap-doors, and endless devices for concealment or escape. (*Garwood*, p. 45.) But in London there are many more miserable dens than this. In ‘Jacob’s Island,’ surrounded and intersected by the tidal ditches of Bermondsey, and in the neighbourhood of glue-manufactories, are rows of houses built on piles. The little rickety bridges that span the ditches, and connect court with court, give it the appearance of the Venice of the Sewers. There is

‘Water, water everywhere,
But not a drop to drink,’

or rather, not a drop that ought to be drunk. ‘It was (says Mr. Mayhew)

Mayhew) the colour of green tea in the sun, and in the shade the motionless mass looked as solid as black marble.' But the wretched inhabitants had nothing else for all the purposes of life. To amend such districts as these the buildings must be swept away altogether; but to effect this the resources and the authority of the state are needed. The humane legislator, however, must beware how he proceeds in a complicated state of society, where if a mistake is committed the seeds of mischief spring up like a mushroom to their full dimensions in a single night. The evil is only aggravated unless more suitable dwellings for the poor are provided to supply the place of those which have been demolished. When the rookery of St. Giles's was levelled, it was hoped that the ejected population would be led by necessity to seek refuge in a healthier and less crowded quarter; but habit and convenience attached them to their old haunts. The neighbouring dens, overflowing before, were regorged with a still denser crowd, and the sufferings of the poor were augmented.

In the second class we must place those dwellings which, with proper care and attention, may be made respectable and decent. We cannot, for rich or poor, turn East London into Richmond; but Mr. Becket Denison has shown how at a very small expense three or four houses in a very crowded district may be turned into healthy habitations; so that when the cholera ravaged the neighbourhood, not one case of it occurred in his model lodging-houses. (*Meliora*, i. p. 192.) In early times the quarters destined for the labouring class were much cramped and confined by silly attempts on the part of James I. and his successors to restrict the growth of London; and in all times greedy speculation has run up houses for the poor of the cheapest construction, without any adequate provision for drainage, sewage, or even a supply of water. Parliament has passed bills to enforce the necessary improvements; but the landlords, unable or unwilling to comply with the law, do their utmost to evade it; and tenants, ignorant of their rights and unable to enforce them, compete as eagerly as ever for the unwholesome tenements.

The third and best class comprises the dwellings which, though scarcely less sordid in their present appearance, are unobjectionable in their situation and construction. They were once the abodes of opulence; their marble chimney-pieces and rich mouldings contrast strangely with the misery around them, and prove to the legislator how easily even a palace might be turned into a 'rookery,'* and how little he will effect by erecting superior houses for the poor, unless precautions are taken that they are

* As a wing of the Tuileries actually was in 1848.

inhabited with due regard to health and decency. And in this lies the main difficulty. The poor will not live in 'an institution.' The great problem is to ascertain how far the necessary sanitary and moral regulations can be enforced without infringing on that freedom of action which is indispensable to man's happiness and virtue.

The Metropolitan Sanitary Society and the Labourer's Friend Society, both supported by voluntary subscriptions, are said to have done much towards improving the dwellings of the poor, and in removing nuisances prejudicial to health. Local associations for similar purposes have also been formed. We quote the following sentence from the Report of the Society of St. George's Parish as a proof of the sound views entertained by its founders :—

'Care has been taken that the independence of the labourer shall not be compromised by leading him to look to this as a charitable institution merely ; nor, it is believed, are the interests of honest lodging-house-keepers injuriously affected by it.'

The Metropolitan Association for the Improvement of the Dwellings of the Labouring Classes is rather a mercantile speculation than a charitable institution, and we rejoice to hear it has been successful.* Though charitable contributions may be necessary to surmount the difficulties of overturning a long-established abuse, we must look forward to the time when, without any such aid, the labourer will be able for a fair price to command a decent habitation : it would be most unsatisfactory that he should permanently depend for his lodging on public or private charity.†

Closely connected with the improvement of dwellings is the establishment of Baths and Washhouses. Dives, whose clothes are washed he asks not how, can scarcely picture to himself the discomfort and ill health which are caused in the single room which serves a poor family for all purposes, by the slop of the washing-tubs and by the vapour of the steaming rags when they are hung up to dry in its stifling atmosphere. Moreover, when we consider the sense of self-respect which is gained by those who for the first time learn the luxury of personal cleanliness, we are inclined to consider this institution quite as important an engine of moral as of sanitary reform. It is wholesome to remember with what ridicule the proposal to erect these establishments was received, and yet

* See 'Rookeries of London,' p. 152, where other instances of remunerative model lodging-houses are given.

† An act has been passed in the last session to facilitate the formation of companies for the purpose of building houses for the working classes.

so well are they adapted to the wants of the poor that their success was immediate. They are now self-supporting, and though they were conceived in the purest spirit of charity, they can no longer be ranked among charitable institutions.

We cannot do more than allude to the various institutions which have been established to aid industry, to encourage thrift, and to lighten the pressure of adversity (*Low*, chap. viii.); but we must mention the societies for the payment of small debts and for the loan of small sums; because it is the opinion of persons most conversant with the subject that much in this way remains to be done, and that it would be desirable to establish 'Monts de Piété,' such as are to be found on the continent of Europe, for the purpose of advancing money on pledges at a reasonable rate.

The moral evils which beyond all others depress the condition of the poor are intemperance and improvidence, and to correct these considerable exertions have been made. Provident Societies we have already treated at some length in a recent article, and the 'Temperance Movement' is too important to be discussed incidentally; but we will not omit this opportunity of expressing our conviction that the reformation of the intemperate habits of the populace is the most important subject which can occupy the statesman or philanthropist. Intemperance, once the besetting sin of the country, is still the great temptation of the labouring classes. It is calculated that a sum equal to the whole national revenue is annually spent in fermented liquors.* The houses which sell them in London exceed in number the aggregate of the shops for the sale of all other provisions. The governors and chaplains of gaols tell us that the cause of nearly half the crime which fills their wards is intemperance (*Kingsmill*, p. 72). We cannot agree with the men of Maine that to prevent the abuse of fermented liquors the government is justified in forbidding their use; and still less can we grant to the platform orators of the 'Temperance Movement' that Christian love and the precepts of the Gospel point to the same prohibition. Yet something we may hope could be done by the legislature to check an evil which blunders in legislation have done so much to encourage. Mr. Thomson assures us that Scotland has been demoralised by the reduction of the duty on spirits which took place in 1825 (p. 25); and on this side the Tweed every country magistrate and clergyman will tell us that the 'free trade in beer,' which was advocated with so much

* Vide Social Evils, p. 13.

talent,* and carried through Parliament with such benevolent intentions, has proved a curse to our rural population.

In the present state of things the poor man is beset with snares which are carelessly left in his way by those who should protect him, or are artfully set for him by those whose interest it is to entrap him; and so ruthlessly are the arts of seduction practised, that, as has now been proved before a committee of the legislature, it is a common trick at the ale-houses to drug his liquor with salt in order to create an unquenchable and ever-increasing thirst.†

To promote habits of temperance, kind and charitable employers may do much by their advice and influence, and still more by the modification of such social and commercial arrangements ‡ as most powerfully expose their dependants to temptation. But the Temperance Society rightly maintain that absolute safety is to be found only in abstinence. Their object is to induce men voluntarily to give up the use of fermented liquors altogether, and as far as they have effected this—though we will not deny that a great deal of nonsense has been talked, and perhaps an inordinate quantity of tea has been drunk, at their meetings—they have done unmixed good. We would gladly co-operate with them as long as they confine their efforts to voluntary conversion, and do not attempt to insure the virtue of a part of the community by sacrificing the free agency of the whole.

Rapidly as charity has extended its field of late years, it long paused before it embraced the criminal part of the population. But it can pause no longer. We will not stop to correct the vague notions expressed by some of the works before us, which unphilosophically confound human justice with retribution, nor dispute with them the ‘claims’ possessed by the felon § on the community whose laws he has out-

* Among others by Sydney Smith. ‘That measure [the Beer Bill] had for its object the drawing people off from public houses by affording them the means of purchasing a wholesome beverage to be consumed at home at their meals; but the effect was that a lower style of drinking place was opened in every quarter; and, by a trifle more tax and house-rent, the beer might be drunk on the premises; thus the temptation of an inferior public-house was brought to every man’s door.’ —*Kingsmill*, p. 69.

† See the evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons on the adulterations of food.

‡ Workmen are generally paid at alehouses or gin-palaces—the agent or pay-clerk often keeps a public-house himself—this should never be permitted.

§ One humane writer gives it as his opinion that the convict has a right to expect that the state should maintain and educate his children. In this case many an honest man might think it his duty (especially if he was given to reading French and German novels) to provide for his offspring by some well-intentioned felony,

raged. To attempt his reformation is the interest of society, or rather it is the necessity which its previous measures with respect to him have imposed. In the olden time the laws were written in blood. Their severity did not repress crime, but it relieved society of the criminal. The number of persons annually executed for felony previously to the Revolution is, when compared with the population, scarcely credible. In more humane times transportation was chiefly employed to get rid of the felon whom minor punishments had failed to coerce. But now that humanity has condemned one of these resources, and circumstances have greatly abridged the other, society, like a manufactory chimney under the new Act, is obliged to consume its own soot.

Of the attempts made by Government to carry on the work of reformation in its gaols, we will say no more than to bespeak for them the sympathy of the humane and enlightened. The efforts made by some remarkable individuals to Christianize our gaols and their inhabitants are too few in number and too exceptional in character to belong to our present subject, and moreover such exertions must hereafter be superseded by the improvement which is daily made in the management of places of confinement. The preventive charity with which we now have to deal selects for its objects those who, though they belong to the criminal population, are at large, and those who, as yet unstained by crime, are fearfully exposed to its seductions. We naturally first turn our regards to the young. As early as in 1788 the Philanthropic Society was formed for the purpose of educating the children of convicted felons; but nothing till lately has been done for those whose chief crime is poverty. Besides the children who run wild in the streets because their parents are too poor to educate them and too busy or too careless to attend to them, London swarms with a Lilliputian pauper population, who have no friends to protect them, no principles to guide and no education to enlighten them. For the most part they have lost their parents by death or desertion; some have fled from their cruelty, some from their just anger. Their only refuge is the street or the 'lodging-house,' where, among scenes too revolting to be described, they are initiated by professed thieves into the arts of crime.* Everything in London is gigantic. The destitute children are said to exceed 20,000; those who are unowned, the 'children of the streets,' are rated in a parliamentary return at upwards of 1000. These unhappy little wretches live chiefly or solely by depredation.

* One man assures us that he himself has trained upwards of 500 in the art of picking pockets.—(*Garwood*, p. 16.)

That no punishment can deter them is plain to our reason, and is confirmed by constant experience. When the outcast is dismissed from gaol (let us suppose with the most favourable dispositions—humbled, contrite, anxious to reform), whither can he turn? who will receive him? He has no shelter but his old haunts, no friends but his old confederates, no resource but his former depreciations. He was a bold man who first conceived the idea of opening a school for the reception of these castaways; and if he had been governed by the dictates of worldly prudence and been wise only in the wisdom of the world, he would at once have dismissed it as visionary, and yet at the present time Ragged schools (we wish the name of '*free school*' had originally been adopted in preference) have been so successful, and have attained so much credit, that the honour of their invention is disputed by rival claimants.

There is some trace of schools of similar character in the last century. But it seems made out that in modern times the first ragged school was established by Walker, an agent of the City mission, in an old stable in Westminster, and in the following year another missionary, in spite of the threats and imprecations of the rabble, succeeded in opening a similar school in the Field-lane district; * but it was not till 1844 that system and concert were given to such efforts by the establishment of the society which calls itself the '*Ragged School Union*.' Since then so great has been the progress made, that the simple idea of a Sunday school has been developed into day and evening schools, refuges, industrial and feeding schools, besides adult classes, clothing clubs, ragged churches, and various other charitable devices for raising the character and improving the condition of the poor. The number of schools, according to the last Report of the society, has reached 306, and they impart instruction to upwards of 18,000 scholars. The teachers at first were all voluntary (a feature of the system which is considered by those best qualified to judge as essential to its success); but it has since been found expedient to add a certain proportion of salaried masters. Of the latter the society employ 320. The former amount to 1857—a very large number, when it is remembered that they belong to the busy classes of society, and that they sacrifice to their self-imposed task, not a few hours out of a day of leisure, but the whole time left to them by their daily toil for relaxation or self-instruction.

Those who have known only the children of affluence, and have

* We must refer the reader to Mr. Garwood's interesting account, which we have not space to quote.

remarked the aversion to labour and control which, in spite of all the favourable influences with which they are surrounded, is natural to their age, would despair of inducing the children of poverty, vicious and insubordinate, to endure the restraints of school and the irksomeness of application. But the difference of external circumstances explains the marvel. These outcasts have no occupation, no home—or perhaps a home that is a hell upon earth—they live in terror of a father who maltreats them, or a step-mother who never speaks but to abuse. The school offers shelter, warmth, and occupation, and beyond all, it employs an agency, the potency of which is the great discovery of modern days—the magic of kindness. The charm does not indeed act on all, nor at once, nor are its effects always permanent; but that it does so much, under circumstances so discouraging, is truly wonderful. How little did Fielding, who has laid bare every vileness of the human heart, suspect that such a chord had escaped his research, and that there are few in whom, when rightly touched, it has forgotten to vibrate! The first feeling of the outcast, on hearing the unwonted accents of kindness, is distrust or incredulity. Some attempt, he thinks, is made to jeer or to entrap him; but when convinced of the reality of what he hears, his stubbornness is melted. Perhaps, too, some early association lends its aid. The memory of a mother, long since released from her sorrows—of some infant brother or sister, a fellow victim once loved and now lost in death, or, worse still, in the vortex of London life—rises to his mind and fills his eye with tears. The feelings which nature has implanted in all, but which the severity of his lot has chilled, spring up like vegetation in a northern climate when returning spring has unlocked the frost-bound earth.

It was well that when the pioneers of charitable reform first began their task, their means were so slender. Had their wealth equalled their benevolence, it is probable they would have raised a handsome building and have selected a certain number of poor children to be boarded, lodged, and taught. Had they done so they would have done well, but they would have done little to reform the lower classes of London. Necessity imposed upon them the course which experience has proved the wisest, and enforced that gradual development of their scheme which, in the moral as well as the physical world, seems a necessary condition of vitality. To insulate the objects of their care was impracticable: all that could be attempted was to bring as many as possible within the reach of kindly influences; the only qualification required was, that they should not have parents rich enough to pay for their education—the only preparation that they should wash their

faces and hands. The teaching comprises the elementary truths of religion, combined with the simplest secular instruction; but in fact the chief endeavour is rather to form habits of mind than to impart information. The aristocracy of a ragged school (for go where he will, the lover of equality will be confounded by finding an aristocracy) consists of those whose parents can feed and clothe, though they cannot educate them. Great efforts were made to allure the penniless outcast; but it was clear that if he depended for his bread on mendicancy or robbery, his attendance on school could not be very regular nor very profitable. For such, where the funds of the charity allowed it, or in some instances out of their own slender means, the teachers hired a lodging. It offered indeed nothing better than dry boards to lie on; but this was luxury to the destitute urchin whose last resting-place had been a dry arch or a dust-cart. In not a few instances a subscription of crusts, spared from their own scanty meals, was collected by the pupils to feed their starving school-fellows. We are assured that this was their own unprompted, spontaneous effort, and if so, we cannot conceive a greater rise in the social scale than when the poor outcast, who had hitherto considered himself below the duties of society, learns to feel the dignity of self-denial and the luxury of benevolence. Thus far is certain, that neither in this nor in any other good disposition could the scholars be allured by the hope of reward. It was one of the advantages which the society derived from the humility of its first beginnings that all temptation to hypocrisy was cut off, and that a closer sympathy was established between the teachers and the pupils than generally exists between the poor man and his wealthy benefactor, whom he will deceive if he can, and often hates for what he withholds rather than loves for what he bestows. The teachers did their utmost, and the scholars knew it. Had the insulation which at first seemed so desirable been carried into effect, the results would have been less favourable. Separation from all contagion will not undo the evil contagion has done ('cælum non animum mutant'); and imagination, combining with the perversity of human nature, might have given to the past (in spite of all its misery) the charm of distance and the flavour of forbidden fruit. Moreover one of the most important results, the impression produced on the parents, would have been lost. We have the most gratifying evidence before us of the improvement effected in their habits by the love of order and cleanliness brought back by the children to their homes. In many instances the curiosity and interest excited by the pupils' progress has stimulated them to attend the adult classes, and in the evening crowds flock to the

the

the school-room to attend the ministrations of the Scripture reader.

Many parents there are undoubtedly so vicious and depraved that complete separation from them is the only chance for their hapless offspring, and many children are so utterly destitute as to be without the means of procuring food or shelter. To meet these cases it has become necessary, as the scheme of reformation developed itself, to establish 'refuges,' where the pupils are lodged, and industrial feeding-schools, where they are taught a trade, and work in return for food: the latter are in part self-supporting.* The returns from all these schools of the pupils established in respectable places, or provided for by emigration, are highly satisfactory. Of the many schemes devised to obtain employment for the pupils of the ragged schools, the best known and the most successful is the Shoeblack Society.† The public eye is now familiar with the little shoeblacks, distinguished by their picturesque red tunics, who first made their appearance at their respective stations in the year 1851. The approaching Exhibition suggested to the watchful invention of charity that our French visitors might be glad to find in our streets the same facilities to which they were accustomed in their own capital for getting rid of the outward marks of a dirty walk. The charitable speculation was entirely successful in all respects. The rules of the institution are admirably adapted to continue the education of the pupils, to maintain order, and to reward merit. It is not only self-supporting, but a portion of each boy's earnings are weekly paid into the Savings Bank to assist his future outfit. Two other societies—the East London and the South London, whose pupils are distinguished by their blue and yellow tunics respectively—have been formed on similar principles. Further efforts have been made to procure work for poor children by the invention of new trades; such, for instance, as parcel-carriers; 'steppers,' to wash the door-steps; and 'broomers,' to sweep the fronts of shops. But we suspect that much more will presently be effected in this way; and that by carefully watching the public need, an honest livelihood may be found for many whose only present occupation is to steal or beg.

The ragged schools naturally gave rise to reformatory institutions, not only for children but for adults. The public has long been familiar with the idea of penitential refuges for unhappy

* As a specimen, we would earnestly recommend our readers to visit the Gr^o Passage School. It is no remote pilgrimage we are urging: the premises of the school lie between Manchester-square and the New Road.

† See the interesting account and the rules and regulations of the society (Hall's 'Ragged Schools,' p. 71).

women, whom nothing but the impossibility of escape compels to a life of sin. Mr. Low mentions ten such institutions, and others we have heard have since been established. But never till lately was it supposed possible to induce a male ruffian to co-operate voluntarily in his own reformation. Yet in truth the life of a felon is a sad one. Endless vicissitudes in time become monotonous. The alternations of riot, starvation, crime, and punishment weary him at last. It is not true that there is honour among thieves ; but there is much bullying and tyranny.* Conscience, though powerless to guide, survives to wound ; and a sense of degradation oppresses the outlaw to a degree which those who judge from external appearances only could hardly believe. 'Too late' is the opiate of despair with which he strives to deaden his remorse ; but show him a gleam of hope—remove the chain of necessity with which he believes himself bound, and it will often happen that the villain, who most seems to glory in his obduracy, will be rejoiced to escape. At the reformatory institution in Smith-street, Westminster, as a proof of the applicant's sincerity, it is required that he should submit to a fortnight's probationary seclusion—(it cannot be called confinement, for at any moment he may lift up the latch and be gone)—on a diet of bread and water ; and few are found to fail in the trial. *It is a striking fact, that Levi Harwood, —notorious as the perpetrator of the Frimley murder†—a coarse ruffian in manner and appearance, who might have been supposed but little susceptible of the refined torments of conscience—repeatedly applied for admission in the summer preceding his crime. He was refused, because it was impossible at that time to receive one additional inmate. Foiled in his last hope he rejoined his comrades ; in the execution of a burglary he committed a brutal murder, and paid the forfeit of his life at the ensuing assizes. The discipline of the institution is most strictly maintained by the inmates themselves ; not one improper word, not an allusion to former practices, is permitted. The only penalty which can be enforced is expulsion ; but so much is this dreaded, that in order to avoid it, those who have offended against any of the regulations, voluntarily submit to the minor punishments—such, for instance, as the stoppage of rations—which the governor may think fit to impose. The inmates of the institution receive religious and secular instruction, as well as industrial training, and, at the end of a year of probation, places are procured for them in England ; or if the necessary funds can be raised, they are assisted to emigrate.

* 'Juvenile Delinquents,' by Miss Carpenter, p. 58.

† The reader may remember that he shot Mr. Hollest, a clergyman, in his bedroom.

The difficulty of finding funds to meet the expenses of emigration, and still more of suitable buildings, is the great obstacle which retards the progress of reformatory education both of children and adults. It is true that the buildings required are of the plainest and cheapest class. All the authors best acquainted with the subject deprecate the least indulgence in the present taste for architectural extravagance. The schools should be situated in the centre of the population they are intended to benefit, and should resemble their homes in everything but filth and dilapidation. But however humble their construction may be, the cost of sites, of labour and materials, far exceeds the means of their benevolent patrons. What is to be done? How far have institutions of this kind a claim on the nation for assistance? How far can they safely invoke the aid of this gigantic ally? Now, in answer to the first question, we must observe that if they attain their end (and on this point we invite all possible inquiry), they are the chief instruments of that social reform which is imposed on us as a national necessity. They have already saved much money, and promise to save still more, to that callous abstraction the ratepayer. Mr. Thomson calculates that the pupil of an industrial feeding school may be maintained at the expense of 4*l*.* per annum, whereas his cost in the workhouse would be 12*l*. But if, instead of remaining an innocent and inert burden on the charity of the community, he betakes himself to the resources of theft, the economy of reforming and educating him is much more apparent. According to the most moderate of the calculations before us, we are understating the matter when we say that the value of his annual depredations would maintain him in luxury at Eton; and the expense of his various trials, imprisonments, and final punishment, would fit him out handsomely for a cadetship in India. We must protest against the often repeated but unreasonable objection, that in bringing forward these calculations we are holding out low and unworthy motives to charity: most assuredly it was no motive of economy that actuated the promoters of these charitable efforts. When we prove that our duty coincides with our interest, we are rather illustrating the beauty and mercifulness of God's moral government than lowering the standard of moral obligation. The plans of the philan-

* Other authors place it for this country at 6*l*. 10*s*. Mr. Thomson tells us that the artisans of Aberdeen subscribed 250*l*., a very large sum compared with their means, to Mr. Sheriff Watson's industrial schools, not as a matter of charity, but professedly as a calculation of interest. How strange that the commercial and trading classes of London should be left so far behind by the enlightened mechanics of Aberdeen!

thropist are usually condemned as visionary: may we not show that they are not only practicable, but such as would approve themselves to the coldest calculator? In recommending them to the Government, can we do better than demonstrate that, even as a matter of finance, they merit its consideration?

But while it would be an easy matter to prove that a work of universal utility, or, it may be said, of necessity, should not be left as a self-imposed burden to be borne by the willing horse alone (even if he were able to bear it), it cannot be dissembled that the subject is beset with great practical difficulties. A labour of love cannot be performed by authority alone, and individual zeal would be ill supplied by official routine. Nor would it be possible for any government, in the present distracted state of the legislature, to frame a measure to obtain the concurrence of all parties, and allay the jealousy which is excited by all educational questions. The only solution of the difficulty in this and similar cases seems to be that Government should make grants in aid of private charity, and in return should claim no further authority, and acquire no further right, than that which belongs to all subscribers—the right of inspection and inquiry. By legislation Parliament has already taken an important step. The Act of 1854 enables the magistrate to commit juvenile offenders to reformatory places of education, and compels the parents, the real culprits, to pay* for their education. This did not satisfy many. But we are inclined to think it safest to proceed tentatively and cautiously in a new track, and are quite content that a commencement has been made.

What is usually meant by education, however, forms but a part of the vast missionary scheme which opens on the philanthropist as he penetrates deeper into the interior of London life. Of the two millions which fill the metropolis and its suburbs only a comparatively small portion attend any regular place of worship. Vast numbers who are decent and orderly in their conduct, and who profess (and perhaps feel) respect for sacred things, pay not the slightest regard to religion and its ordinances. And, again, besides the thousands who openly defy the laws of God and man, there is a prodigious multitude living in infidelity, practical or professed, and uniting the ignorance of savage life to the vices of civilization. To carry the Gospel-message to these worse than heathens, a great variety of societies for the distribution of religious tracts and of bibles,† and more especially the City Mission, were organized. Its agents boldly

* This part of the act has been found, as might be expected, wholly inoperative.

† See Mr. Low's xvth and xviii chapters. Some operations of the missionary societies of London would form the subject of a long and interesting paper.

entered these dens of infamy, which the police, except in force, dare not approach; they fearlessly addressed the drunkard and blasphemer, and brought the message of salvation to those whose ears seemed closed to all but evil; they nursed the sick of cholera, and availed themselves of the terrors of this scourge to awaken the hardened and ignorant to a sense of their responsibility and their danger. 'It is not the office of the missionary ('Sorrow of the Streets,' p. 149) to *preach* the Gospel nor to stand on the rounds of a ladder in Rag Fair to address the multitude; he is the bearer of the Gospel message from house to house and ear to ear in the streets.' He enters the 'night-house'* where crowds are gathered—he addresses the loiterers in the highways to distribute tracts and to sow the good seed. It would surprise those who, in the ordinary routine of civilised life, see the Gospel explained and enforced week after week to the decent and orderly with such small effect, could they be told how often under circumstances apparently so unfavourable, a slight word, a single remonstrance, will soften the hardened heart, and alarm braggart guilt. There is no doubt of the amount of good which has been performed by this institution; but there are difficulties respecting it, which we shall content ourselves with simply stating, but shall not discuss. It is objected by many that the City Mission acts in concert with dissenters; but it is answered, on the other hand, that its teaching is quite elementary; that its agents have express directions not to enter into any controverted subjects; and it is competent for any subscribing churchman to stipulate that his donation shall be appropriated to missionaries of his own persuasion. That the mission is an invasion of the parochial system is a still more formidable objection, but its force is much diminished on a nearer and more practical view of the subject. The objects of the mission's *visitation* are indeed geographically included in some London parish, but they are as much beyond the reach of the incumbent as if they were kidnapping and selling each other in Central Africa. Hardened as they are against all good, their special prejudices are directed against his sacred character and calling; and he, on his part, has not a moment to bestow on the apparently impossible task of their conversion. No man would choose that his neighbours should enter his house at discretion, however benevolent were their intentions; but no one, to maintain the principle of ownership, would object to their rushing in with buckets of water if the building were on fire. The question practically is one of fact. Does this analogy hold? Do the circumstances of the case warrant the departure from a principle which

* A nocturnal coffee-house, where a seat and shelter are obtained for the three halfpence which is the price of the cup of coffee.

all churchmen acknowledge? Is the state of the metropolitan parishes in the first place so full of evil and peril as to justify an interruption of the parochial system? and in the next has the conduct of the City Mission merited that the exception to the general law should be made in their favour? We infer, from the Bishop of London's speech on Lord Shaftesbury's motion on the 6th of July, that the opinion of the London clergy is, on the whole, inclined to the affirmative; on that occasion

'The Bishop of London admitted that it was perfectly true that when the London Mission Society was first established he objected to the principle of obtruding men on parishes without the consent of the incumbents, but, having since learned that the members of that society had acquired the favourable opinion of many clergymen, he had abstained from any expression of hostility towards them.'—(*Times Newspaper*, July 7.)

The Scripture Readers' Association is liable to no such objection. It is under the patronage and direction both of Diocesan and Metropolitan. The Scripture Readers act under the direction of the incumbent. They are laymen, duly educated, examined, and appointed by the competent authorities to seek out the sick, the needy, and the profligate, and to bring religion to the homes and hearts of those who want the power or the will to go to church to seek it. Many good churchmen have expressed a regret that the Scripture Readers are not in Deacon's orders. We cannot now discuss this objection; we advert to it only to remind those well-meaning persons that in the whole scheme of reformatory charity the question is not what is absolutely and abstractedly the most desirable, but what, under the many existing difficulties, is possible. We entreat them to bear in mind that no more subtle or effectual means of defeating improvement can be devised than to abstain from co-operating to produce attainable good, because some unattainable 'better' can be pointed out.* Moreover we are inclined to believe that whatever additions it might be possible to make to the London clergy (and no doubt considerable additions are much wanted), the Scripture Readers would be found most valuable as auxiliaries and pioneers. Their lay character procures them a hearing from numbers whose prejudices have closed their ears against the ordained minister of God's word.†

The mission of the Scripture reader, we have said, is more especially directed to those who, by their poverty or by their occupations, are kept away from places of public worship.

* The reader will call to mind Sheridan's method of defeating reform in Parliament by voting against all bills that 'did not go far enough.'

† Mr. Garwood mentions the instance of a missionary who at first endeavoured to make his costume as clerical as possible, but found it necessary from experience to put on a black neckcloth, in order to assert his lay character.

Many of the best of the London poor, those who in their youth were not left untaught, and whose lives are not contrary to God's commands, in time lose the habit, and with the habit the desire, of attending divine service. The church accommodation is small; they know not where to seek it. They are detained at home by their family cares, by fatigue, by indolence, and by shame. There are large classes to whom the day of rest brings no remission of labour; and Mr. Garwood tells us, that in consequence they are oppressed by a deep sense of degradation, as though society had condemned them to be its Pariahs, and are irritated by a resentment which we imagine is caused not so much by the neglect of their spiritual interests, as by the cruelty which condemns them to ceaseless toil. It is chiefly to relieve these cases of hardship that the Legislature has desired to interfere to protect the observance of Sunday. But legislation for the most part has failed in the object intended, it has often caused much unforeseen hardship and inconvenience, and has raised much angry opposition. It is probable that more than the Legislature could accomplish might be effected by an improved state of public opinion, and the spread of kind and charitable feelings among the class of employers. To give by law a complete holiday to all the drivers of public conveyances on Sunday would be to pass a sentence of imprisonment on a large portion of the public. But much might be done to mitigate the hardships of their lot by the consent of their employers to the engagement of substitutes, and to such a division of labour as might allow them the half of every day of rest.*

But in truth the evil extends to classes far beyond the reach of the Scripture reader. The voluntary system by which the greater part of London is supplied with church accommodation does not work well: the skilled artisan, the petty tradesman,† is by no means disposed to pay a part of his earnings for pew rent; and when he grows richer, he is in no hurry to procure that with which he has learnt to dispense so long. He looks to Sunday as nothing more than the day which is to procure for him all the recreations which his purse affords, to indemnify him for the toils and privations of the week. The first step towards improvement undoubtedly is to provide him with gratuitous church accommodation; and here the Legislature is powerless. A proposal to Parliament to build and endow churches sufficient to receive the population of the metropolis would be received

* We learn from Mr. Garwood's work that much hardness of feeling exists on this subject in the owners of cabs, omnibuses, &c.

† The Park, during the whole morning service, is filled with loungers who are come to breathe the fresh air, and bask in the sun or rest in the shade whilst their wives are engaged in the domestic drudgery of cooking and cleaning at home.

with a shout of derision.* But individual charity may accomplish what Government dares not propose. To supply the very poor with the means of religious worship, no way would be so effectual as to license the Ragged school-houses, and by the aid of private subscriptions and of charitable societies to enable the incumbents of the various parishes to keep additional curates to officiate in them. To the poor such places of worship alone are attractive. They will not go to meet those whose smartness flouts their rags; and we are moreover assured that they are repelled by handsome architecture, and by the very decorations which many, who mistake their own artificial associations for the common instincts of humanity, maintain to be indispensable to fervent devotion.

For the reception of the middle classes, the ordinary London chapels might, by the exertion of a little benevolent contrivance, be rendered available to a considerable extent. An additional pew rent, or a voluntary subscription, might raise enough for the salary of an additional curate, and the church might be opened for an early service. But it must not be too early; those who rise betimes to work hard in the week will not give up the Sunday morning's rest which habit has made necessary to them; nor must it be too long; the morning service alternating with the communion service, and followed by a sermon, would be sufficient for those whose taste for religious exercises is so recently and so feebly excited. We merely indicate the plan, and have no space to bestow on the details; but the practical objections which we have heard raised against it appear to us slight, and such as a little ingenuity and hearty good will might easily remove. It is not meant that these expedients would supply all the deficient church accommodation, but they would be more than sufficient to supply any demand that could be immediately created; and it may safely be prophesied, that when the church room which they afford is filled by attentive and regular worshippers, there will be little difficulty in providing for the further accommodation that will then be required.

But as we advance in social reformation we find a great obstacle

* This certainly does not seem the moment to apply to Government on such a subject. Lord Palmerston, to the surprise and dismay of all who are interested in Church matters, has stopped the issue of the usual Queen's letter in behalf of Church purposes. We are told there are 'differences in the cabinet' on the subject. What the objections of right honourable dissentients may be it is important to ascertain. No Protestant dissenter could object to contributions levied exclusively (not only on churchmen but) on church goers, and which are perfectly voluntary. Members of the Church of Rome of course would desire to starve the Church of England: and those who consider all religion as superstition would be glad to starve any church. But who else can object to so reasonable a mode of supplying the church with the funds she needs for the purpose of education and of missions?

to our further progress in the low standard of morality which has gradually been adopted by the middle classes of London. Mr. Wilberforce was roused to write his well-known work for the reformation of the upper classes, not so much by the low practice of those around him, as by their low standard of morality which had gradually sunk to the level of ordinary practice. We now need a voice as eloquent and a zeal as strong to preach to the trading classes (*exoriare aliquis!*). The haste to be rich, and competition, eager, watchful, incessant competition, have introduced every species of sharp practice, and at last of downright fraud. In a recent article we exposed the adulterations of food. The impositions in other trades are not less flagrant. The league between tradesmen and the servants (even of very small establishments) leads to all sorts of cheating and deceit. Every man sees the dishonesty of his neighbour's trade, but he defends similar malpractices in his own on the plea of necessity. The effect on all the parties concerned is most injurious, and far more important than any detriment society receives from their fraudulent dealings. The man who lives in the systematic and premeditated violation of the eighth commandment (however trifling he may persuade himself that violation is) must daily become more inattentive and indifferent to religion and its ordinances. His example is all powerful on his dependents for evil; for good it is utterly powerless, or worse. The shopman who has been employed in mixing pepper-dust, or in converting three barrels of beer into four on Saturday night, is only revolted by the injunction to go to church on the Sunday morning.* In many cases the warehouse is a school of fraud. We are assured that in certain retail shops frequented chiefly by the poor, the 'young men' are encouraged to cheat their customers as far as they can; and in one large haberdasher's establishment in the Borough,† Mr. Kingsmill tells us, the shopmen have no salary except what they can make by this kind of imposition. We are not surprised to hear further that this establishment furnishes a regular supply of recruits to the gaols and penitentiaries. Moreover, the days are gone when the great trader exercised a wholesome control over the behaviour of his dependents. We sigh for the good old times when we see in Hogarth's print the industrious apprentice sharing his hymn-book with his master's daughter in the family pew. In these days of luxury the owner of the establishment goes on Saturday night to his suburban villa, and the numerous young people of both sexes dependent

* Many convicts have attributed their irreligion to their disgust at the difference between the professions and the practice of their masters.

† Chapters on Prisons and Prisoners, p. 256. This suicidal policy seems incredible.

on him are dismissed till Monday morning, with uncontrolled power to choose between the good to which there is none to invite them, and the evil which besets them in every form of temptation.

The correction of the ills which we are now denouncing is far beyond the reach of charity, except in that extended sense of the word in which it includes every exertion which has the love of man for its motive, and the improvement of his condition for its object. Nor can it be effected by religious societies or institutions. We appeal to all that is elevated and good in the trading and mercantile classes to raise the standard of public opinion, and to leaven the mass with the life-giving energy of its own high principles. Noble examples indeed have been set by individuals, and even by companies, and noble exertions have been made to instruct, to elevate, and to christianise the persons in their employment. Their success has been complete; they have attained to the full their benevolent object, and they have proved to the mere speculator that money cannot be better laid out than in improving the character of the workman.* But we must deny ourselves the pleasure of dwelling on the details; our object is merely to present to the careless visitor or inhabitant of London a general view of the battlefield of life—on the one hand the stronghold of evil, on the other the forces which have been organised to oppose it—all needing reinforcements, and all soliciting his aid. In so general a survey of so wide a field the omissions must be numerous, and we have consciously passed over subjects of great interest with the briefest notices. If we have given any one object more than its relative importance by dwelling on it too long, we had no intention to solicit for it an undue portion of the reader's attention. In selecting the special objects of his benevolence each man will do best to consult his own feelings and sympathies. It is in the infinite variety of such feelings and sympathies that each form of charity finds its due support.

The first, and probably to most of our readers, the easiest step is to give money. Even the best supported institutions need further funds. It cannot be necessary to refute the unscriptural fallacy which would assign geographical limits to charity. Indeed *here* it can hardly be urged; the whole country is interested in the welfare of the capital, which as the centre of our system affects the condition of all its component parts; and what plea has the man who possesses a house in London, or even who hires an apartment, for remaining a stranger to its need and to its

* What has been done by the Company which bears the name of Price's Candle Manufactory is well known to the public.

misery? If the want of a fixed residence is admitted as an excuse, it is necessary only to live in hired houses in order to be exempt altogether from the duties of humanity. To some, we are assured, the very easiness of the effort has been a stumblingblock. Can the gift of a few guineas, it is asked, which are not missed deserve the name of charity? We readily admit that the merit of performance is small, but then the guilt of neglect is the greater. And why, we ask in turn, is it assumed that the donations are to be so small as to involve no self-denial? Why, moreover, is it to be supposed that those who neglect the easiest duties will be ready to perform the more arduous? If the charitable reader would learn what is the next step, and how he is to stimulate himself to more active exertion in the cause of charity, and to qualify himself for it, the answer is, simply by personal inspection and inquiry. Let him begin where he pleases. A visit to the clergyman of the parish will initiate him into the system of district visiting. At the offices of the various institutions (the addresses of which may be sought in Mr. Low's volume, or in their respective publications) he will find the greatest readiness to afford him information, and the institutions themselves are at all times open to his inspection. One visit will lead to others; information gained will suggest fresh inquiries, till he gradually concentrates his attention on the objects most congenial to his disposition and consequently most likely to derive benefit from his assistance. In all such cases 'seeing is believing,' and it will be the visitor's own fault if it does not prove something more.

We would gladly have endeavoured to trace more minutely the rise and progress of the institutions to which we have referred, and to pay our tribute to the zeal of their various founders and promoters—some of them remarkable for having sacrificed the enjoyments of wealth and station, some for having in their poverty devoted their all to the cause of philanthropy. But it would have been difficult to collect information sufficiently accurate to do justice to this part of the subject, and the narrowness of our limits obliged us to contract our plan.

The works at the head of our Article are all, in their respective ways, deserving the reader's attention. Mr. Low's volume, as a book of reference, is as indispensable to those who are interested in charitable institutions as the Peerage or Court Guide to the frequenters of the world. Mr. Kingsmill's work contains a great deal of information which reflects a light on the criminal and pauper population of London. He has set an example which the chaplains of gaols would do well to follow. If they would note down from time to time the most remarkable results of their experience they might produce a volume which would be of the greatest

greatest service to the statesman and the philanthropist, and which, we doubt not, would be thankfully received by the public. 'Meliora' is a pleasing evidence of the interest taken by all ranks in the work of charity. It consists of a series of essays by various gentlemen on the subject of social improvement, all marked by the most benevolent feeling, and some of them containing suggestions which deserve attentive consideration. We have placed Mr. Mayhew's volumes in our list because we have derived from them some useful information, but the matter they contain is curious and interesting enough to deserve a more attentive examination than we can bestow on them at present. The volume of Mr. Garwood, together with that of Mr. Vanderkiste, and the various publications on the subject of the 'street folk' and the ragged schools, are full of interesting matter, and afford a great deal of information which it is highly desirable should be diffused among the community. In perusing works of this class, however, we must caution the general reader not to throw aside the volume if he finds a phrase that offends his taste, a thought that shocks his prejudices, or even a proposal that revolts his judgment. The zeal which induces the philanthropist to concentrate his energies on the correction of a single abuse has a natural tendency to narrow his views and pervert his judgment on other points, but on the whole it works well for society. And the cause of charity must indeed stand still if men withhold their co-operation from all who do not agree with them in every matter of opinion or taste.

The execution of the works before us is highly creditable, on the whole, to the feeling and the judgment of the writers; the periodicals are conducted with ability as well as zeal. Addressing ourselves to writers on charitable and social subjects generally, we cannot forbear expressing a wish that their censure was less indiscriminate, and their aims more precise. Their exposure of existing evil is often striking and pathetic; but their bitter eloquence seems to confound abuses and their remedies in the same sweeping reprobation. The fault of a highly civilized state of society is indolence not cruelty, and nothing can more effectually tend to harden that indolence into apathy than alternately to present to the reader exciting pictures of distress, and to dismiss him with the chilling inference that nothing can be done for its relief. One further caution we beg to add. All exaggeration should be avoided. We do not allude to wilful exaggeration of fact, but the exaggeration of high-colouring. The truth in this case is so striking and so affecting that no such rhetorical arts can set it off, and nothing but the suspicion of exaggeration can weaken its naked force.

- ART. VI.—1. *A Copious and Critical Latin-English Lexicon, founded on the German-Latin Dictionaries of Dr. William Freund.* By the Rev. Joseph Esmond Riddle, M.A., author of a Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary. London, 1849.
2. *A Copious and Critical Latin-English Lexicon, founded on the larger Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. William Freund; with Additions and Corrections from the Lexicons of Gesner, Facciolati, Scheller, Georges, &c.* By E. A. Andrews, LL.D. New York, 1851; London, 1852.
3. *A Latin-English Dictionary, based upon the Works of Forcellini and Freund.* By William Smith, LL.D., Editor of the Dictionaries of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Biography and Geography. London, 1855.
4. *A Smaller Latin-English Dictionary, abridged from the Larger Dictionary.* By William Smith, LL.D. London, 1855.

IT is related of the elder Scaliger, that one day entering a church he heard a poor student in his prayers offering thanks to God that, among his other mercies, he had created makers of dictionaries. In that day the dictionary of a foreign language was still comparatively a novelty. So accustomed are we to the use of these helps for explaining in the vernacular the words of the tongue we are learning, that it is difficult to believe that for many centuries such valuable auxiliaries were almost entirely unknown. The ancients had no such work as a Greek and Latin lexicon, notwithstanding the constant and close intercourse between the nations from about B.C. 200, and the custom, almost universal, from, and even before, the time of Cicero, for the higher classes of Romans to learn Greek, with which many of them became nearly as familiar as they were with Latin.* But at the same time it must be recollected that the system of teaching language pursued by the ancients was entirely different from that now usually adopted, and far better adapted to the end they had in view.

Oral instruction by Greek teachers was the principal means employed by the Romans for the acquisition of a knowledge of the only foreign language to which they paid much attention.

* We are of course aware that several Greek-Latin, and Latin-Greek glossaries are in existence; as, for instance, those which are attributed to Philoxenus and Cyrillus (the jurist); but the earliest of these belongs to a period long subsequent to Cicero's time; and they are all extremely limited in extent, as well as meagre in information, so that they are quite incapable of performing the office of a lexicon. C. Labbe collected the most important of these glossaries; his work was published at Paris in 1679, and reprinted at London in 1817.

This instruction was commenced at a very early age; indeed it is clear, from several passages of Quintilian (Inst. 1, 1, 12-14; *ib.* 1, 4, 1), that the children of wealthy Romans were in the habit of beginning the study before they knew anything of their native tongue beyond what they acquired in the nursery. The first teachers were the *paedagogi*, slaves either Greeks by birth or natives of some of the numerous countries situated on the Mediterranean in which Greek was spoken. Having acquired from these domestic tutors such a degree of acquaintance with the language as would enable them to profit by the teaching of preceptors of a higher class, boys were sent to receive the lessons of some of the Greek grammarians, rhetoricians, or philosophers who abounded at Rome, and who often resided in the mansions of the wealthy, whose sons they instructed along with any other pupils who might be intrusted to their care. In this way was Cicero educated, and almost all his teachers up to his sixteenth year were Greeks.

We have no reason for supposing that the method which gave to Cicero his mastery over Greek was in any important respect different from that usually pursued in similar cases; and thus the non-existence of a Greek-Latin lexicon is satisfactorily accounted for. The young Roman learnt the elements of the foreign and of his native tongue in the same way; and, when he began to read the Greek authors, the lexicon to which he had recourse in all cases of doubt or difficulty was his preceptor, from whose lips he drew the living stream of knowledge. In a more advanced stage of the study he could consult the commentators who wrote in Greek, just as the modern scholar assists his efforts to comprehend a Latin author by reading notes written in Latin.

That the same system of elementary instruction in teaching Latin prevailed in Europe, at least until the discovery of printing, is proved by many circumstances, of which it is enough to mention this single one: that all the Latin dictionaries compiled previously to, and indeed for some time after, that period contain Latin definitions only. The earliest *printed* vocabulary with which we are acquainted, in which the words of any modern language answering to the Latin are inserted, is the '*Promptorius Puerorum*,' published by Pynson in 1499, in which English words are followed by their supposed Latin equivalents.*

* Nothing

* The extent to which oral instruction was sometimes employed even so late as the middle of the sixteenth century, is shown by the amusing and instructive account which Montaigne gives of the plan which his father adopted in teaching him Latin, and the result of which he states in these words: '*J'ay plus de six*

Nothing contributed so powerfully to the preservation of Latin, after the destruction of the Roman empire, as its adoption by the Church of Rome, whose earliest defenders used it in writing, and whose authorised version of the Scriptures was in the same language. This rendered it necessary that all the ministers of the Church stationed in every part of western Europe should have a certain knowledge of it; and it was inevitable that the more inquiring among them would not confine their reading to works on religious and ecclesiastical subjects. The Latin Fathers were well acquainted with the classics, which they often quote; and thus attention would be directed to 'the pure well of Latin undefiled' in Cicero, Caesar, Livy, Virgil, and Horace. There can be no doubt, however, that the latter class of authors would be less constantly studied than works of a sacred kind, and hence would exercise comparatively a feeble influence upon the style of those who attempted original composition. Moreover, a large proportion of the clergy would be little disposed to undertake any task not absolutely required of them; and would therefore read none but ecclesiastical literature, their access to which must also have been far more easy than classical writers, the manuscripts of whose works were comparatively scarce.* Thus by slow but sure degrees was the Latin currently spoken and written corrupted, until it became scarcely less barbarous than the dialects of the rude Nordes which had overturned the empire.

The effect of these circumstances was greatly increased by the fact that during many centuries learning was almost the exclusive possession of the clergy, who employed it chiefly with a view to their professional objects. Thus Latin became more and more a medium for the expression of theological thought; and this had a necessary tendency to pervert it from classical usage, introducing many new words, and giving to old ones meanings widely different from any which they bore in the ancient authors. The operation of these influences is manifest in the two earliest known lexicons of the middle ages, that compiled by Papias (circa A.D. 1000), and that entitled 'Catholicon,' the author of which was Giovanni Balbi, more usually styled Januensis, a member of the order of preaching brothers, who finished his work in 1286. This last was one of the first books of any extent

ans avant que j'entendisse non plus de françois ou de perigordin que d'arabesque; et sans art, sans livre, sans grammaire ou precepte, sans fouet, et sans larmes, j'avois appris du latin tout aussi pur que mon maistre d'eschole le sçavoit; car je ne le pouvois avoir meslé ny alteré.—Essais, Liv. i. c. 25.

* It is a suggestive fact, that the first book printed in Italy was an edition of the works of Lactantius, from the press of the monastery of Subiaco, in 1465.

that was printed, having issued in 1460 from the press of Gutenberg at Mayence. Both works are mainly devoted to what would now be called 'barbarous' Latin; and their authors expressly avow that the 'Fathers of the Church' were of more importance in their estimation than the classical authors. They are on this account unmercifully ridiculed by Erasmus and others, who lived in an age when the principal aim of scholars was to imitate, as closely as possible, the purest models of Latinity.

The '*Cornucopia*' of Perotti, Archbishop of Siponto, who is called by Morhof, '*primus purioris Latinae linguae collector*,' published about 1484, is a fearfully prolix commentary on a portion of Martial, the text being used chiefly as a peg whereon to hang an undigested mass of learning, of which the principal use was to furnish succeeding lexicographers with a considerable part of their materials. In one respect, however, this work is important: its author set the example of quoting passages from the classics in support of his explanations; and although his references were not exact, which he probably had no means of making them, yet they led the way to a practice which has done as much as any other single circumstance to give to modern dictionaries their superiority over those of early times.

The first to make use of the labours of Perottus, and to digest them into something like order, was a monk of the Augustine order, Ambrogio Calepio, a native of the province of Bergamo, in the Milanese, where he died in 1510. His own learning was neither extensive nor accurate, and he boldly declares his contempt for those who insisted on the necessity for classical Latinity: '*plus apud me*,' he says, '*Ambrosii, Hieronymi, vel Augustini gravitas et doctrina valet et Græcorum quam L. Vallae studiosa reprehensio.*' The first edition of Calepio's dictionary was published at Reggio in 1502, and is exceedingly scarce. It was subsequently greatly enlarged, and became the standard Latin dictionary used all over the Continent. Hence *calepin* has become a name in French for any voluminous compilation.* The editions of this work are endless, and the last was published so recently as the middle of the eighteenth century.

The publication of Robert Stephens' '*Thesaurus Linguae Latinae*' in 1531 constitutes a new era in Latin lexicography. The author, a man of sound sense and great learning, was free from the professional influence of the Church to which the compilers of dictionaries had hitherto been far too subject. The distinguishing features of his work are a copious

* See Hallam, *Literature of Europe*, vol. i. p. 253, 4th edition.

citation of examples, with exact references to the classical authors, and French definitions and explanations. In etymology and exegesis, however, Stephens made little improvement on his predecessors. His *Thesaurus* is an orderly and tolerably well-selected mass of materials for lexicographical purposes, but it has no title to be regarded as a scientific lexicon. The successors of Stephens, for about 200 years, did scarcely anything but alter, without much improving, the arrangement of the contents of his work. Some degree of originality is displayed in the *Thesaurus* of Basil Faber (Leipzig, 1571); but his principal object seems to have been to assist those who, in their own compositions, were anxious to imitate the best classical authors as closely as possible; and hence, as a general dictionary, it was extremely defective.

The scholars of the seventeenth century were more occupied with etymological inquiries than with the compilation of lexicons. It was natural enough that, the great body of the Latin language having been collected in such works as Stephens' *Thesaurus*, the attention of learned men should be mainly directed to the analysis of the materials. Of these etymologists, the most celebrated are J. C. Scaliger, Matt. Martinius, the teacher of G. J. Vossius, and the last-named scholar himself. The first edition of the '*Etymologicon Linguae Latinae*' of Vossius was published after his death by his son Isaac in 1662. Nothing more conclusively proves the low state of philological science until comparatively recent times than the high reputation which this work long enjoyed; for it contains little of any value. Vossius had no acquaintance with true etymological principles, but was guided by mere resemblances and assumed analogies, and evidently believed that the bulk of the Latin language was a direct offshoot from Greek, and the rest from Hebrew. His work is a collection of all the conjectures of his predecessors, with the addition of his own. It would be unjust, however, to deny that he sometimes made a happy guess.

In the eighteenth century only three general Latin lexicons of any note were produced on the Continent. The first was that of J. G. Gesner (Leipzig, 1749), which does not differ in any essential respect from R. Stephens' *Thesaurus*. To the most important department of lexicography, the definitions of the words, Gesner paid little attention; and in etymology he merely rejected some of the absurd derivations which had been proposed by others. But in the year 1715 was commenced a work which, though of no great value itself, deserves to be remembered as having led to the production of the most remarkable Latin dictionary that has yet seen the light. This was an edition of *Calepio*, undertaken at the request and under the direction of Jacopo Facciolati, then

then Principal of the Seminary of Padua, by his pupil Forcellini, who spent nearly four years upon the ungrateful task, in the course of which he conceived the plan of an entirely new work, as the only means of arriving at a satisfactory result. Having communicated his design to his superiors, and received their approbation, he resumed his labours at the end of 1718, and, after various interruptions, brought them to a close in February 1753. He then spent nearly two years in revising the MS., the copying of which for the press by another person occupied about eight years, being finished in 1761. The work remained in MS. for some years longer, and received additions from Facciolati and his successor Cognolati: at length, under the auspices of the latter, it was published in 1771, at Padua, in four folio volumes, three years after the death of its principal author. A second edition was published in 1805, of which a respectable translation appeared in English, under the superintendence of Mr. Bailey; the third and last was completed in 1834. The merits of this admirable work are too well known to require a lengthened description. As a collection of materials, on the whole well arranged, for the study of Latin authors it stands unrivalled; and whatever improvements have since been, or may hereafter be, made in lexicography, based on the ever advancing science of philology, this '*Lexicon totius Latinitatis*' will probably maintain its character, and continue to afford the firmest foundation for all succeeding structures. Its great defect is the imperfect and unsound etymology, and the want of a logical arrangement of the significations. These two faults are manifestly closely connected; and they are attributable rather to the age than to the author, who deserves much credit for having discriminated between the various senses of words with far greater precision than had ever before been attempted, and for having given a clear explanation in Italian of the exact signification, not merely of the separate terms, but also of numerous phrases and idioms. He seems to have been the first to distinguish the literal from the figurative uses of words; and thus established a principle, the neglect of which precludes an approach to the philosophical comprehension of language.

The last of the three Latin Lexicons which we have mentioned as belonging to the eighteenth century was the Latin-German Dictionary of I. J. G. Scheller, who borrowed the title, and nearly the whole of the contents, of his work from Forcellini, whom he never even names in his preface, while he ostentatiously admits his obligations to Faber, Gesner, and Ernesti. In the arrangement of the meanings of words he has sometimes improved upon Forcellini, especially in the case of compound verbs,

verbs, the exact force of the prefixes being not unfrequently preserved in the definitions first given; but we shall look in vain for a logically connected chain of significations when the word presents more than ordinary difficulty. The first edition of Scheller's *Lexicon* was published at Leipzig in 1783.

In all this time the English exerted little influence upon the progress of lexicography. Our countrymen have seldom done more than imitate their foreign contemporaries, whose works they adapted for home use. Thus the '*Ortus Vocabulorum*' (1509) is founded chiefly on the '*Catholicon*'; Elyot's *Dictionary* (1538) is in the main an adaptation of Calepio; and Cooper's '*Thesaurus Linguae Romanae et Britannicae*' (1578) is substantially a translation and abridgment of R. Stephens' '*Thesaurus*.' All these works, however, have the merit of giving the explanations in the vernacular.

Of the long list of English compilers of Latin dictionaries who followed in close succession during the next hundred and fifty years, the only one that requires to be specified is Robert Ainsworth, the first edition of whose work was published in 1736. It entirely superseded all Latin-English dictionaries previously in existence; it has been frequently reprinted in various forms, often with improvements or alterations; three different abridgments of it have been made, and, until a recent period, it was almost exclusively used in our schools and colleges. It has of late been the fashion to decry Ainsworth's *Dictionary*, and it is undoubtedly quite unworthy of the actual state of philology; but there was good reason for its long-continued popularity. The author was a sensible, clear-headed man, of sufficient scholarship, who had a distinct perception of the great requisites of his undertaking, which he seems to have honestly endeavoured to secure, though not always with success. Still his dictionary will bear comparison with any of the same extent produced by foreign scholars up to the same time. He was the first English lexicographer who gave exact references to the authorities cited; and who assigned no signification to a word without supporting it by a quotation. He recognised also the importance of arranging the meanings of words in logical order, and with strict reference to etymology.

About twenty years ago an attempt was made to remedy the defects of the school editions of Ainsworth's *Dictionary*, by Mr. Riddle, who had previously translated Scheller's *Lexicon* for the University of Oxford, and whose '*Complete Latin-English Dictionary*' was an adaptation of Lünemann's edition of Scheller's abridgment of his '*Lexicon Totius Latinitatis*.' This work has gone through a considerable number of editions, having taken the place

place of Ainsworth in many of our schools and colleges. But the necessity for a more correct and philosophical Latin Dictionary for ordinary use than this of Mr. Riddle has for some time been apparent. His work, in truth, displays scarcely any acquaintance with modern philology; in etymology it is little, if at all, superior to the Dictionaries of the eighteenth century; the definitions are often extremely unsatisfactory, and their arrangement is very defective.

Having thus taken a rapid survey of the progress of Latin lexicography, we will, before proceeding to examine the works, the titles of which stand at the beginning of this article, briefly state what appear to us to be the general characteristics of the dictionaries of bygone times, the causes of their defects and their want of adaptation to modern use.

The principal object of studying Latin in the middle ages, and until little more than a century ago, was to acquire the power of speaking and writing the language; and to this end, therefore lexicons were made subservient. Hence arose the dispute, respecting the class of words that ought to be admitted into them: ecclesiastics, on the one hand, dealing with theological subjects, and more familiar with Tertullian than with Cicero, adopted without scruple hosts of words, which the enthusiastic admirers of the writers of the golden age of Latinity, on the other hand, denounced as barbarous, and which they would gladly have excluded from dictionaries altogether: some of these scholars even went so far as to ignore every part of the Latin language that was not enshrined in the pages of Tully. Although this fanaticism did not permanently hold its ground, yet it is not long since its influence ceased to be felt. Thus Ruhnken condemns the insertion in dictionaries of words found only in such writers as Ammianus and the Latin Fathers, on the ground that they have a tendency to pervert the taste and corrupt the style of the student. But it is evident that such considerations are beside the purpose: the main business of a Latin dictionary is to explain Latin authors,* and only indirectly, to teach the student to speak or write the language. It does not follow, however, that every dictionary is to include every author; the lexicon for schoolboys should confine itself to the writers usually read by that class of students; while those of wider scope must adapt

* Freund repudiates this humble view of the purpose of lexicography: 'Latin lexicography,' he says, 'is a purely objective science; and although by its aid the understanding of works written in Latin is promoted, still it does not acknowledge this to be its end, but, like every objective science, it is its own end.' This we take to be a specimen of that tendency to unpractical refinement which detracts so much from the usefulness of German literature.

themselves to their professed object, whether the terms they embrace be classical or barbarous. The only condition to be imposed on this liberty is, that the authority for every word and meaning must be given—a course by which all the evils apprehended from the mixture of the various kinds of Latinity will be effectually averted.

The great defect in the older Latin lexicons was in the exegetical department, the definitions of words being extremely meagre, vague, and ill arranged. In fact, this which is now justly regarded as the principal part of lexicography, formerly held a very subordinate place. The dictionary being intended to assist those who were supposed to have a knowledge of the general signification of words, but who resorted to it for help in the mosaic-like work of 'Latin composition,'* the chief object aimed at by Stephens, Faber, Gesner, and their imitators, was the arrangement of examples of the various phrases found in classical authors. The condition of philological science, however, was such, that even had the importance of exact definitions been recognized, we greatly doubt whether much success could have been attained. It was only towards the close of the last century that European scholars first became acquainted with Sanscrit,* the oldest extant Indo-European language, the study of which has thrown great light upon the etymology of Greek and Latin, and, what is of far greater consequence, by laying the foundations of comparative grammar, has led to a more critical analysis of words than had previously been attempted. The separation of compound and derived words into their elements can now in most cases be satisfactorily accomplished; the force of prefixes and suffixes has been ascertained, and the original form and import even of inflectional terminations may frequently be inferred with a high degree of probability. As accurate definitions must be based upon etymology, the former could not be thoroughly effected while the latter was in its infancy; still less can logical

* When Forcellini composed his lexicon, this most important language had scarcely been heard of in Europe, and he therefore could make no use of it; but it is really surprising that the last editor of his work, the Abbate Furlanetto, should take no notice whatever of Sanscrit, while he states that he has added etymologies from Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic—languages of the Semitic family, which have only the most remote connexion with those of Indo-European origin; and indeed, according to some philologists, no real connexion at all, although apparent resemblances may no doubt be detected. We see no reason, however, for denying the possibility or even the probability of the Greeks, and through them the Romans, having received words from the Semitic races, with some of whom they must have had frequent intercourse at an early period after they settled on the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean. But such words must have been of a totally different kind from those which are common to Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin, and of very inferior importance with reference to the etymology of the two latter.

sequence in the arrangement of the various significations of a word be attained, since this must be the result of a perception of its primary sense, and of the successive steps of derivation; and this brings us to that branch of lexicography which is most closely connected with mental philosophy, and which accordingly presents the greatest difficulties.

The various significations of any given word being the outward signs of the association of the same number of ideas in the minds of those who expressed them through the instrumentality of that word; and this association not being arbitrary, but for the most part the result of involuntary mental laws, it is evident that the natural arrangement of the meanings must follow the same order as that in which the ideas were associated; and that consequently the business of the lexicographer cannot be well performed without an acquaintance with the principles which regulate this association. On this subject the two facts which may be regarded as certain are, first, that sensible ideas precede those of reflection; and, secondly, that while words which were originally signs of physical notions are habitually employed to designate purely intellectual conceptions, the opposite process very rarely, perhaps never, occurs. That the chronological order of the significations of words is identical with the philosophical, we regard as a necessary inference from these general principles; though there are various reasons which prevent us from demonstrating this in particular cases. The literature of any country, even when complete, does not include the whole of its language; but we possess only portions of that of Rome, and of its earliest periods—the most important to our present purpose—merely a few unconnected fragments. Besides, although the laws of association are universal, yet every nation is placed in circumstances to some extent peculiar to itself, which modify the action of those laws upon the mind. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that the lexicographer should be intimately acquainted with the history, laws, and manners of the people whose language he undertakes to explain; for without this preparation he will not only be unable to give a correct account of many of the most important words, but will fail to detect the modifying influence of circumstances upon the general laws of association; an influence which is often too recondite to be traced by even the most perfect attainable knowledge of a foreign and ancient nation.

That there was need then of a Latin Dictionary which should exhibit the results of modern philology cannot be denied, and Dr. Freund conferred a real service upon classical literature by the production of his '*Wörterbuch der Lateinischen Sprache*,' the publication of which was begun in 1834 and completed in 1845.

1845. In the latter year was published also the second and concluding volume of an abridgment of this work by the author, with the title 'Gesamtwörterbuch der Lateinischen Sprache zum Schul- und Privat-Gebrauch.' Notwithstanding Dr. Freund's views respecting 'the end' of lexicography, to which we have already referred, and to which, we believe, must be ascribed much that detracts from the value of his work, his Dictionary is one of great practical utility. He has made considerable improvements in exegesis, and has placed this branch of lexicography on a firm and scientific foundation, though rather by his method, than by the manner in which he has applied it; his plan of subdividing the longer articles is clear, and well adapted, to assist the student in gaining a general view of the whole; the grammatical information is extensive, if not always of the most philosophical kind, nor expressed in the most perspicuous terms; and in etymology and the analysis of words, he is somewhat in advance of his predecessors, while he himself is considerably behind the foremost modern philologists. The principal drawback on these high and varied excellencies is that he has attempted too much; more, in fact, than can be expected of any lexicographer; and which in part would be of doubtful utility even if it were practicable. To this we must add a tendency to verbosity, which the author shares with so many of his countrymen; a want of carefulness and consistency in minute matters; and a fondness for hair-splitting, which sometimes leads him to make fanciful distinctions.

As was to be expected, Dr. Freund's labours have attracted great attention, and undoubtedly the compiler of a similar work in any country, who should neglect it, must be either highly presumptuous, or possessed of extraordinary endowments. But this is altogether a different thing from making a servile translation of it. The opinion we expressed in a former volume of the 'Quarterly Review' in reference to Greek Lexicons, is quite as true of Latin Dictionaries:—

'We assert unhesitatingly that no scholarship however high, no experience however tried, no knowledge of Greek and German however accurate, can translate successfully a Greek and German into a Greek and English Lexicon. It is a literary impossibility.'—Vol. lxxv. p. 803.

This impossibility, however, has been substantially tried in the first two works named at the beginning of this article, the former of which is taken from the abridgment, the latter from the larger Dictionary of Dr. Freund. We say *substantially*, because although both Mr. Riddle and Dr. Andrews have, be-
sides

sides substituting English for German, introduced something of their own, have corrected a few of the typographical and other errors of the original works, and have now and then ventured to differ from their German prototype, yet their works, so far from containing a single essential feature which is not borrowed from Dr. Freund's, are in fact, for the most part, slavish translations of his Dictionaries. Both publications are striking instances of the injudiciousness of the attempt; although it might perhaps be objected, and to some extent we fear with truth, that the failures before us are rather attributable to the absence of high scholarship and accurate knowledge of German, than to the inherent impossibility of the task.

Dr. Smith's 'Latin-English Dictionary,' like the other two, is said to be 'based' (in part at least) on Dr. Freund's Wörterbuch; but displays throughout that perfect grasp of the subject, without which independence or originality is impossible. Recognizing the merits of the German work, and even availing himself of the assistance afforded by the American version of it, he treats Dr. Freund as an equal ally, not as a master. Hence while the works of Mr. Riddle and Dr. Andrews carefully preserve the faults of their originals, to which they superadd no small number of their own, that of Dr. Smith is distinguished by the selection of all the truly useful portions of Dr. Freund's Wörterbuch; by great improvements throughout, especially in the arrangement of the materials; by many additions of a general as well as of a particular kind; and, in short, by that pervading spirit of critical knowledge which gives a character of artistic unity to the entire book, while it is the best guarantee for the accuracy of each separate article.

Mr. Riddle, we think, made an unfortunate choice when he resolved to 'found' his Lexicon upon the *Gesamtwörterbuch* of Dr. Freund in preference to the larger book. In the abridgment the author has, it is true, corrected many errors contained in his larger dictionary (though he has also committed others from which the latter is free), and has made some additions of a useful kind; these advantages, however, are a poor compensation for the omission not merely of about two-thirds of the quotations—for some of these may very well be spared—but of almost all the precise references to authors. Mr. Riddle has also scrupulously followed him in his repulsive plan of abbreviation, the space gained by which could far better have been saved by a somewhat less 'open' method of printing.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the possibility of converting a Latin-German Dictionary into a good Latin-English one by mere translation, it will be universally admitted that

that it at least requires a thorough knowledge of German, and very great care on the part of the translator. Mr. Riddle and Dr. Andrews are wanting in one or both of these indispensable conditions, as we will proceed to show. For the sake of brevity, we shall, in quoting from the various works before us, denote Mr. Riddle's Lexicon by R, Dr. Andrews' by A, and Dr. Smith's by S.

Under miles, the passage from Ov. Her. xi. 48, in which Canace, speaking of the birth of her first-born, says, 'rudis ad partus et nova miles eram,' R. translates Neuling, *novice*, by 'a freshman, new-comer,' than which nothing could be more absurd.

Catulina: Hundefleisch, *dog's flesh*, R. translates 'dogs'-meat,' which means meat given to dogs, and is therefore a mistranslation of both the German and the Latin.

Commatalaxo, völlig erweichen, *to soften completely*, is rendered 'to soak completely, to make quite soft or mild,' R. The absurdity of this is the more glaring, as in the passage of Varro which contains the word, it is employed figuratively, the object being *patrem*.

Divortium: (II.) Scheidepunkt, Scheideort, Scheideweg: *point or place of separation, point where a road branches off*: d. aquarum, d. i., die Wasserscheide, *that is, the watershed* (a term which is now generally employed to designate a tract of country which separates the head waters of adjoining river systems), R. translates, 'a point of separation or divergence; place where two roads meet: d. aquarum, i. e. of a river into branches!'

Hastile: Lanzenschaft, *the shaft of a spear*, is translated, 'the whole body, or force of the hastati (collectively),' R. The ludicrous absurdity of this blunder is rendered more striking by what follows. The quotation given in illustration of this meaning is from Cicero; *hastili nixus*, i. e. '(Scaevola) leaning upon the whole body of the hastati collectively.' Then comes, 'II. Meton. (pars pro toto), a spear, javelin.' So that 'the whole body or force of the hastati collectively' is a part of 'a spear or javelin.'!!

But our limits warn us to bring these examples of ignorance and carelessness to a conclusion, and out of the numerous instances which we have collected, we can find room for only one more.

Subscriptio: d. Unterzeichnung eines Dokumentes, *the signature of a document*, R. renders, 'the contents of a document subscribed or annexed thereto.' We leave our readers to apply this interpretation to the quotation given in support of it: 'literae publicae sine subscriptione.'

Dr.

Dr. Andrews' Lexicon is by no means a favourable specimen of translation, though we are inclined to think it somewhat better than Mr. Riddle's. The following egregious blunders are quoted from it in Dr. Smith's preface:—

Alcyoneus: ein gutes Heilmittel gegen Flecken im Gesicht, that is, 'a good remedy for spots or freckles on the face,' A. translates 'a good remedy for white specks in the eyes.'

Alimentarius: die Brotevertheilung (sic) unter die Armen betreffend, A. renders 'in the army,' instead of 'among the poor.'

Longaeva: die Alte, the old woman, is translated 'age' by A.

We subjoin two or three additional instances of mistranslation out of a vast number which we have met with ourselves.

Evigilo: etsi nobis, qui id actatis sumus, evigilatum [fere] est, tamen de posteris nostris sollicitor, obgleich wir für unsere Person ausgesorgt haben, although we have done caring for ourselves, Cic. Rep. 3, 28 (it should be 29), is quoted and translated by A. as follows: 'etsi nobis evigilatum ferè est, tamen, &c., although we have taken care of ourselves.'

Lusciosus: der in der dämmerung oder bei Lichte nicht sieht, blödsichtig, that does not see in the twilight or by candle-light, dim-sighted, A. translates thus: 'that can see in the dusk, but not in lamp-light, dim-sighted, moon-eyed, purblind;' in which definition we know not what most to wonder at, its carelessness, its prolixity, or its absurd inconsistency.

Ordino: cupiditates improbas ordinare, in Reihe und Glied aufstellen, hinter einander folgen lassen, to draw up in rank and file, to let one follow after another, is rendered by A. 'to arrange, draw up in order of battle!'

We have selected these examples because, for the most part, they afford evidence not only of inaccurate translation, but of the excess of carelessness which could overlook such gross absurdities and contradictions.

We will now turn to the larger questions of etymology, definition, and arrangement. The shortest and most satisfactory method of exhibiting the respective merits of the Lexicons before us will be to give specimens of particular words, but, for the sake of brevity, we omit generally the quotations, and shall consider each author as accountable for the contents of his book, without reference to Dr. Freund.

'[*Ac-cūdo*, ēre, v. a. To coin more, to coin to, to add: tres minas a., Plant. Merc. 2, 3, 96].—R.

*[*Ac-cūdo*, ēre, v. a. lit. To strike or stamp upon, to coin (of gold, cf. cudo): hence metaph. to add more to a sum of money: tres minas accudere etiam possum, et triginta fiant, Pl. Merc. 2, 3, 96].—A.

'*Ac-cūdo*,

'Ac-cūdo, ěre, 3. v. a. lit. to hammer to, i. e. to fasten one piece of metal to another by forging; hence, to add to: jam dantur septem et viginti minae: at ego tres minas accudere etiam possum, ut triginta sient, Pl. Merc. 2, 3, 96.'—S.

Nothing can be clearer than the superiority of Dr. Smith's explanation over the other two; and the quotation as given by Andrews is a fair sample of the gross carelessness which pervades his Lexicon.

'Is, ěa, id (from the old Greek pron. *ī* or *īc*) I. A) Gen.: *He, she, it, the same person or thing.* Also with verbs in the first and second person. B) Esp. 1) *Id (n.) is frequently used substantively, and so with a gen.* [Under this are placed the adverbs *eo* and *ea*] 2) *Adj.* 3) *It is used with a substantive in the same number, gender, and case, although it refers to another word.* It also frequently agrees with a substantive which immediately follows the relative *qui, quae, quod.* It is often redundant before *qui, quae, quod*; particularly, *id quod* is used for *quod.* It is sometimes apparently redundant after substantives. It is sometimes redundant after the relative. 4) *Et is (ca, id), isque (eaeque, idque), and that, and indeed, and besides, and what is more, and in addition to that; and nec, is (ea, id), and that not, and indeed not, not that indeed* 5) *It is used instead of the pron. recipr.* II. Meton. A) *The same, that, the man (woman, etc.), the one, that one, etc., as a correlative of qui, quae, quod.* Also with verbs in the first person. B) 1) *Such (a man, woman, etc.), of such quality or kind, of such a nature, so disposed, etc.* 2) *Adj.* —R.

'Is, ěa, id, pron. [*ī, īc*] *He, she, it; this or that man, woman, thing* Of the first person Of the second person In connection with a noun When *is, ea, id*, would stand in the same case with the relative, it is usually omitted; when the relative precedes, it is sometimes employed for the sake of emphasis. Connected with *que* and *quidem*, it serves to enhance a preceding idea. It is sometimes used instead of the reflexive pronoun. It is sometimes placed, for greater emphasis, after a relative. So, too, after a participle. Made emphatic by the addition of the demonstr. particle *pse.* B. Esp. 1. *id, n.* To designate an idea in the most general manner. . . . [Under this are placed the adverbs *eo* and *ea*] 2. Sometimes *is* refers to the follg. substantive, instead of to the preceding relative. Sometimes, for the sake of emphasis, it is placed in a seemingly pleonastic manner before the relative, *id quod.* It is thus apparently pleonastic after substantives. . . . It is completely pleonastic after the relative. . . . II. *He, she, it; that man or the man (woman, thing), the one, that one, as a correlative to qui.* And also in the first person III. *Such, of such a sort, character, or quality* *Adj.* —A.

'Is,

'*Is*, *ēa*, *id*. (It is rendered emphatic by the suffix *pse*), *pron.* (prop. used only with reference to some *word* or *clause*, not, like the demonstratives, to direct attention to a *thing*: hence it is sometimes called a *logical* pronoun). I. in connection with substantives: *this* or *that* II. As a pronoun, it is usu. of the third person: *he*, *she*, *it*. . . . When rendered emphatic by *et*, the enclitic *que*, or by its position, it sometimes enhances a preceding statement. . . . (ii) Of the *first* person (iii) Of the second person 2. It is very freq. used without reference to any expressed substantive, being defined by a relative clause. . . . 3. When *is* would be in the same case as the relative, it is usually omitted. . . . But when the relative clause comes first, *is* is sometimes employed for the sake of emphasis. . . . Sometimes also it is used along with a relative pronoun for the same purpose. . . . Esp. with *quod*. . . . So, too, after a participle. . . . III. In the *neut.* freq. used as a subst.; and hence sometimes with *gen.* IV. Sometimes *is* refers to the follg. substantive, instead of to that which precedes. . . . V. *Such*, *of such a sort*, *character* or *quality*. . . .?—S.

These articles afford an example of the way in which the respective authors treat words, the explanation of which is mainly grammatical; and again we have no hesitation whatever in assigning by far the highest place to Dr. Smith. In his account of *is*, we see a logical simplicity of plan which greatly assists the student in comprehending the whole history of the word: there is no repetition, no needless and confusing distinctions; his views are in accordance with those of the most philosophical modern grammarians, and he has avoided a gross blunder committed by Messrs. Riddle and Andrews. Both tell us that *is* is sometimes used instead of the reflective pronoun; which we presume means, that in the supposed cases the latter would be the usual and strictly correct construction. Now we unhesitatingly affirm that such a substitution of *is* for the reflective pronoun is contrary to one of the fundamental principles of the Latin language; and although it is hazardous to venture on a universal negative, we believe that no example of that construction can be found in really classical Latin prose. The strict rule in reference to the use of the reflective pronoun is, that it is employed to represent the subject of the verb belonging to the sentence or clause of which it forms a part, and that only. But where the context is sufficient to obviate any ambiguity, this rule is relaxed so far as to admit of the use of the reflective pronoun as the representative of the subject of a clause, closely connected with that in which the pronoun occurs, usually of the principal sentence; and which subject, according to the strict rule, ought to be expressed in the dependent clause by some form of *is*. Hence in such cases
the

the reflective pronoun is often substituted for *is*; and this, no doubt, has occasioned the blunder; for our authors—or rather Dr. Freund, whom they blindly follow—regarding the *exceptions* as the rule, logically enough treat examples of the rule as if they were deviations from it. In fine, instances of the use of the reflective pronoun where strict syntax requires *is* are common enough; but where strict syntax requires the reflective pronoun *is* is never employed, at least not in classical prose. It will be found that in every one of the examples cited by R. and A. in support of their statement, *is* is the pronoun required by the strict rule, and that in most of them the reflective pronoun would scarcely be admissible at all.

The statements respecting the grammatical construction of verbs and conjunctions are very meagre in Riddle; confused, ill-expressed, and often incorrect in Andrews; and generally the reverse of all this in Smith, who displays clear logical precision, combined with fulness, and, in some cases, considerable originality of investigation.

‘Arceo. II. *To ward or keep off, prevent; absol., with ab, rarely with a simple abl. . . . Rarely with acc. of the thing.*’—R.

‘Arceo. 2. *To prohibit, restrain access to a thing, to keep or hold off, to keep at a distance: constr. abs. aliquem, c. ab, the simple Abl., poet. also c. dat.*’—A.

‘Arceo. *To keep or hold off, to keep at a distance, to prevent.* Constr.: the word representing what is kept off, is put in the *acc.* (or *nom.* to the *pass.*): that which is guarded is represented by the *abl.* either with or without *ab*; ‘poet. also by the *dat.*; and sometimes it is not expressed at all. Sometimes also the construction is reversed; that which is kept off being represented by the *abl.*, and that which is guarded by the *acc.*’—S.

Dr. Freund lays great stress upon what he calls the ‘chronological element’ of lexicography, and which is illustrated in his work by the following classification of Latin literature: ‘1. Ante-classical, from the oldest fragments to Lucretius and Varro. 2. Classical, from Cicero and Caesar to Tacitus, Suetonius, and the younger Pliny, inclusive. 3. Post-classical, from that time to the fifth century of our era. The classical Latinity, again, is divided into (a) Ciceronian, (b) Augustan, (c) post-Augustan.’ Dr. Smith has very wisely disregarded this arbitrary and perfectly useless system, which has been implicitly adopted by Messrs. Riddle and Andrews. Even assuming that the classification is correct and serviceable, we see no advantage in making it an integral part of the separate articles, either by direct statement, as in Andrews, or by the still more objectionable method of brackets, parentheses, single stars, double stars, &c. &c., which

renders Mr. Riddle's *Lexicon* so repulsive a book to use. Surely it would be sufficient to prefix to the *Dictionary* a list of authors arranged according to this system, and then the quotations under each article would of themselves enable the student to refer every word to its proper class. The scheme, moreover, is executed so carelessly and inconsistently, in Dr. Andrews' *Dictionary* at least, as to deprive the statements of all authority. Thus under *mitis*, it is remarked, 'quite classical only in the trop. signif.' We are therefore rather surprised to find quoted, in illustration of the 'literal' meaning, passages from Virgil, Ovid, and Horace, who are thus, for the first time, we should suppose, excluded from the classical canon! A still more extraordinary instance of this absurdity occurs under *vicis*, where, after exemplifying the first meaning (A.) by quotations from the last-named authors, and, in an adverbial sense, by others from Caesar and Cicero; and the signification (B.) by passages from Cicero, Tacitus, and Ovid, we learn at last, under II., that *that* is 'the class. signif. of the word.'

Dr. Freund frequently states that certain words, or certain uses of words, 'are not in' particular authors. This, too, we regard as useless, even when correct; but it is manifest that such statements cannot be relied upon, for they must mostly be derived from *Indexes*, *Special Lexicons*, &c., the infallibility of which will not be assumed by any one who has much acquaintance with them. Accordingly, on comparing several articles in which these assertions are made with the corresponding articles in Dr. Smith's *Dictionary*, we find them flatly contradicted and disproved.

In the etymological department, Freund has unfortunately often taken for his guide a fellow-countryman, who represents the dreamy fancifulness of his nation, rather than the sound philology for which it is also distinguished. This is Döderlein, whose writings contain scarcely anything of value. Dr. Freund seems to have at last begun to suspect that in following Döderlein he was likely to be led astray; and hence there are comparatively few references to him in the latter portion of his *Dictionary*. Under this prolific head we can only afford two or three examples.

'*AMOENUS* the etym. is dub.: acc. to Död. contr. from *animoenus*, like *Camoenae* from *Canimoenae*; as it were, *animo laxando idoneus*.'—A. 'Uncertain: perhaps from *almus*, *Schw.*'—R.

The old Latin grammarians might be searched in vain to find a more preposterous derivation: Andrews does not positively adopt it, but the fact of his inserting it, proves that he did not consider

consider it altogether inadmissible. We cannot understand why there should be any difficulty at all, except what arises from the disposition especially developed in etymologists, to overlook what is obvious in the search after the recondite: 'Most probably,' says Dr. Smith, and we agree with him, '*am-oenus*, from *amo*: the termin. *oenus* is uncommon, but it may be an older form of *unus*.'

OBSCURUS. . . . 'According to Död. from *obscurtus*, as a collat. form of *occultus*, and accordingly orig. covered over, covered.'—A. '*Ob-scu-rus*, perh. connected with the root of *σκόρος* and *σκιά*.'—S.

INVITUS.—no etymology given by A. or R. '*In-rĩ-tus* from *VEL* or *VOL*, root of *volō*, by a contraction similar to that which takes place in the 2d pers. sing. of the pres. indic. *vis* for *võlis*.'—S.

TRUCIDUS. '*To cut to pieces, to butcher*, &c. perh. first used of cattle, although the etymology assumed on that ground by Död. [*i. e.* *taurus* and *caedo*] is very dub.'—A. No derivation given by R. '*Trũc* (stem of *trux*) and *caedo*: *to kill cruelly, to slaughter*, &c.'—S.

The simplicity of the latter etymology must at once commend itself to every mind.

Mr. Riddle and Dr. Andrews have hardly made any use of comparative philology in explaining and illustrating the origin of Latin words; while in Dr. Smith's Dictionary the comparison of Latin words with their representatives in the cognate languages forms one of the most interesting and instructive features in his work. We can only find space for two or three samples of this mode of illustrating the origin and connexion of Latin words:—

ÁNIMA. '[Root AN.: cf. Sans. *an*, "to breathe," whence *anila* "the wind;" Gr. *ἀνεμος*; Goth. *uz-ana*, "to breathe out, expire." Perh. the orig. root was *VAN*, whence came *vannus*, *ventus*.]'

ANSER. '[Sans. *hansa*; Gr. *χην*; O. H. G. *hans*; *Germ. *gans*; Eng. *gander*, *goose*. The Latin anser has lost the *h*, like *odi* compared with *hassen*, *hate*.]'

ANSA. '[Prob. connected with Sans. *ishā*, "a handle," and Litt. *asa*: the insertion of *n* is not unusual: cf. *mensis* with Sans. *māsa*, and *ensis* with Sans. *asi*.]'

CAESÁRĪES. '[Sans. *kēsa* (hair), whence the names *Kaeso* and *Caesar*.]'

CANDEO. '[Prob. the same root as the Sans. *kan*, "to shine," and perh. connected with *γάνω*, *γάνος*. It may possibly be connected with *caleo*; cf. *pando* and *palum*, *scando* and *scala*.]'

CÁPŪT. '[Sans. *kapāla*; Gr. *κεφαλή*; Goth. *haubith*; Germ. *haupt*; Eng. *head*.] (Hence It. *capo*; Fr. *chef*; Eng. *chief*: also Fr. *achever*, since *caput* in the Romance languages signified the end, as well as the beginning of a thing.)'

CRĒPUSCŪLUM. '[*Crepus-culum* is a diminutive of which the root appears in the Sans. *kshapā*, "night;" Gr. *κρίφας*; the Sabine *creper*; and the Pers. *shab*.]'

In that portion of a Dictionary which relates to terms connected with science, art, antiquities, &c., and thus partakes of the nature of an encyclopædia, it is evident that something more is necessary on the part of the lexicographer than an acquaintance with the grammar and philology of the language. In truth the knowledge requisite for the satisfactory explanation of the whole index of Latin words is so varied, that it may be doubted whether any single scholar has ever possessed more than portions of it; and although the modern lexicographer may be greatly assisted by the labours of his predecessors, if he knows how to use them, yet he is quite as likely to be misled if he implicitly relies upon them. For the satisfactory execution of this department, Dr. Smith has qualifications far superior to those which either Mr. Riddle or Dr. Andrews can be supposed to possess. As the Editor, and to a considerable extent the author, of that series of 'Classical Dictionaries' which has given him an European reputation, he has long been familiar with the views of the best modern scholars on all subjects connected with classical antiquities; and the results of this are manifest in almost every page of his 'Latin Dictionary.' As strictly professional knowledge is required for the due explanation of words relating to Medicine and Natural History, Dr. Smith has procured the assistance of a gentleman thoroughly conversant with those sciences, and this portion of the work has been written by Mr. Henfrey, the professor of Botany in King's College, London. The following examples will show how terms have often fared at the hands of Messrs. Andrews and Riddle:—

INTESTINUS: '*intestinum, and intestina, a gut, the guts, intestines, entrails in the abdomen (whereas exta denotes the inwards, or large viscera contained in the thorax).*'—A. '*The guts, intestines in the lower part of the abdomen; whilst exta are the intestines in the upper part of the abdomen.*'—R. '*The guts, intestines, entrails, the lower portions of the alimentary canal.*'—S.

The gross inaccuracy of the two former definitions consists in what is said about *exta*; and cannot be understood without quoting the explanations given of that word.

EXTA: '*the nobler internal organs of the body (such as the heart, lungs, liver).*'—A. '*The entrails; especially the heart, lungs, liver, etc.*'—R.

So that according to Andrews the liver is contained in 'the thorax;' and according to Riddle, the heart and lungs are in 'the upper part of the abdomen.'!

LAEOTOMUS: '*The chord of a segment of a circle.*'—A. '*The segment of a circle.*'—R. '*Lit. the cutter on the left; a line in a sun-dial.*'—S.

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The first definition is not perhaps absolutely incorrect, but it is too general; the reader would infer from it that *laetotomus*, instead of being a strictly technical term, was the name of all chords of segments of circles; while the second is a gross blunder; for Vitruvius expressly calls *laetotomus*, a line, '*linea parallelos*.'

SEMUNCIARIUS: '*Amounting to a half-ounce (one twenty-fourth of an as): semunciarium tantum ex uncario fenus factum, one twenty-fourth per cent. a month, or, acc. to our mode of computation, one-half per cent. a year.*'—A.

We need not quote the article from Riddle, as it is almost literally identical with this.

'*Amounting to one twenty-fourth of an as, or of any unit: semunciarium, &c., interest reduced from one-twelfth of the capital to one twenty-fourth, i. e. about four per cent. (v. Smith's Ant. 527.)*'—S.

The absurdity of the former explanation had long since been pointed out by Niebuhr. If needy Romans ever enjoyed such facilities for making use of the money of the richer classes, as is implied in so low a rate of interest as one half, or even as one per cent., they made a nearer approach to practical Communism than any other people with whom history makes us acquainted; and they must have been very hard to satisfy indeed, if they still made 'secessions' to the Sacred or any other Mount.

Our next quotations must be from Andrews and Riddle only, as they relate to words which are omitted by Dr. Smith:—

'*Proper names*,' he says, 'are not inserted, since the short account of them that can be given in a Dictionary of this kind is of no value to scholars, while they occupy valuable space and inconveniently increase the size of the book.'

There will, we dare say, be various opinions on this point, though we entirely agree with him; but it would at least be better to omit proper names altogether, than to give such accounts of them as are furnished by Messrs. Riddle and Andrews.

ANTICYRA: '*An island in the Sinus Maliacus.*'—A. '*An island in the Aegean, near the Sinus Maliacus.*'—R.

In Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Geography, satisfactory reasons are assigned for believing that there were *three* towns of this name in ancient Greece, but all on the mainland. One of them is situated on a peninsula on the Corinthian gulf, and this is incorrectly described as an island by Pliny and Gellius; but no one has ever supposed that the Thessalian Anticyra, which is the one referred to by A. and R., was an island. Dr. Smith

says

says it is 'at the mouth of the Spercheus;' some maps place it on that river, several miles inland.

EUPHORIION: '*An obscure tragic poet, born at Chalcis.*'—A. '*An obscure tragedian of Chalcis.*'—R.

The person so contemptuously dismissed by our authors was neither obscure nor a writer of tragedy; but, on the contrary, a very eminent ornament of the Alexandrine school during one of its most flourishing periods. No less than nineteen separate works of his are enumerated; and his poems found many admirers and imitators among the Romans.

HALAESA: '*A town on the southern coast of Sicily.*'—A. and R.

It is on the northern coast.

HIMERA: '*A river of Sicily, which divides into two branches, of which the northern one is now called Fiume Grande, and the southern Fiume Salso.*'—A.

So also R., though not verbally identical. This absurd notion of the same river flowing in two contrary directions from its very source was entertained, or at least mentioned, by some of the old geographers; but we need hardly say that it is a mere fable, which it is disgraceful to any modern author to adopt.

MARRUCINI: '*A people of Italy, on the coast of Latium, near the river Aternus, whose chief city was Teate.*'—A. '*A people on the coast of Latium, between the Frentani and the river Aternus, &c.*'—R.

The river Aternus falls into the Adriatic, on the shores of which also the Frentani dwelt: how then the Marrucini, who dwelt between the Aternus and the Frentani could have occupied the coast of *Latium*, on the opposite side of Italy, those only can explain who see no difficulty in understanding how a river can flow north and south at the same time.

The length to which we have already carried our comments obliges us to stop. Those who may wish to make themselves acquainted with the inaccurate, vulgar English of Dr. Andrews, of his American orthography, of his illogical collocation of sentences, of his inconvenient deviations from strict alphabetical arrangement, of his omissions of important words and significations of words, in which last defect Mr. Riddle is a fellow-offender, must examine the books for themselves; and the more closely they are scrutinised the more they will be found to be careless translations of originals which are themselves very far from being such Dictionaries of the Latin language as we have a right to expect in the present condition of philology.

Of Dr. Smith's work we had still much to say. In particular,
we

we should be glad to have pointed out the admirable character of the articles on the letters of the alphabet, which present in a condensed shape the results of the inquiries of the most profound philologists of Europe. That the book is capable of improvement is needless to be said, and we hope the author will imitate the example of Messrs. Liddell and Scott, who, by correcting defects in successive editions, have brought their 'Greek Lexicon' to a state approaching perfection; but the work in its present form is still the production of a man of strong understanding as well as of a genuine scholar, and nobody needs fear that in relying upon its authority he will be betrayed into adopting absurdities. It is incomparably the best 'Latin-English Dictionary' in our language, whether we regard its adaptation to the modern requirements of classical studies; the judgment displayed in its plan, the philosophical knowledge of language everywhere manifested in it; the extensive acquaintance with the researches of the most recent philologists, grammarians, and archaeologists; or lastly, the minute accuracy in the correction of the press. The abridgment has been made under the immediate superintendence of the author, and is an excellent adaptation of the larger work for the use of younger students, with some additions for their special advantage. We sincerely envy those who enjoy the assistance of a book so infinitely superior to any which existed in our own school-boy days.

ART. VII.—1. *Ouvres de François Arago, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences, publiées d'après son ordre sous la direction de M. J. A. Barral.—Notices Biographiques.* 3 vols. Paris, 1854-1855.

2. *The Works of Henry, Lord Brougham. Lives of Philosophers of the time of George III.* London and Glasgow, 1855.

A REGULATION, which dates from 1666, imposed upon the Perpetual Secretaries of the French Institute the obligation to pay a tribute to the members who died. The Biographical Notices of M. Arago chiefly consist of the essays which he addressed to the Academy of Sciences in his official capacity. The new title accords better with the contents of these volumes than the primitive appellation—*Eloges*—which usage has sanctioned; for they are not declamatory panegyrics, but sketches of the lives, characters, and works of the philosophers they celebrate. Fontenelle, who was the first upon whom the duty devolved, set the good example, Condorcet followed it; and though it did not require the authority of these great names to show that facts, whether personal or scientific, had a higher interest.

interest than fulsome verbiage, yet the skill with which they executed their task gave a reputation to the *éloges* of the French Academy which has stimulated succeeding secretaries to aspire to the excellence of the original masters. Such addresses nevertheless are in their very nature laudatory. When the grave has recently closed over a colleague, when his family has supplied the materials for his life, when his bosom friends are among the auditors, when the express intention of the performance is to do him honour, the portrait may be a likeness, but it must inevitably be a flattering one. Voltaire paid Condorcet the compliment of saying, that he wrote of his brother philosophers like a king writing the history of his subjects. He was a monarch, however, who assumed the language of the courtier. M. Arago sometimes excuses himself for hinting a fault by the remark that he is composing a biography and not a panegyric. The apology, considering the slight occasions upon which he offers it, is itself a proof how small a latitude of censure was allowed.

This amiable tenderness for the reputation of deceased academicians is excused by the circumstances. It is merely necessary that we should be on our guard against it. But M. Arago had partialities which had not the same justification. It is not to be supposed that he could do otherwise than feel the vast importance of mathematics as the handmaid, and, in many respects, the mistress of science. Yet as his own inclination was for practical philosophy, as all his discoveries were in this department, and as, though a good, he was not a great geometrician, his tendency was to undervalue mathematical studies. In spite of his eulogies on the Laplaces and Poissons, this cannot escape the notice of any one who reads his works in their integrity. His bias shows itself plainly enough in his estimate of Newton; and here we come in contact with another of the propensities which disturbed his judgment. He was intensely national, eager to claim for his country, upon the most insignificant grounds, the credit of discoveries which did not belong to it; and if from time to time he did justice to individual foreigners, it never prevented his detracting from the merits of more, or even when he could venture upon it, his denying them altogether. To such an extent did he carry his patriotic mania—for patriotic he doubtless believed it to be—that he maintained that Lagrange was exclusively a Frenchman, because he had a *mixture* of French blood in his veins,—Lagrange that was born in Italy, and his father and mother before him; who was entirely educated there, and had never set foot in France, except once as a visitor, until he was fifty years of age. M. Arago's treatment of Franklin in the *éloge* of Volta is a characteristic specimen of the kind of reasoning by which

which he endeavoured to lower the fame of strangers and usurp it for his countrymen.

† The study of the phenomena of electricity in the 18th century led early to the conjecture that it was identical with lightning. Mr. Grey had expressed this opinion in 1735, and the Abbé Nollet with more precision in 1748. Franklin a year later showed the particulars in which the agencies agreed in far greater detail and with more philosophic exactness than any of his predecessors. Both, he remarked, gave light; both were conducted by metals; both were attended by noise; both were destructive of life. In the midst of these similarities he fixed his attention upon a single property of electricity which had never been shown to belong to lightning, and which would serve as an *experimentum crucis* to test the truth of the theory. When a pointed piece of metal was brought into the neighbourhood of a body charged with electricity, the electric fluid was attracted to the point, giving out light in its passage. If then he could present such a point to a thunder-cloud, and the result ensued, it would for ever set the question at rest. He proposed that upon the top of a high tower a sentry-box should be placed, from which should rise an iron rod twenty or thirty feet long. This would attract the electricity from the cloud, and if the bottom of the rod was fastened in a non-conducting substance, which should prevent the fluid from getting away, the fire which the iron drew from the heavens might in turn be drawn from the iron by holding a piece of wire close to it. As no building existed at Philadelphia which was, in his opinion, sufficiently lofty for the purpose, he published the suggestion before he had tested it. His writings on the subject attracted considerable attention in France, and M. Dalibard resolved to try the experiment. He erected a rod of iron forty feet long upon some high ground at Marlay. Having occasion to leave home, he instructed an old dragoon in the course to be pursued if a thunder-clap occurred. It came on the 10th of May, 1752, and the soldier presenting the wire to the rod drew spark after spark. He sent in haste for the parish priest to witness the phenomenon; the priest, for fear of arriving too late, ran with all his might; the people beholding him rushing along at the top of his speed, imagined that the dragoon had been killed by the lightning, and followed close upon the heels of their pastor that they might gaze upon the tragedy. The emotion excited among the ignorant villagers was not greater than that which was felt in the educated world when the intelligence was received.

Franklin, ignorant of what was passing in France, had a month later succeeded in obtaining the same results by a different

ferent method. To supply the want of an eminence, he with singular ingenuity made use of a key with a sharp wire projecting from its upper end to attract the electricity, the string being the conductor to convey it downwards. As silk ribbon is a non-conductor, he had a short length of it next his hand to prevent the fluid from passing into his body, and at the point where the ribbon was joined to the string he fastened a key. Accompanied by his son, whom alone he had admitted into the secret, knowing that failure would expose him to ridicule, he went upon a common during a thunder-storm and flew his electrical kite. If there had chanced to have been spectators of the scene, they would have supposed that the man had gone out to amuse his boy, and would have wondered that he should have chosen such weather for the sport. They would never have suspected that in the hands of Franklin the toy of the child was a grand instrument of philosophical experiment, and that he was about to draw down with it lightning from the clouds,—so sublime are the purposes to which genius can turn the most insignificant objects! No result ensued at first, and he was beginning to despair, when he saw the loose fibres of the string moving towards an erect position. At this familiar sign that electricity was present, he put his knuckle towards the key and drew a spark. Collecting from his apparatus a quantity of the fluid, he tried with it all the usual electrical experiments. His case was complete, and in the ecstasy of his delight he must have felt, as he walked home with his kite, much as if he himself had taken its place in the heavens.

The fame which his discovery obtained for him throughout the whole of Europe was exceedingly great. The applause which attends the first announcement is, in a case like this, the justest measure of the magnitude of the feat, for it is before men have grown familiarised with an idea that they are most sensible of the acuteness of the conception, which when the novelty has worn off appears an obvious deduction. The simplicity of the truth is no indication that it was easy to grasp. 'Whenever,' said Chladni, 'you attempt to raise the least corner of the veil in which Nature envelopes herself, she invariably answers, No! No! No!'

Let us now see the colour which M. Arago has given to the discovery. 'The first views of Franklin on the analogy of electricity and lightning were, like the previous ideas of Nollet, only simple conjectures. The sole difference between the two philosophers was therefore reduced to a project of experiment, of which Nollet had not spoken, and which appeared to promise conclusive arguments for or against the hypothesis.' This 'sole difference,' of which M. Arago makes so little account, was the grand

grand difficulty to be overcome. The resemblances between lightning and electricity were too obvious to escape attention, and the idea had in fact occurred independently to three or four persons. 'If any one,' said Nollet, 'would undertake to demonstrate the notion, it would, well supported, please me much.' It was just here that he broke down. He could neither see what was the single link wanting to complete the chain, nor how supply it.* Electricity was the rage of the day, and not one of its numerous students could hit upon the method any more than himself. The sole difference between Franklin and the rest resolved itself therefore into this—that he did that which nobody else could do. The famous experiment of Pascal was a kindred case. When the air was drawn by the piston from the pipe of a pump, and the water from the well rose up to take the place of the atmosphere, the cause assigned was, that nature abhorred a vacuum. As, however, the water would not rise above 34 feet, it was necessary to assume that the abhorrence of a vacuum only extended to that height. The question was in this state when Toricelli showed that the effect had nothing to do with height, and was solely regulated by the weight of the liquid. Thus mercury being 13½ times heavier than water, its rise in a tube was less in the same proportion, or about 30 inches instead of 34 feet. Thence he inferred that it was the pressure of the atmosphere upon the fluid which forced it into the vacuum, and that the amount of this pressure was to be measured by the weight it supported. His conclusion was vehemently contested when Pascal devised his *experimentum crucis*, and compelled conviction. Since the higher we ascend in the atmosphere the less air we have above us, its pressure must diminish as we go upwards, and, if the explanation of Toricelli was true, would not support the same amount of water or mercury as at a lower level. At the request of Pascal, his brother-in-law M. Périer carried the instrument contrived by Toricelli, and which was a rude form of the present barometer, up the Puy-de-Dôme, a mountain in Auvergne, and the mercury, in exact accordance with the theory, continued to fall with the upward progress of the experimentalist. The thought was less reconciling than the grand conception of Franklin, but experience has shown that these crowning ideas, which are the touchstone of great scientific truths and remove them from the region of plausible conjecture into that of indisputable fact, can only be reached by very superior minds, and

* The Abbé Nollet was not even positive in the truth of his conjecture. With just philosophic caution he said, that the many points of analogy made him begin to believe in the identity of the agencies.

no one has attempted to deprive Pascal of the credit which he gained by his discovery. That he was a Frenchman shields him from the disparaging comments of M. Arago, who has not found it requisite to remark that the 'sole difference between him and Toricelli was reduced to a project of experiment.'

But M. Arago does not only speak slightly of Franklin's device; he adds, that it was almost useless, because it had already been tried when, as Cæsar relates, the spears of the Roman soldiers in Africa appeared on fire after a storm; had been tried on numerous occasions when *Castor* and *Pollux* were seen by the sailors on the metallic points of the masts; had been tried, again, in certain countries, such as Frioul, where the sentinels, to determine when it was needful to ring the bells to advertise the people that a storm was approaching, held a halberd upright on the ramparts and observed if any sparks were produced. M. Arago introduces his comments with the phrase—'Sans porter atteinte à la gloire de Franklin,' but the spirit of his remarks belies the qualification, nor is it easy to understand how the most notable contribution which the celebrated American made to science can be proved to be almost useless without detracting from his fame. His French critic does not attempt to show that the circumstances he adduces were known to philosophers, or that the true interpretation had ever been put upon them. Had it been so, indeed, the experiment of Franklin would not have created a sensation throughout Europe and covered him with glory. The demonstration was not less necessary at the time, because anterior and overlooked facts have since been brought to light, which, if their significance had been understood, would have led to a similar conclusion. They take as little from the splendour as from the utility of Franklin's discovery. Infinite must be the familiar phenomena which, had we the cunning to apply them, would establish some mighty law of nature, and which require no more skill to observe than it required in the Roman soldiers of Africa or the sentinels of Frioul to see the sparks on their spears. Not the less, we may safely assert, will be the credit of the philosopher who shall demonstrate through their aid some lofty principle of science which has baffled every one besides himself to confirm. It is a curious circumstance that the entire system of lightning-conductors had been unconsciously applied to the Temple at Jerusalem. A line of sharp spikes ran the whole length of the gilded roof, which again communicated with the metal pipes that conveyed the rain-water into the cisterns in the court. Nothing could be better contrived for the protection of the building, which thus escaped
being

being struck during a thousand years, in spite of its exposed situation, and the magnitude and frequency of the storms of Palestine.

'Whether it was,' M. Arago continues, after his mention of Castor and Pollux and the fire on the spears, 'that several of these circumstances were unknown, or that they were not thought demonstrative, some direct trials appeared necessary, and it is to our countryman Dalibard that science is indebted for them. Franklin did not realise the same experiment by means of a kite till a month later. Lightning-conductors were the immediate consequence. The illustrious American philosopher hastened to proclaim it.' From the statement of M. Arago that several of the circumstances were unknown, it might be inferred that all were not, and his narrative implies that the direct experiments were suggested by these preceding occurrences. Nothing of the kind was the case. The only hint received by Franklin was that which his own sagacity supplied. The next observation of M. Arago surpasses in disingenuousness all the rest. Who, on reading that science was indebted for the experiments to M. Dalibard, and that he outstripped Franklin by a month, would divine that the former merely followed the published directions of the latter, and that the honest Frenchman prefaced the account of the trial at Marlay, which he addressed to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, by the sentence, '*En suivant la route que M. Franklin nous a tracé, j'ai obtenu une satisfaction complète,*' and concluded his paper by saying that the more Franklin's labours on electricity were studied, the more apparent it would become how greatly Natural Philosophy was obliged to him. The debt which science owed to M. Dalibard for his experiments, when he followed the road which Franklin had traced out for him, was little more than that which it owed to M. Périer when he carried the barometer by the direction of Pascal up the Puy-de-Dôme. Even in acknowledging that the illustrious American hastened to recommend lightning-conductors as the immediate consequence of the experiment, M. Arago does him less than justice, for with that acute perception with which he was gifted his mind foresaw the practical fruits of the principle before it was put to the proof, and in that very essay which was the guide of M. Dalibard in his trial at Marlay, the great philosopher had written:—'If these things are so, may not the knowledge of this power of points be of use to mankind in preserving houses, churches, ships, &c., from the stroke of lightning, by directing us to fix on the highest parts of those edifices upright rods of iron made as sharp as a needle, and gilt to prevent rusting, and from the foot of those rods a wire down the outside of the building into the

the ground, or down round one of the shrouds of a ship, and down her side till it reaches the water? Would not these pointed rods probably draw the electrical fire silently out of a cloud before it came nigh enough to strike, and thereby secure us from that most sudden and terrible mischief?’

The tenor of the whole passage of M. Arago is to show that the merit was in conjecturing the identity of lightning and electricity, and not in proving it. The honour, he conceives, will then belong to a Frenchman, the Abbé Nollet. If the first experimenter is to carry away the credit, it is still, as any one would suppose from his narrative, a Frenchman, M. Dalibard, who is entitled to the crown. The original conjecture proceeded, on the contrary, from Mr. Grey, and to Franklin belongs the whole glory of the demonstration. There never was a case which less required an abatement to be made from the popular judgment. It sometimes happens that the tribute which successive discoverers have gathered from nature is handed over in the lump to the fortunate philosopher who extorts the crowning secret.* But the name of Franklin is associated with precisely that which he accomplished, and with nothing that in any way belonged to his predecessors. A passage which he once addressed in a letter to a friend has proved curiously prophetic even after united Europe had for a century allowed his claim, and he seemed for ever secure from the injuries of hostile detraction. ‘Jealousy and envy deny the merit or the novelty of your invention; but vanity, when the novelty and merit are established, claims it for its own. One would not, therefore, of all faculties or qualities of the mind, wish for a friend, or a child, that he should have that of invention; for his attempts to benefit mankind in that way, however well imagined, if they do not succeed, expose him, though very unjustly, to general ridicule and contempt; and, if they do succeed, to envy, robbery, and abuse.’ M. Arago has employed both weapons on the same occasion—the jealousy which depreciates merit and the vanity which claims it.

* ‘The ancients,’ M. Arago well remarks, ‘had a taste or rather a passion for the marvellous, which even made them oblivious of the sacred duty of gratitude. See them, for example, gathering into a group the lofty actions of a great number of heroes, of whom they have not even condescended to preserve the name, and endowing with their deeds the single person of Hercules. The succession of ages has not made us wiser. The public of our day takes equal delight in mixing up fable with history. In every department, and above all in that of science, they love to create Herculeses. In the eyes of the vulgar every astronomical discovery is due to Herschel. The theory of the planetary movements is identified with the name of Laplace, and hardly a thought is bestowed upon the admirable labours of D’Alembert, Clairaut, Euler, and Lagrange. Watt is the exclusive inventor of the steam-engine, and Chaptal has furnished the chemical arts with the whole of the prolific and ingenious processes which insure their prosperity.’

The fault is habitual to him wherever national or personal prejudices intervene, and, with all respect for his great abilities and attainments, the interests of truth compel us to declare that there has seldom on such conjunctures been a less candid and more insidious historian of science.

The *éloges* of Fontenelle were addressed not merely to the narrow circle of philosophers, but to the entire world of educated men. He related no more of science than could be made intelligible to persons who were not scientific, and on one occasion told his audience that the attention he asked from them was the same that it was necessary to give to the romance of the Princess of Cleves if they wished to appreciate its beauty and follow the intrigue. Condorcet, less polished and felicitous in his composition, was yet careful to keep within the depth of his hearers. 'He did not,' says M. Arago, 'commit the fault of presenting them with too savoury food—with food that would not have been accepted.' M. Arago himself aspired to break through the narrow bounds which custom had imposed, and to give such an account of the works and discoveries of the academicians of whom he treated as might enter into a professional history of science. The increased number of persons who studied Natural Philosophy, he thought, invited the experiment. To a great extent he has been successful. He was gifted with a particular talent for rendering the abstruser truths of science into popular language, and of reducing intricate questions to their simplest elements. He was thus enabled to make much intelligible which would have been *caviare* to the multitude in less skilful hands. Where the subject itself was on a level with the general comprehension, he well nigh exhausted it and left little or nothing to desire, of which the life of Watt is an admirable example. But his biographies were read before a miscellaneous assembly; it was necessary above all to carry his audience with him, and it is evident that, like Condorcet, he was often careful not to offer food which the less learned part of the crowd were as unable to taste as to chew and digest. This, in our opinion, is no demerit. It is important to win sympathy from the public at large for the cultivators of science, and to afford it the clearest conception that the nature of the case admits of the additions which each discoverer has made to knowledge, and of the services he has rendered to mankind. If Natural Philosophy is honoured only of her children, they will lose even a portion of that reputation which, next to the pleasure of the pursuit, has hitherto been their chief reward. Nor can it be doubted that these popular eulogiums have often stimulated youthful ardor and brought fresh recruits into the ranks. The philosopher,

philosopher, by stooping to the listener, has constantly raised him to the level of philosophers.

To the last there were many who preferred the compendious biographies of Fontenelle to the elaborate narratives of M. Arago. It is not easy to understand the ground of this opinion. Whether for the purposes of present instruction, or as materials for future historians, precise details are incomparably more valuable than the most elegant generalities. Nay, if the fuller task was not performed at the moment, it would never in numerous cases be accomplished at all, not to say that the Perpetual Secretary is often acquainted with many of the views and modes of working of a colleague with whom he has lived in constant intercourse, which would be lost entirely to the next generation if the old method was revived.

There were others who wished to separate the philosophy from the philosopher, and who objected to details in an official *éloge* of his life and habits. Unless men of science are to be an exception to the interest which always attaches to distinguished persons, this severity of plan could only result in depriving the world of much that is entertaining and instructive. Characteristic traits are here engraved at the moment by the fond hand of friendship which would otherwise remain unrecorded till they were forgotten. How painfully do the antiquaries of future generations dig in the dust for fragments, and mourn over gaps or fill them up with conjectures, when contemporaries could have sketched with a few strokes of the pen every portion of the edifice! The volumes of M. Arago attest how valuable in numerous instances are these personal reminiscences; and, though they had no further use, they at least gratify that instinctive curiosity which a great discovery creates to know something of the discoverer.

In the introduction to his first *éloge*, that of Fresnel, which was read before the Academy in July, 1830, M. Arago apologises for his want of literary skill, devoted as he had hitherto been to researches which were purely scientific. Naturally eloquent, however, he soon became as conspicuous for the manner as for the matter of his notices. His reputation rather injured than improved his composition; and there is more simplicity and less effort in his early than in his later biographies. In his desire to be attractive he acquired a habit of forcing into his service smart sayings from *anais* and jest-books, and which usually laboured under the twofold disadvantage of being hackneyed and inappropriate. These errors of taste, though thinly scattered, leave a disagreeable impression, and there is no rule of criticism so imperative

tive as that which forbids the attempt to graft upon one style an ornament which can only harmonise with another. The more the populace is appealed to, the greater becomes the danger of this unnatural combination. No man stood less in need of such artifices than M. Arago, for he was always a thorough master of his subject, and of that lucidity of expression which is its best embellishment.

The number of persons whose lives have been written by M. Arago, the vast variety of subjects upon which he touches, the large range of his scientific discussions, involving topics, many of them very abstruse, drawn from the whole field of Natural Philosophy, render it impossible to follow him with advantage through the contents of these volumes. It will give, we believe, a juster idea of their interest and importance if we confine ourselves to a single life, and leave our readers to judge from this abstract of the value of the rest. Cuvier enumerated among the advantages of such biographies that they encouraged the young to persevering labour by the examples of success, and warned them against dividing their strength between too many objects by the examples of failure. The career of Ampère, for thirty years the intimate friend of Arago, carries with it the double lesson. He did much, and would have done a vast deal more if he had not diverged too often into by-paths which led to nothing.

He was born the 22nd of January, 1775, and was the son of a merchant at Lyons, who shortly afterwards retired from business to a small village not far from the city. Almost in infancy, and before he had been taught to make a figure, the future philosopher carried on long arithmetical calculations by means of pebbles and beans. The extent to which the mathematical faculty is sometimes developed in children is truly astonishing. All the world knows how Pascal at twelve years of age, without ever having seen a work on geometry, or learnt more of its nature than what could be gathered from the meagre definition of his father—that it was a method for forming exact figures and of showing the proportion they bore to each other—ignorant even of the very terms of the science to that degree that he named a circle a round and a line a bar, yet worked his way step by step in unaided solitude up to what constitutes the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid, and would have proceeded further if he had not been detected by his father, who, in the language of his eldest daughter, ‘was terrified at the grandeur and power of the genius of his son.’ The emotion of the elder Pascal, awe-stricken as if he had witnessed some portent of nature, calls to mind the Père Reynau bursting into tears when he heard the first paper of the great geometrician Clairaut, then aged twelve years

and eight months, read at the Academy in 1724. An instance hardly less wonderful is related by M. Libri* in his admirable sketch of the life of Poisson, a man who must be numbered among the very first mathematical geniuses which the present century has produced. At the age of fifteen, after having in vain attempted, under the auspices of his uncle, a medical practitioner, for whose profession he was destined, to pierce with certainty the veins of a cabbage-leaf as a first lesson in the art of bleeding, he was accidentally shown some algebraical problems by a fellow-pupil, and although he was totally unacquainted with the barest rudiments of the science, he solved them unassisted. In an instant he had discovered his talent, and the youth who would have been the laughing-stock of the surgery, rose rapidly by the spontaneous development of an innate power to a foremost place among the greatest analysts of the age. Nothing can be more singular than the existence of these dormant faculties, which have never been exercised, which no previous habits appear to have formed, and of which the possessor himself is entirely unconscious until some chance collision elicits the spark.

The early mathematical efforts of Ampère are trivial in comparison with those of Clairaut, Pascal, and Poisson; but at the age of thirteen he performed an intellectual feat of another which is among the most extraordinary upon record. He brought in alphabetical order the whole of the great French encyclopædia in 20 volumes folio. M. Arago enumerates the contents of the first few pages of the work, and his summary gives a prodigious idea of the insatiable thirst for knowledge which could lead a mere boy to drain to the last drop that vast storehouse of innumerable liquors, light and heavy, nauseous and attractive, and the bulk of which were more deadening than intoxicating.

At the very outset the preposition *d* obliges the reader to grapple with nice grammatical considerations; *ab* transports him into the Hebrew calendar; *abadir* into the midst of the mythological history of Cybele and Saturn. A single word, *abaissement*, involves him by turns in algebra, with relation to the reduction of the degrees of equations; in the nautical art, with reference to the dip of the horizon at sea; and in

The fulness and accuracy of research displayed by this eminent man in his *Essaire des Sciences Mathématiques en Italie* are beyond all praise. No other work of the kind exists which is so thoroughly trustworthy. It is a real loss to science that it should not hitherto have been completed, owing, we believe, to the cruel and unwarrantable confiscations of the books and papers of the learned author at the French revolution of 1848. It is only necessary to mention that it already comes down to the death of Galileo to show that the portion at present published is of the highest interest, and we speak the sentiments of every lover of these lofty studies throughout Europe, when we express a hope that the remainder will appear at no distant day.

heraldry,

heraldry, when the term designates the particular signs which were sometimes added to the arms of a family to diminish their value and dignity. Turn the page, and the article *abbé* initiates you into what was most variable and capricious in ecclesiastical discipline. At the following word, *abcès*, you are deep in surgery. To the description of the anatomical organisation of bees (*abeilles*), of their food, reproduction, habits, and of the hierarchical organization of the swarm, succeeds, almost without intermission, the explanation of the immortal and subtle discovery of Bradley—of those annual movements of the stars which, under the name of *aberration*, have demonstrated that the earth is a planet. Some lines further, and you fall into the *abîme* of cosmogony. *Abracadabra* finally plunges you into magic.—tom. ii. p. 6.

The passion for reading is usually strongest in youth, when all things are new, and when confidence, unchastened by experience, leads to the belief that the entire circle of knowledge can be trod. Dr. Johnson said at fifty-four that it was a sad, but true reflection, that he knew almost as much at eighteen as he did then. Yet, with every allowance for this early propensity in students the act of Ampère is, we believe, without example. That he should really have comprehended the whole of this enormous miscellaneous mass is absolutely impossible, but he mastered more of it than would readily be supposed, and used to astonish his brethren at the Academy of Sciences in his riper years by repeating long passages from the articles on Heraldry and Hawking.

The Encyclopædia suggested his first original effort. On arriving at the word *langue*, where he read of the confusion of tongues which arose at the building of the Tower of Babel, he was seized with a desire to discover the primitive basis from which all the subsequent dialects sprung. The end of his researches was that he framed a language which he conceived to be similar in its attributes to that which was once universal, and which he imagined perhaps in his juvenile enthusiasm would become universal again. He compiled a grammar and a dictionary of which the manuscripts are preserved, and his friends had heard him recite fragments of poetry in a tongue which was to them like the confusion of voices at Babel, but which sounded harmonious. He must have been conscious of his manhood that the project was a youthful dream, and grammar and dictionary were wisely left in his desk, though he had enough of the love of a parent for his offspring to be charmed when he discovered in the vocabulary of an African tribe words which resembled his own. It appears from the account of M. Arago that these lingual speculations induced him to master Sanscrit, which he held in high estimation.

He was still in his boyhood when he called upon the keeper of the library at Lyons, and asked for the works of Euler and Bernouilli. 'Do you know, my little friend,' said the librarian, 'that those works are among the most difficult which human intelligence has ever produced?' 'Nevertheless,' rejoined the lad, 'I hope to be able to understand them.' 'You are doubtless aware,' added the other, 'that they are written in Latin?' This announcement took him by surprise. The effect was to send him home to learn Latin, that he might afterwards grapple with the perplexities of mathematical analysis. Watt acquired German that he might read Leupold's '*Theatrum Machinarum*,' and a similar desire to consult some book, subsequently induced him to study Italian. It is thus that energetic minds climb the obstacles which turn back fainter spirits, but Watt was twenty-five or upwards, and Ampère was only a child. *

This wonderful career of self-education now received a check. It is hardly possible to open the life of any one who flourished during the period, without coming upon some bloody or disastrous page, to show that the horrors of the French Revolution had forced themselves into every home. The father of Ampère was tempted in the sanguinary year 1793 to quit his country retirement, and accept the post of *juge de paix* at Lyons, apparently in the hope that the office would protect him from violence. He was arrested as an aristocrat under the warrant of that Fouché, who, says M. Arago, 'was riding a few years afterwards in a carriage of which the panels were emblazoned with arms, and who signed with the title of *Duke* the plots which he hatched against his country and his benefactor.' So it always was and always will be. The man most eager to pull another down is the person who wants to get into his place. The democrat is merely a despot in disguise. To be arrested was to be condemned, and the elder Ampère perished on the scaffold. The day of his death he wrote to his wife, 'Do not tell my daughter of the misfortune of her father; as to my son, there is nothing which I do not expect of him.' The son, now eighteen, had not, however, the stoical self-control to bear up against the blow. The shock threw him into a state of absolute idiotcy, and he spent his days in making little heaps of sand, or in gazing mechanically at the ground and the sky.

It was well for him, perhaps, that he had not yet rendered any service to science. The aristocracy of talent was as hateful to the besotted multitude, who wished to level everything down to themselves, as the aristocracy of rank. When Lavoisier hoped to obtain a reprieve by asking to be permitted, before he died, to complete some experiments important to humanity, one of his judges

judges cried out that they had no longer need of *savants*. The revolutionists showed the sincerity of their professions by rooting out the seminaries of every description. They even suppressed, in 1792, the college of surgeons, in spite of the intercessions of Tenon, who urged to no purpose the single argument which had then a chance of being heard—that the art of surgery was needful for the army. It was the crying wants of the army, however, that first compelled the restoration of the schools of medicine; though, in order to sever every link which united the present to the past, it was resolved to drop the ancient names, and call them schools of health. Daubenton preserved, in 1793, his post as director of the National Museum of Natural History; but it was by obtaining a certificate of citizenship and *humanity* from an assembly of ruffians, who called themselves the section of the *sans culottes*. He had paid great attention to the improvement of the breed of sheep; and his friends, knowing that in his character of Professor and Academician he would be frowned upon by the *sans culottes*, introduced him as the shepherd Daubenton, and a shepherd he is styled in the curious document, in which these wolves vouched for his lamb-like qualities. Another eminent naturalist, Lacépède, found his name placed by a journalist, who was in the habit of dining with him, at the head of a ‘list of the villains (*scélérats*) who voted against the people.’ The man came to dinner as before. ‘You have treated me very harshly,’ said his host; ‘you have called me a villain.’ ‘Oh, that is nothing,’ replied the newspaper editor; ‘villain is only another term to express that you do not agree with us.’ In this one anecdote is embodied the spirit of half the French revolution. Denounced as a *scélérat*, Lacépède, it is almost needless to add, had a narrow escape of his life.

Instances abound in the sketches of M. Arago, of the ridiculous ignorance of those who aspired to rule, and of their fanatical impatience of control in the most insignificant matters. A member of the popular society of Auxerre objected to the discretion exercised by the municipal authorities in assigning the titles North, East, South, and West, to whichever quarters of the town they pleased. In order to deprive them of this arbitrary jurisdiction, of this privilege of power, he proposed that the names should be distributed by lot. It required the eloquence of Fourier to convince this apostle of liberty that the points of the compass were fixed, and that the magistrates in calling the north North, and the south South, had not encroached upon the indefeasible rights of the people. Even when the *savants* were serving their country according to its own desire, and devoting their philosophical acquirements to the cause of the self-styled patriots, they were treated with

with neglect and encompassed with danger. In the terrible crisis of 1793, when France had to extemporise army upon army, and the saltpetre for the powder and the copper for the cannon could no longer be exported, it was Monge, the creator of the beautiful science of descriptive geometry, who showed how to supply these necessities of war. Appointed by the Committee of Public Safety to superintend the manufacture of arms, and spending all his hours from daybreak to nightfall in harassing inspections, he received no salary for his services, not even the wages of the common workmen whom he instructed and commanded. Did his private fortune place him above need? His poverty was such that when Berthollet ordered a warm bath for a quinsy which he had contracted in the discharge of his arduous duties, he was unable to purchase wood to heat the water. His invariable breakfast was dry bread, and going forth one morning at four o'clock according to custom, his meal under his arm, he found that his family had added a small lump of cheese to the usual fare. 'You will bring me into trouble,' Monge exclaimed with energy. 'Did I not tell you that having been rather gluttonous last week, I was alarmed to hear the representative Niou say mysteriously to those about him, "Monge is getting easy in his circumstances; look, he eats radishes!"' M. Arago half apologises for the anecdote by saying that the details which paint an era are never low. He need have had no misgiving. He has told nothing more important, nothing more replete with useful warning than the particulars which reveal the terrible tyranny of the time when a great genius dared not flavour his dry bread with a mouthful of cheese lest he should be brought to the scaffold by the ferocious jealousy of the representative Niou already inflamed by the humble meal of radishes. The only marvel is that M. Arago could narrate such facts and remain a champion of the fierce democracy. Notwithstanding his services and his abstinence Monge was denounced shortly afterwards and compelled to fly. In 1798 he accompanied Bonaparte in the expedition to Egypt and from thence to Syria.* He came up on one occasion with a soldier

* When Bonaparte quitted Egypt for France he made Monge accompany him. 'Do you know,' the General said to him one day as they were making the passage, 'that I am between two very dissimilar situations. Let us suppose that I reach France safe and sound,—and I shall vanquish faction, assume the command of the army, defeat the enemy, and receive the blessings of my countrymen. Suppose, on the contrary, that I am taken by the English, I shall be shut up in a ship, and be considered in France a common deserter, a General who has quitted his army without authority. It is necessary to come to a decision, and I will never consent to surrender to an English vessel. If we are attacked by superior forces we will fight to the last. I will never haul down my flag. The moment the enemy board us we must blow up the frigate.' 'General,' replied Monge, 'you have

soldier in the desert who was dying of thirst. The man cast a wistful eye upon a calabash which Monge carried round his waist. 'Come, take a draught,' said the philosopher in reply to this mute language of the countenance. The soldier swallowed a single mouthful. 'Drink again,' said Monge, persuasively. 'Thank you,' answered the man, 'but you have shown yourself charitable, and I would not for the world expose you to the atrocious torments I suffered just now.' It is pleasant that the same life should furnish a set-off like this to the ominous remark of the representative Niou. *O. F. B. - 1848*

The suspension of the faculties of Ampère lasted more than a year. The letters of Rousseau on botany first recalled him to intellectual pursuits. He could not have lighted on a more propitious study, the gentle exercise of body in searching for plants, and the gentle exercise of mind in dissecting them, being admirably adapted to the restoration of his understanding. He attained to a thorough comprehension of the science, and only needed to have communicated what he knew to the world to have ranked among eminent naturalists. The poets of the Augustan age were his companions in his botanical excursions, and he was for ever chanting over his herbs the melodious verses of Horace, Virgil, and Lucretius. Modern biography could not produce a more seducing representation of pastoral life. An incident occurred in 1796 to complete the picture. He was on one of his customary evening rambles along the banks of a stream, when he caught sight in the distance of two pretty young damsels gathering flowers in a meadow. Hitherto he had never thought of marriage, but on the instant he made up his mind to wed one of the fair strangers whom he beheld for the first time, to whom he had never spoken, and of whose name and family he was entirely ignorant. These matter-of-fact philosophers, to judge from the narratives of M. Arago, are rather given to be romantic in their loves. Gay-Lussac went into a linendraper's

have rightly appreciated the situation; if the case occurs we must blow up the ship.' 'I expected from you,' rejoined Bonaparte, 'this testimony of friendship. I entrust the execution to you.' The day after the next they saw a vessel in the distance which they believed to be English. It proved a false alarm. 'Where is Monge?' said Bonaparte; and on seeking him they found him at the door of the powder-magazine with a lantern in his hand. Another eminent *savant*, the common friend of Monge and Bonaparte, who also went to Egypt and returned from it in their company, showed equal coolness in danger. They were attacked by the Turks as they ascended the Nile; some of their boats were sunk, and the crews massacred. Death seemed inevitable for all, when Berthollet began to fill his pockets with stones. 'How,' said one of his companions, 'can you think of mineralogy at such a moment?' 'I am not thinking of mineralogy or geology,' said the chemist. 'Do you not see that it is all over with us? I am ballasted for sinking quick, and am now secure that my body will not be mutilated by these barbarians.'

shop,

shop, and saw a girl engaged intently with a book behind the counter. 'What are you reading, mademoiselle?' said he. 'A work which is, perhaps, beyond me, but which interests me nevertheless: a treatise on chemistry.' The heart of the great chemist was reached through this unusual partiality of a linen-draper's shop-girl for his favourite pursuit. He sent her to a school to complete her education and made her his wife. M. Arago testifies that the experiment succeeded, but does not recommend the repetition of it. 'Let us love to the last moment,' said Gay-Lussac to his helpmate three days before he died, and after forty years of married life; 'sincere attachments are the sole happiness.' On the other side, we have the singular case of Lagrange. D'Alembert, who kept up a constant correspondence with him, was surprised that he should not have mentioned in his letters that he had ceased to be a Benedict. 'I learn,' his friend wrote to him in 1767, 'that you have taken what we philosophers call the perilous leap.* A great mathematician should be able above all things to calculate his happiness. I do not doubt, therefore, that after having made the calculation you found the solution to be marriage.' 'I do not know,' replied Lagrange, 'whether I have calculated well or ill, or rather I believe I have not calculated at all, or I should have perhaps done like Leibnitz, who from thinking about it was unable to arrive at a decision.* I confess that I have never had any inclination for marriage, but circumstances have induced me to engage one of my relatives to come and take care of me, and of all which belongs to me. If I have not informed you of it, it was because the thing appeared to me so indifferent in itself that it was not worth while to mention it.' Ampère belonged to the opposite school. He was as ardent, it seems, in love as in study; he kept a journal of his daily emotions, and profiting by his perusal of the Augustan poets, addressed odes to his mistress. It is evident that his verses were not better than those of another mathematician, of whom M. Arago reports a lady to have said that, like Molière's M. Jourdain, 'he had been talking prose without knowing it.'

Ampère was without the means of supporting a wife, and the family of the young lady gravely discussed whether he should open a silk-mercer's shop, or give private lessons in mathematics. The decision being for the last, he removed to Lyons for the purpose, and there he was married in 1799. Ever greedy for the acquisition of knowledge, he joined with seven or eight young

* Leibnitz is said on one occasion to have got so far as to make an offer. The lady asked time for consideration. Leibnitz used the interval for the same purpose; and when the lady brought her hand, he refused to have it.

students in reading aloud before daybreak on a fifth floor the chemistry of Lavoisier, and in after years the people at Paris, who had never known him occupied in the pursuit, were astonished to find how deep he was in the science. In 1801 he removed to Bourg, having been appointed lecturer on Natural Philosophy to the central school, where, fresh from Lavoisier, he composed and printed a work on the future prospects of chemistry. In a moment of hallucination he fancied he had yielded to a Satanic suggestion in attempting to anticipate the secrets reserved for succeeding generations, and he threw his book into the fire. He afterwards regretted this sacrifice to a chimera, but his chemical studies bore little further fruit. In scientific dreams of another kind he indulged with equal uselessness and freedom. 'You see,' he wrote later to a friend, 'the palæotheriums and the anaplotheriums replaced on the earth by men. I hope for my part that men in their turn will be replaced by creatures more perfect, more noble, more sincerely devoted to truth. I would give half my life to be certain that this transformation will happen. . . Well—would you believe it?—there are people so stupid as to ask me what I should gain by that. Have I not a hundred times reason to be indignant?' M. Arago states that the disposition of Ampère led him in mathematics to aim at the solution of problems which were reputed insoluble, and his biographer was astonished not to see among his juvenile undertakings an attempt to square the circle. It was afterwards found to be one of the bootless exercises he had set himself in his thirteenth year. This partiality for the insoluble attended him in all his speculations. It was visible in the determination to discover the primitive language, in the effort to predict the subsequent conquests of chemistry, in the endeavour to settle the future condition of the earth. 'Doubt,' he exclaimed, 'is the greatest torture which man endures on earth:' but it was his very impatience of it which led him to haunt its domain. To throw away time upon theories which are beyond our capacity is as childish as to expend our time upon the trifles which are beneath it. There are innumerable questions which are of the highest moment in themselves, which are yet unworthy a wise man's contemplation, simply because they are out of his sphere. It is a waste of eyesight to stand gazing upon impenetrable darkness, however grand may be the scenes which it veils.

His immense attainments excepted, he was ill-qualified for his new office. An injury he received in his arm in childhood had deprived him of mechanical dexterity, and he was incapable of performing with ordinary skill the commonest philosophical experiments. Self-educated in retirement, and never subjected to
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the least constraint in his actions, he had acquired the habit of thinking in movement, and to check the antics of his body was to stop the workings of his mind. Ampère at rest and Ampère walking were different persons. His dress and manners were peculiar. He bowed to his class with the same extravagant flexure of his frame that Dr. Johnson used to adopt when he met an archbishop. His solitary musings for many years of his life had made abstraction habitual to him, and he naturally fell into it without regard to time or place. Hence he was extremely absent, and was guilty of a thousand unconscious eccentricities. He carried away from a party the three-cornered *chapeau* of an ecclesiastic, and as the owner was a desirable acquaintance, it was asserted by the enemies of Ampère that he designedly took the wrong hat (his own was a common round one) that he might have an excuse for calling next day to return it. M. Arago repudiates the paltry construction, and meets the imputation with a counter anecdote, in which Ampère's infirmity was not calculated to recommend him. Invited to the table of a person whom it was of importance to conciliate, he suddenly exclaimed, 'Really this dinner is detestable! My sister ought not to engage cooks without having personally satisfied herself of their capabilities.' There is no doubt whatever that these oddities were genuine, and we should have expected them from his temperament and previous habits. Those to whom the presence of others is an antidote to abstraction can with difficulty comprehend a condition of mind which is the natural result of days of deep and unbroken thought. A more unhappy combination of qualities for a lecturer on Natural Philosophy could hardly have met together in a very superior man. Youths are sharp-sighted to detect any outward absurdity, unrestrained in displaying the mirth which deviations from established proprieties provoke, and incapable of appreciating the great capacity which would have extorted respect from their elders. The uncouth gesticulations of Dr. Johnson, when, yet unknown to fame, he opened an academy at Edial, made him the laughingstock of his scholars. Ampère did not remain long in this situation at Bourg, which must have been irksome to himself and unprofitable to his pupils, but returned to Lyons, where he was appointed Professor of Pure Mathematics.

He had already addressed to the academy of that city two mathematical memoirs, when in 1802 he published the first work which made his name known beyond the circle of his personal friends—his *Considérations sur la théorie mathématique du jeu*. The science of probabilities which was afterwards applied with such beneficial effect to the calculation of insurances, was originally suggested by the chances of games, which have always
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been a favourite subject of speculation while a problem of importance could be found to be solved. The proposition which Ampère set himself to demonstrate was, that the regular gambler was certain to lose. His method was to show that if two players were in other respects upon equal terms, the chances were in favour of him who could go on the longest. The richest must consequently be the ultimate winner, and his advantage increased rapidly with the superiority of wealth. The regular gambler engages with everybody; he is one against the world; an individual with limited means, which he stakes against the resources, which in their aggregate may practically be called unlimited, of the whole community of players. 'In games where the chances are equal, where skill has no part, the professional player is therefore sure to be ruined; the formulæ of Ampère prove it beyond dispute. The unmeaning words such as good luck, good star, good vein, can neither hinder nor delay the execution of a sentence pronounced in the name of algebra.'

M. Arago expects that there will be people to ask, 'What is the use of the demonstration?' and admits that a consciousness of the inevitable result would not deter everybody from following the trade. He was acquainted at Paris with a wealthy foreigner who passed his time between gambling and the study of science. M. Arago, to wean him from his vice, calculated, the number of throws and the stakes being given, what must be his quarterly losses. The theory tallied with the fact, and the gentleman acknowledged that he was convinced. He abstained for a fortnight, and then called upon M. Arago to say that he should never again be the unintelligent tributary of the bells of Paris; that he had ceased to be the dupe of a ridiculous delusion, but that he should continue to play because the 50,000 francs which he knew he must lose every year, would not, if employed in any other manner, excite in his feeble body, wasted with pain, the same keen sensations that he derived from the varied combinations, sometimes fortunate and sometimes fatal, which were developed every evening upon a green cloth. Gambling was with him a recognised expense, just as if he had kept his race-horses or his hounds, and he merely resolved to squander his income upon the fancy most congenial to an ill-regulated mind. But this is not the case of the majority of players. Though there is fascination in the excitement, the object is gain, and we have more faith than M. Arago in the good effects of a demonstration which shows the certainty of loss. Like every other vice, the present gratification will outweigh with some the future penalty. Yet as many a man has put a check upon his taste for liquor to avert the deplorable consequences of drunkenness,

so we may be satisfied not a few would conquer the passion for play if they were once assured that by an irreversible law it was the road to ruin.

Ampère himself, with his encyclopædial pursuits, would often dissipate a vast amount of invaluable time, not in gambling, but on a beguiling game. Whoever called upon him, he asked his visitor if he was acquainted with chess, and when the answer was 'yes,' engaged with him for hours in repeated trials of skill. His intimates soon discovered an infallible method of beating him; when they found they were losing, they would assert what he conceived to be a scientific heresy,—such as that the undulatory theory of light would hereafter be numbered with the phantasies of Cartesianism and the emission theory reassume the ascendant; upon which Ampère, too simple to perceive the trick, would launch with his usual enthusiasm into an impetuous refutation, and forgetting all caution in the heat of his argument would be quickly checkmated. His frequent outbreaks of temper, the result of an earnest and not of a selfish disposition, were termed his friends the rages of the lamb. *Ampère*

The Memoir on Probabilities attracted the notice of Lalande and Delambre, and they procured him the appointment of lecturer on mathematical analysis at the Polytechnic School at Paris. The old singularities which in 1805 threw ridicule upon him at Bourg lost none of their sinister influence with the picked students of the capital. His first appearance produced an unfavourable impression, for he presented himself before his military audience in a plain, black suit, extremely ill-made. He wrote rather by moving his arm than his fingers, and in a hand so immense that a gentleman sent him an invitation to dinner penned within the outline of the first letter of his signature. His figures, naturally enormous, were carefully magnified by him into ludicrous proportions on the black board at the school, lest the hinder row of his class should be unable to read them. His pupils, amused at their gigantic size, affected not to be able to distinguish them clearly, in order to entice him into caricaturing his caricatures. It ended in his increasing them to that degree that the largest board would only contain the first five figures of a complicated calculation. At another time he mistook the cloth for cleaning this board, and which was covered with chalk, for his pocket-handkerchief. The students looked to him less for mathematical instruction than for food for their mirth, and his genius was rendered almost useless by a few ungainly habits contracted in youth.

'Though equal to all things for all things unfit.'

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The artifice practised upon Ampère by the young men at the Polytechnic, was rendered easy by the circumstance that he himself was extremely short-sighted. He was eighteen years old before he detected the defect, and used to marvel at the praises bestowed upon scenery which to him was a confused and cloudy mass. He chanced one day on a stage-coach to put the glass of a short-sighted traveller to his eye, and he seemed instantly to gaze upon a newly-created world. So powerful was the emotion produced by the view for the first time of nature in her glory, that he burst into tears. He attained to the gratification of another of his senses with equal suddenness. His all-embracing mind had devoted a season to experiments in acoustics, without his discovering that he had an ear for music. He was thirty years old when he attended a concert at which some pieces of Gluck were performed. He could not conceal his weariness, which was manifested by yawning and stretching, by rising up from his seat, by pacing to and fro, by ensconcing himself in a corner with his back to the company. Some simple airs followed, and the change in Ampère was like that which Dryden describes Timotheus as producing in Alexander. 'The fibre,' say M. Arago, 'which united the ear and the heart of Ampère came to be discovered and to vibrate for the first time,' when his eyes were opened to the beauties of nature, he burst into tears.

It must already be sufficiently manifest that Ampère was a man of quick sensibilities, who was soon influenced through his feelings. It must be equally manifest that his mind was easily won by the charms of every study in turns, and that what he took up he pursued with enthusiasm. But of all the Will-o'-the-wisps which it was his pleasure to chase, there was none which he followed with such vehemence as metaphysics. He believed that it was his mission 'to lay the foundations of this science for all generations,' and he consulted his friends at Lyons in 1813 upon the propriety of his 'giving himself up entirely to psychology.' Without doing this it was of all subjects the one which engaged the largest share of his attention, and though mentally and mechanically the act of writing was a species of torture to him, he submitted to the drudgery of reducing his speculations to paper.

He thought verbal discussions essential to test and settle his doctrines, and finding nobody at Paris who was willing to engage in perplexing debates upon ideology, he resolved to take journey to Lyons, where, through animated controversies, he had cemented a friendship in former years with M. Bredin, a professor. Ampère suggested that he should submit each day what he

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had written to rigorous criticism, and that four evenings in the week should be devoted in addition to 'reasonings high' upon these bewildering themes. Alas! M. Bredin had become a traitor to the cause. 'How admirable,' Ampère replied, 'is this science of psychology, and to my misfortune you love it no longer.' 'It was necessary,' he said again, 'to deprive me of all consolation on earth that we should cease to sympathise in metaphysics. On the single thing which interests me, you no longer think as I do. It is a frightful void in my soul.' Not only did his friend turn his back upon the study,—he entreated Ampère to do the same. 'What!' exclaimed the indignant philosopher, 'quit a country full of flowers and living waters, streams and groves, for deserts burnt up by the rays of that mathematical sun which, casting upon objects a blazing light, scorches and dries them up to the very roots! How far better it is to wander in ever-changing shades than to walk along a straight road in which the eye takes in everything, and where nothing seems to fly to excite us to pursue.' It was still the same passion for grappling with questions which almost eluded the understanding. In transcendental mathematics the wards of the lock are sufficiently intricate to require the utmost powers of even congenial minds to apply the key, but they were not perplexing enough to suit Ampère, who was irresistibly attracted to such subjects as engaged those disputants in Milton, who 'first found, in wandering mazes lost.' In this crisis he received a letter from Sir Humphry Davy, upon whose discoveries he had formerly experimented, and he neglected to reply, because he said 'he had no longer the courage to fix his ideas upon those wearisome things.' Mixing much with natural philosophers, and always enforcing with the impetuosity of his ardent temperament the opinions which happened to have possession of him for the hour, he daily threw down the glove, which was picked up by his adversaries more in jest than in earnest. In fact they were not in a condition to dispute with him, for they were unacquainted with the study and incredulous of its importance, and it only amused them to listen to such announcements as that in the word *émesthèse* was comprised the finest discovery of the age. The *savants*, says Cuvier, judge like the ignorant of subjects which do not belong to their own department.

What was the real value of Ampère's psychological labours, able as we know him to have been, intently as he had reflected upon the theme, and confident as he was himself that he had not reflected in vain? M. Arago had his manuscripts in his hands, and after diligent study declares his inability to comprehend them. Yet on the next page he asserts that 'they display the

the most astonishing penetration, the rare faculty of eliciting immense generalisations from minute details,—that genius, in a word, appears to distinguish Ampère's metaphysical researches as much as it does his brilliant labours in mathematical physics.' This is an example of the inconvenience which sometimes attaches to an *éloge*. Praise is thrown in to soften censure, and we are called upon to believe that the speculations of Ampère were at once unintelligible and luminous. The first judgment we suspect to be nearest the truth, and that the *Introduction à la Philosophie* bore about the same relation to the *Memoirs* on Electrodynamics that Newton's Commentary on the Apocalypse did to the *Principia*.

Among the mental problems which occupied much of the attention of Ampère was the vexed question of the nature of the faculties of animals. He originally decided against their capacity to reason, but he abandoned the opinion in deference to a single anecdote related by a friend on whose accuracy he could rely. This gentleman, driven by a storm into a village public-house, red a fowl to be roasted. Old fashions then prevailed in the north of France, and turnspits were still employed in place of modern jack. Neither caresses, threats, nor blows could make the dog act his part. The gentleman interposed. 'Poor dog, indeed!' said the landlord, sharply; 'he deserves none of your pity, for these scenes take place every day. Do you know why this pretty fellow refuses to work the spit?—it is because he has taken it into his head that he and his partner are to share alike, and it is not his turn.' Ampère's informant begged that a servant might be sent to find the other dog, who made no difficulty about performing the task. He was taken out after a while and his refractory partner put in, who began, now his sense of justice was satisfied, to work with thorough good will like a squirrel in a cage. A similar incident was related by M. de Liancourt to the great Arnauld, who, with other Port-Royalists, had adopted the theory of Descartes, that dogs were automata and machines, and who on the strength of this conviction dissected the poor creatures to observe the circulation of the blood, and denied that they felt. 'I have two dogs,' said the remonstrator against this cruelty, 'who turn the spit on alternate days. One of them hid himself, and his partner was about to be put to turn in his place. He barked and wagged his tail as a sign to the cook to follow him, went to the garret, pulled out the truant, and worried him. Are these your machines?' The great Arnauld, mighty in controversy and redoubtable in logic, must have had a latent consciousness that the turnspit had refuted him.

Not only the instincts, but the anatomy and structure of animals had been carefully studied by Ampère. He was a believer in the notion that a unity of organization pervaded all living creatures, and he printed, without publishing, a work in 1824, in which he traced the toad in the butterfly, and the whale in the toad. Once more it was the love of the intricate which beguiled him, and the fascination was to track resemblances amid glaring and apparently irreconcilable differences. The idea, however, had been sustained with considerable ability by Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire, and Cuvier thought it necessary to refute it in his lectures at the College of France. Ampère was one of his auditors, and replied in some lectures he was delivering in the same institution. Cuvier's brother, Frederick, was among the auditors of Ampère, and he again delivered lectures at the College, and stood forth in defence of the opinions of his relative. The discussion went on in the separate arenas from week to week, and though Ampère, according to M. Arago, somewhat shifted his ground, he maintained with credit a conflict with the greatest naturalists of the world on their own domain. The controversy became a topic of conversation. 'Well, Ampère,' said a brother academician, 'you pretend that, in an anatomical point of view, Master Crow, perched on a tree, does not differ from the crafty animal who cheats him of his cheese. You believe that the long-billed, long-necked heron is only a simple modification of the carp on whom he so foolishly disdained to dine. You are of opinion that the fabulist was guilty of a heresy in natural history in saying,

'When from the cave the rat came out,
He quickly proved, beyond a doubt,
A rat was not an elephant.'

'Yes,' replied Ampère, 'all that you have enumerated as impossibilities I admit. After conscientious study I have arrived at a principle, singular in appearance, but which, nevertheless, will prevail with time—the principle that man is formed on a plan which may be detected in all animals without exception.' 'Well done, M. Ampère,' said the other, 'your system has one rare and indisputable merit, it is clear and categorical. I shall look for you therefore in the snail!' Ampère allowed the laugh to die away, and then, taking up the subject, he displayed such a singular knowledge of anatomy and natural history, showed so many specious resemblances where comparison at a superficial glance appeared ridiculous, that, if he left the triumph of vivacity to his adversary, the triumph of learning and argument remained with himself. He was assuredly no sciolist, and if it is to be lamented that he made forays into

so many separate provinces, it is not because he ever returned without being laden with spoils, but because, if he had narrowed his efforts, he would have enlarged the boundaries of dominions which he was contented to sweep.

The animal magnetists had a disciple and advocate in Ampère. M. Arago ascribes his proselytism to his want of dexterity in detecting tricks—owing to physical awkwardness and shortness of sight—as well as to the candour of a mind, prompt to open itself to any plausible appearances. But he was proverbially credulous of any facts which were told him, political or natural,* and it is evident that his ready reception of marvels appertained in part to that quality of his understanding which made him in science prefer twilight to day. Here were fresh mysteries to unfold, new caverns to explore; and he would be slow to reject wonders which afforded his reason and imagination congenial materials upon which to work. He was no half partizan. He swallowed both gnat and camel, and believed that the *clair-voyant* could observe a star with his knee, behold the actors on the stage with his back, and read a note with his elbow. M. Arago follows up his narrative of the magnetic creed of his friend with a just comment addressed to those who decide, without examination, against every startling innovation upon common experience. ‘Is a precipitate scepticism more philosophical than an unlimited credulity? Have we any right to maintain that no man has ever read or will ever read with his eyes, in the complete obscurity which reigns beneath twenty-nine mètres of rocks and earth—I mean in the vaults of the Observatory? Is it well-established that opaque screens, which are impervious to light, allow nothing to pass which may supply its place and produce vision? Do our systematic ideas warrant us in refusing to have recourse to experiment, the sole judge in such matters?’ The true philosopher rejects nothing which has the semblance of evidence upon *à priori* considerations, and accepts nothing until it is proved. Rational scepticism, just as much as rational belief, must be based upon inquiry:

* There is an instance of M. Arago’s inappropriate illustrations from the jest-book in the account he gives of Ampère’s credulity. After justly remarking that this quality is sometimes the result of indifference—that a man intently occupied with one subject will easily credit what he is told upon matters about which he cares nothing—M. Arago goes on to say: ‘Such was the case of the grammarian when the imaginary symptoms of a general conflagration throughout Europe were laid before him; he received it all without changing a muscle, or speaking a word, and was about to be numbered among the most credulous men alive, when he broke silence in these words,—‘Come what will, I have two thousand verbs conjugated in my desk!’ It is astonishing that M. Arago could venture upon this foolish, because manifestly apocryphal, anecdote, before such an audience as the French Academy of Sciences.

‘He who calls error each new truth unfurled,
Thinks the horizon circumscribes the world.’

In 1813 Ampère was elected to fill the place of the great Lagrange in the French Academy. As yet he had not made his capital discoveries, and he owed the honour entirely to mathematical papers which his subsequent labours have thrown into the shade. It had long been suspected that there was an intimate connexion between magnetism and electricity; and, among other circumstances which indicated it, it had been remarked that the compasses of ships struck with lightning were often deprived of their virtue. The attempts to ascertain by direct experiment the real nature and degree of the relation had not been successful. In the memorable year of science 1820, Ørsted opened the road which has led to such momentous results. He placed a compass below the wire which connected the two poles of a battery, and the electric current passing along the wire moved the north pole of the needle towards the west. When the compass was above the wire, the effect was reversed and the north pole turned to the east. In this simple fact was disclosed a new and boundless science, which it would be out of place here to follow into its details. The information reached the Academy of Sciences at Paris, on the 11th of September. It seized upon the mind of the enthusiastic Ampère, always on the alert for strange and novel phenomena. The experiments of Ørsted had demonstrated the action of electric currents on magnets. It struck Ampère that electric currents might have a mutual action on each other. In seven days he had framed his idea, contrived his apparatus, proved the fact, and ascertained with precision the exact nature of the effects produced. ‘I do not know,’ says M. Arago, ‘if the vast field of Natural Philosophy can show so beautiful a discovery, conceived and completed with equal rapidity.’

Ampère continued to pursue his experiments with all the ardour of his fervid temperament, and paper followed paper in rapid succession. A talent, which had never hitherto appeared in him, was now displayed in a remarkable manner—the power of devising philosophical instruments to fulfil very difficult, and, as it might sometimes have seemed, impossible conditions. His performances of this description are many and beautiful, and have passed into standing implements of science. When he had established a large body of the phenomena of electro-dynamics, or electricity in motion, he determined to seek, by the aid of mathematics, the general theory which governed them. The difficulty of the task was only to be equalled by the success with which he performed it. The experiments by which he deduced the physical facts which are the basis of his laws, and the mathematical theory by which

which he embraced and satisfied every observation upon record, are worthy of each other. Nay, by a simple hypothesis he brought under his principle all the mutual actions between currents and magnets, and of magnets on each other. Few more striking specimens of applied mathematics could be named, still fewer persons who have combined in such an eminent degree the physical discoverer and the geometrician.

Ampère was forty-five when he commenced his electrical researches, and they did not continue to absorb him for more than three years. They are the only three years of his life which can be said to have left any material trace upon science. With such an example of what his fine genius and mental activity could effect when employed upon a fruitful theme, he turned aside from his brilliant career to expend his strength upon a classification of all the departments of human knowledge. This is a task which has engaged several master minds, but which has ceased, we believe, to have the slightest utility. The different departments of study touch and intermingle at so many points, that to avoid anomalies is impossible; but the arrangement which has grown up naturally with the extension of research and the progress of discovery is adapted to the practical purposes of mankind, and is probably as convenient as any other which could be devised. If a scheme could be contrived which was more theoretically perfect, habit would prevail to preserve the distinctions already established. But, in fact, every proposal for remodelling the existing divisions has been found to be open to a hundred objections, and the attempt of Ampère is no exception to the rule. The futility of his undertaking is shown in the result. It has not had, and is never likely to have, the faintest effect in producing a redistribution of the streams into which the great ocean of facts and speculations has long been permitted to run. It is mournful to think that he who was eminently-gifted with a capacity for extending the wide realms of knowledge should have wasted years of life in the vain effort to classify the knowledge already secured; that he should have exhausted his powerful mind in vexing thought upon the number of heaps into which the accumulated stores should be sorted, upon the order in which they should follow, and upon whether some particular should be assigned to this heap or that. Yet he could do nothing which did not afford an additional though superfluous proof of the vast extent and profundity of his acquirements. 'His chemical classifications,' says M. Arago, 'show the singular fact, that during one of the latest revolutions of the science, Ampère—the geometrician Ampère—was always right even when his opinions were opposed to those of almost all the chemists in the world.'

It was the inevitable result of the avidity with which Ampère engaged in a pursuit, that this excess of action should be followed by reaction—that repletion should give rise to satiety. A steadier pace could have been longer sustained; but he ran himself out of breath till he was unable to take one single step forward. He printed a treatise on the Differential and Integral Calculus, which was entirely finished with the exception of the title-page and table of contents. Here he paused exhausted. Not all the solicitations of the bookseller could induce him to make the slight mechanical exertion which was necessary to furnish the work with these usual accompaniments, and in this imperfect state it was published. Coleridge's want of 'finger-industry' to write down a few poems which he had repeated aloud, for which he had been paid, and the delay in providing which drove him day after day to feign humiliating excuses, is not more extraordinary. On the death of Fresnel in 1827, some members of the Academy entreated Ampère to assume his mantle and carry forward the researches on light. They pointed out to him the resources he would find in his subtle genius, the services he would render, the renown he would acquire; but he answered in a tone of the utmost distress that it was beyond his power to attempt it, since it would compel him to read two papers of M. Poisson on the theory of waves. The infirmity increased with years. He who had devoured the Encyclopædia, in twenty volumes folio, suffered his books to remain uncut, and if he chanced to look into them, tore open the leaf with his fingers. He had exhausted interest by the vehemence of his universal tastes, and apathy now succeeded to curiosity. His classification of knowledge was the sole study which interested him, as a man who had spent all his days in travelling might like to gaze upon the map of the countries he had traversed after he had lost the wish to travel any more. He was filled with sadness when he contrasted what he had accomplished with what he might have done, and the mournful tenor of his days was pathetically expressed by the epitaph which he desired might be engraved upon his tomb—*tandem felix*.

The nature of his professional employment, that of Inspector-General of the University, added to his chagrin. No man can be easy in a situation to which he is unequal, even though his incapacity arises from his being above his work instead of below it. He had to supervise the expenditure of the principal colleges, and was ignorant of the most ordinary matters of household economy. He had to go from town to town to examine boys in the rules of arithmetic and the elements of Latin when his own mind was engaged at the extremest end instead of with the rudiments of knowledge. A habit he had of naming his conceptions from the

the place where they originated, afforded, as M. Arago remarks, an evidence that he was elaborating them to the detriment of his duties, when we find them bearing such titles as the theory of Avignon, the demonstration of Grenoble, the proposition of Marseilles, the theorem of Montpellier. He had to make returns of the blunders committed by the pupils at their examination, as well as of the bedding, furniture, and provisioning of the boarding-schools; though such was his disgust of anything like the functions of a clerk that it extorted from him the declaration that 'to sit immoveable before a table with a pen in his hand was the most painful, the most repulsive of trades.' It is true that these returns were never made, but they were incessantly demanded, and he passed his time in a wretched conflict between the paralysing aversion to furnishing them and the uneasiness of having to face the clamorous applications produced by his neglect. The irritation excited by a task which in itself was unsuited to him, the sense that he was squandering on inferior objects the time which was designed for higher purposes, the self-dissatisfaction of feeling that his work was not performed after all, combined to render this preferment one of the calamities of his life; but M. Arago tells us that his family, his beneficence, his philosophical apparatus, and his habit of re-modelling his works while they were passing through the press, involved him in expenses which compelled him to bear the yoke for the sake of the recompense.

His health had its share in depressing his spirits. So indefatigable a student required repose and recreation; and though, upon the entreaties of his friends, he would lay aside his pen or his book, he spent too much of his time in solitary meditation. His intimates, to distract his thoughts, endeavoured to prevail upon him to accompany them to the *Comédie-Française*, and knowing that he had religious scruples on the subject, they told him of a lady of the court of Louis XIV., who, on asking her confessor if it was wrong for her to go to the theatre, received for answer, 'It is for *you* to tell *me*.' He was struck with the remark, and seemed inclined to yield, but, remembering that the action, if it did no injury to himself, would at any rate wound the pious persons with whom he was associated, he boldly held his ground. M. Arago is, we suspect, mistaken in supposing that, if they had succeeded, they would have effected a permanent diversion. The life-long habits of the philosopher would have proved too strong for the players. There could hardly have been a more enthusiastic lover of the drama than Poisson. In the needy period of his youth he dined once in ten days with a relative at Paris, and on another day in the ten he ate nothing but dry bread, that with the price of these two dinners he might go
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to the theatre. Yet when he was fairly embarked in his mathematical researches he either ceased to attend it, or it failed to afford him the needful relaxation. 'He passed the day,' we quote from M. Libri, 'shut up in his study, without admitting any one on any pretext whatever. There, from ten in the morning till six in the evening, he was occupied uninterruptedly with his scientific researches. Then he dined, and in the evening, if he had no proofs to correct, he loved to play with his children and converse with his friends. This uniform, laborious life, this continual toil of the mind in a body which he condemned to complete immobility, ended, in spite of his robust constitution, in undermining his health.' His family, his friends, his physician, all remonstrated, but in vain. He was in the habit of saying that life was only good for two things—'to write mathematics and to teach them,' and he would not accept an existence that was to be purchased by abstinence from his favourite study. The feelings of Ampère, even in his least active days, would have been in spirit the same. He would never have permitted a serious inroad to be made upon his habitual course; and it is more than likely, with a man so given to abstraction, that the sole result of enticing him to the theatre would have been, that to the theories of Avignon, Grenoble, and Marseilles, would have been added the theory of the *Comédie-Française*.

His closing days showed this portion of his character in the strongest light. He set out, sick and suffering, on a tour of inspection, the 17th of May, 1836. When he arrived at Lyons, his friend M. Bredin, seeing that his feeble body and violent cough required total silence and repose, endeavoured to put aside a discussion which Ampère desired to raise upon some proposed changes in the second volume of the *Essay on the Philosophy and Classification of the Sciences*. 'My health! my health!' he exclaimed, with vehemence, 'much this has to do with my health! The only question between us here is of eternal truths!' He plunged at once into the development of the subtle bonds which unite the different sciences, and proceeded from thence to a review of all the men past and present who had been the scourge or the benefactors of their species. The improvement of mankind was one of his favourite themes, and everything which promised it had the utmost interest for him. Nor did he bound his views to his own generation. With that mania which possessed him for fathoming depths which were unsathomable, he concerned himself as much 'with what was to happen three hundred years hence as with the events which were passing under his eyes.' He continued to harangue M. Bredin on this high argument for upwards of an hour, when he was completely exhausted

hausted by the effort. On reaching Marseilles his illness compelled him to halt. A slight amendment was at first apparent. 'His age, not very advanced, was also,' continues M. Arago, 'a ground for hope. They did not remember that Ampère might have said, with the Dutch painter Van Overbeck, "Reckon double, gentlemen, reckon double, for I have lived day and night."' He himself was conscious that his glass had nearly run out. When the priest addressed to him pious exhortations, he answered, 'Thank you; before I started from Paris I had fulfilled all my Christian duties.' He had been brought up religiously by his mother; he had been a diligent reader of the Bible and the Fathers; and although during the political convulsions which disturbed his country his faith was troubled for a brief interval through the depression of feeling occasioned by these events, he yet never lost his footing, but, when the wave had broken over him, he was left standing firm upon the rock. This consolation did not forsake him in the final hour. His calmness and placidity astonished his friends who were accustomed to the warmth and vehemence of his character. The last words he spoke add one more proof to the hundreds which exist of the prodigious extent of his reading and memory. A functionary of the College commenced reciting, in a low voice, some passages from the Imitation of Thomas à Kempis, and Ampère stopped him to observe that 'he knew the book by heart!' 'On the 10th of June, 1836,' says M. Arago, 'at five in the morning, our illustrious colleague, yielding to the repeated blows of sixty years of physical and moral suffering, finished dying—according to the beautiful expression of Buffon—rather than finished to live.' *Tandem felix.* He was happy at last.

However inadequately our sketch of Ampère may reflect the merit of M. Arago's biography, it may serve to indicate the sort of interest with which his work abounds in addition to those qualities of scientific exposition in which he so greatly excelled. The career indeed of many of his heroes, though not superior in instruction, was more stirring and eventful. One academician, he remarks, did not differ formerly from another academician, except by the number, the nature, and the splendour of his discoveries. The political storms which distracted France for more than sixty years, had drawn these learned recluses into the vortex, and broken in upon that old-fashioned uniformity of existence which rendered the lives of philosophers as monotonous in the relation as they were peaceful in their passage. It has been M. Arago's fortune to have to commemorate several of the eminent men who played a twofold part; and, if the inference to be drawn in some cases is that great philosophers may be very
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bad politicians, and in all that those who deviate from their allegiance to their true mistress make a poor exchange when they resign the sweets of calm contemplation for civil turbulence, the narrative, it must be confessed, which contains the record is rendered more exciting by the intermixture of action with the still picture of studious life.

The Biographies of the 'Philosophers of the time of George III.,' by Lord Brougham, are much better known in this country than the *Éloges* of M. Arago, and it is the less necessary to enter into a detailed discussion of them. They form the opening volume of a collected edition of the critical, historical, and miscellaneous works of their illustrious author, of which three volumes have already appeared. Not only will a large part of his productions be now brought together for the first time, but the entire series has been newly revised, and very extensive and important additions have been made in every department. Many of the biographies are sketches from personal knowledge of the great men with whom he has lived; many of the speeches must always be ranked with the very finest specimens of English eloquence; many of the treatises and articles are essential to a full understanding of the social and political history of the age in which he has been so prominent an actor; and though he must often carry us here into debateable questions, the liquid lava has cooled with time, and we may tread, with the calmness of philosophic inquirers, the ground which was once alive with the heat and passions of the hour. Our business is at present with the portion in which, happily, the discordant voice of party is seldom heard, and where our homage to genius runs no risk of being disturbed by our dissent from its conclusions.

The 'Lives of the Philosophers of the time of George III.' were not intended to include the whole of the men of science who flourished during that protracted reign. Only two Frenchmen find a place in the volume—Lavoisier and D'Alembert; and one distinguished Englishman—Sir William Herschel—is omitted, who would be eminently entitled to a prominent place in a complete gallery. But Lord Brougham has mainly fixed his attention upon the discoverers with whom he had himself been associated, or whose course of study coincided with his own. He was, in his youth, a pupil of the famous Dr. Black, the founder of the modern school of chemistry; and his desire to vindicate the fame of his master, in some respects deprived of his just renown, was a motive, in addition to their intrinsic importance, for dilating upon the works of this distinguished man. Indeed, Lord Brougham has dwelt so fully and fondly upon the cultivators of Black's department of science, that we only do not regret our want

want of space to follow him through the enticing history of Priestley, Cavendish, Davy, and others, because we trust that it will be read in its integrity in his own volume. To his ardent love, again, of mathematics is due the account of the life of D'Alembert and of the great improvements he introduced into the modern analysis. Genius is always attracted to the points which promise to reward its exertions, and the instrument invented by Newton and Leibnitz received shortly afterwards a wonderful development from Euler, Clairaut, and the celebrated *an* who is the central figure in Lord Brougham's sketch.

The examples of Porisms, which the noble author had furnished from the higher mathematics in a paper read before the Royal Society in 1797, when he was only nineteen, have doubtless contributed to the interest he shows in the restoration by Robert Simson of this curious branch of the Greek geometry. The only guide to the subject was a brief and obscure account by Pappus, the text of which was incurably corrupt. There is an anecdote current of Newton, that when he was asked how he found out the law of gravitation, he answered, By thinking of it. Such is the history of nearly every great discovery. The idea may dawn in an instant upon the mind, but it is a dawn which only visits those who have the patience to watch through the night. Such was the case with Simson with regard to the Porisms. Halley had retired baffled from the attempt to divine their nature; and Fermat, whose labours were unknown to the Scotch geometrician, had alone caught a glimpse of the truth. 'Simson,' to quote the narrative of Lord Brougham, 'lost his rest in the anxiety of the inquiry; sleep forsook his couch, his appetite was gone, his health was wholly shaken, he was compelled to give over the pursuit. "He was obliged," he says, "to resolve steadily that he never more should touch the subject, and, as often as it came upon him, he drove it away from his thoughts." It happened, however, about the month of April, 1722, that while walking on the banks of the Clyde with some friends, he had fallen behind the company, and, musing alone, the rejected topic found access to his mind. After some time a sudden light broke in upon him. He eagerly drew a figure on the stump of a neighbouring tree with a piece of chalk. He was wont in later life to show the spot on which the tree, long since decayed, had stood. If peradventure it had been preserved, the frequent lover of Greek geometry would have been seen making his pilgrimage to a spot consecrated by such touching recollections.' Of all the pleasures which result from the exercise of the understanding, there is none to be compared with the delight which fills the whole being of the philosopher who attains to the object of his research. The story of Archimedes, be it true or false, jumping

jumping suddenly out of his bath, and running about naked, exclaiming, 'I have found it,' when he divined the method for detecting whether the golden crown had been debased by alloy, is a type of the emotion which thrills through those whose scientific investigations are rewarded with success. Gay-Lussac wore *sabots* over his shoes to protect his feet from the damp of his laboratory, and, notwithstanding his tranquil temperament, his pupils had seen him thus shod dancing with joy at some discovery he had made. Everybody is familiar with the tradition that when Newton found the figures coming true which proved the correctness of his law of gravitation, his agitation was great that he was obliged to ask a friend to complete the computation. The gratification is as pure as it is lively, of which there can be no stronger proof than the sentiment which accompanies it in religious minds like that of Simson, who, on entering the date of any discovery among his memoranda, usually subjoined a *Deo* or *Christo laus*. It shows that to those who have not abjured every form of faith, there is an elevation in facts of this description which inevitably leads their cultivators from Nature up to Nature's God.

An interest attaches with every person of ordinary education to the name of Simson, from his admirable edition of the 'Elements of Euclid,' a work which cost him nine years of labour. He was born in 1687 and died in 1768, in his eighty-first year. His long, tranquil, and amiable life appears to have been governed by the rigid rules of the mathematics, which were the business and solace of his existence. He regulated his exercise by the number of paces, and after exchanging greetings with any acquaintance whom he met in his walks, he might be heard continuing the enumeration as he moved away. His absence of mind would have kept Ampère in countenance, and satisfied the sceptics of the reality of the propensity, though he differed from the Frenchman in being particularly methodical in his transaction of business. The anecdotes which Lord Brougham has recovered of Adam Smith show that he too was liable to fits of abstraction which rendered him insensible to everything around him. At a dinner at Dalkeith he was animadverting upon the character of a statesman of the day, when observing his nearest relative at the table, he suddenly stopped. He speedily passed from open conversation into a fit of musing, and was heard muttering to himself, 'De'il care, de'il care, it's all true.' In walking through the streets of Edinburgh, his hands behind him and his head in the air, he knocked against the passengers, and on one occasion overturned a stall, without the slightest consciousness of what he had done. 'Heigh, Sirs,' said a female worthy in the Fishmarket, who took him

him for an absolute lunatic, 'to let the like of him be about.
And yet he's weel enough put on' (dressed).

Simson, like Ampère, had his theorems of Avignon. He attended a club which dined together on Saturdays at Anderston, a suburb of Glasgow, and many of his solutions have attached to them the name of this place. They had burst upon him in the meditative moods which overtook him in his festive hours. He was fond of relieving his studies in an evening with a game at whist, a habit which was practised by Poisson, and which is serviceable to deep thinkers by affording that gentle excitement which distracts the over-wrought mind from its habitual reflections. An unskilful partner disturbed the serenity of Simson's enjoyment, who felt like the person who said that it was very embarrassing to have to play against three. He had another recreation in his fondness for music. His ear and voice were both good, and he would sing Greek and Latin verse to a modern air. Professor Robison saw the tears stand in his eyes as he sung a hymn with devotional rapture in the latter of these languages to the Divine Geometer.

Lord Brougham animadverts upon the erroneous opinion that mathematics had a tendency to render the feelings obtuse. Simson, the whole of whose days was passed in the pursuit of them, is one instance, among hundreds, of the injustice of the imputation. A pigeon, pursued by a hawk, flew into his bosom as he was walking in the College garden. A gentleman present exclaimed, 'Throw it to the hawk;' and such was the impulse of indignation which rose up in the geometrician at the brutality of the speech, that he immediately knocked the offender down. The gentleman protested that he had spoken in jest, and Simson apologised; but the act shows how deeply his heart was moved by any suggestion of cruelty, and with what spirit he resented it. The prince of philosophers was remarkable for a kindred gentleness. He considered it criminal to take sport in the hunting or shooting of animals, and when one of his nephews was commended in his hearing, Sir Isaac Newton objected to him 'that he loved killing of birds.' Another eminent mathematician, Condorcet, who was thought to be singularly heartless, but who was more correctly termed by D'Alembert a volcano covered with snow, addressed these parting words to his daughter the day before his tragic death: 'Preserve, my dear child, in all its purity the sentiment which makes us sympathise with the sorrows of every sensitive creature. Do not confine it to the sufferings of man; let your humanity extend to animals; do not make unhappy those which belong to you; do not disdain to attend to their comfort; be not indifferent to their gratitude, and never put them to needless pain.'

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There is no more delightful portion of Lord Brougham's work than his entire account of the gain to be derived from the study of mathematics and science. Their subservience to the arts of life he justly maintains to be only a secondary benefit. The primary object is the charm which arises from the contemplation of truth. Nature itself gives the lie to the utilitarian school; the lily arrayed in a glory greater than that of Solomon is a rebuke to him whose estimate of the value of every discovery is by the amount of what it furnishes to eat, drink, and put on. When all that can contribute to the comfort of the body has been realised, when our houses have reached the utmost pitch of convenience, when food and clothing can no longer be rendered either cheaper or more luxurious, when our railroads have attained their topmost speed, the mind of man still remains his superior part, and it cannot be the goal of its progress that it should find its highest felicity in well-contrived apartments, in the savouriness of dishes, in rapidity of movement, and in the fabric and cut of a coat. It is manifest that there must be something nobler than these physical results; or, in other words, the abstract truth, as Lord Brougham has demonstrated, is to be rated much above its sensual consequences.

Where the practical effects are the ultimate end of a study, as in the profession of medicine, the satisfaction derived from the calling is enormously increased by pursuing it as a science. Lord Brougham specifies as a particular source of philosophical pleasure the tracing the unexpected relations of things where there is no seeming resemblance, and the noting the diversity of those apparently similar. The physician, who has constantly to tell from external indications what is passing within the body, has for ever to rely upon his power of distinguishing causes by their effects where, to ordinary observers, there is no visible connexion. 'He did not,' says Cuvier, speaking of Corvisart, 'pay attention only to the pains of the patient, his pulse and his breathing. A painter could not distinguish better the shades of colours, nor musicians all the qualities of sounds. The least alteration in the complexion, in the colour of the eyes or the lips, in the various intonations of the voice, and in the muscles of the face, attracted his notice. The innumerable *post-mortem* examinations he had made enabled him to detect the correspondence between the most trivial outward signs and the inward disease. It is said that he could tell the complaint of a person who had been brought into the hospital while he was several beds off.' Tenon had adopted methods which were in spirit the same, though the symptoms which guided him were, perhaps, in many respects different. 'He had studied deeply'—it is Cuvier again who speaks—
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‘the relations of organs, which often enabled him to perceive a mutual action between the parts which were most remote. This gave a peculiar turn to his practice; he surprised his patients by the most unexpected questions and advice, looking at the gums or the nails when a person consulted him about his chest, ordering purgatives for a pain in the knee, and often thus affording a relief which was almost miraculous. A lady of my acquaintance consulted him one day for a pain in the jaw. He began by asking her if her husband had not the gout, and treated her accordingly.’ Nobody can doubt that besides the gratification derived by these eminent practitioners from their superior professional success, they must have found endless delight in tracing the relations which were the foundation of their art; that every fresh discovery was a new pleasure, and hardly less so every additional exemplification of the laws they had already established; that their calling was by this means converted from a laborious routine into a study replete with intellectual interest, and from which they derived incomparably greater happiness than from all the fame and pecuniary rewards which were the results.

The fascination of mathematics is at least beyond question, for we have the testimony of its followers to prove it. Lord Brougham asserts that no pursuit is so beguiling, or makes us so insensible to the lapse of time. ‘The sun,’ he says, speaking evidently from his own experience, ‘goes down unperceived, and the night wanes afterwards, till he again rises upon our labours.’ Sir Isaac Newton forgot the ordinary cravings of nature, and omitted to dine. D’Alembert, who thought less continuously and intently, thus describes his sensations: ‘I awoke every morning to look back, with a feeling of gladness in my heart, on the investigation which I had begun over-night, and exulting in the prospect of continuing it to the result as soon as I rose. When I stopped my operations for a few moments to rest myself, I used to look forward to the evening when I should go to the theatre and enjoy another kind of treat, but also aware that between the acts I should be thinking on the greater treat my next morning’s work was to afford me.’ Lord Brougham dwells upon the power of mathematics to keep the mind tranquil, to divert attention in sorrow when nothing else is sufficient to turn the current of the thoughts, and to wean from drinking or gambling. It is not the least of their advantages that they continue to retain their hold upon their cultivators, however much they may have been intermitted during the pressure of a busy profession; and of this he himself is a signal example. After a life spent in the exciting conflicts of the senate and the forum, in which he above all men was conspicuous for impetuous energy, he was no sooner able to command a season of comparative leisure than

we find him resorting for employment to the 'Principia' of Newton, and rendering its embarrassing conciseness into easy mathematics for the benefit of those who are unable to follow the abbreviated reasoning of the original.

It was indeed in the very midst of Mr. Brougham's political career that he made leisure to write one of his most admirable productions, the 'Discourse on the Objects, Pleasures, and Advantages of Science.' He has since contrasted in his 'Biography of Black' the impressions he received from the lectures of that eminent chemist, and those which he derived from the grand displays in which he was subsequently so distinguished a performer, as well as a spectator, in the House of Commons.

'I have heard the greatest understandings of the age giving forth their efforts in its most eloquent tongues—have heard the commanding periods of Pitt's majestic oratory—the vehemence of Fox's burning declamation—have followed the close-compacted chain of Grant's pure reasoning—been carried away by the mingled fancy, epigram, and argumentation of Plunket; but I should without hesitation prefer, for mere intellectual gratification (though aware how much of it is derived from association), to be once more allowed the privilege which I in those days enjoyed of being present while the first philosopher of his age was the historian of his own discoveries, and be an eye-witness of those experiments by which he had formerly made them, once more performed with his own hands.'

To this eloquent tribute to the supremacy of studies which elevate their votaries to almost more than mortal height, we will add the authority of the man who of all the persons of modern and, perhaps, of ancient times has played the most conspicuous part on the stage of the world. When Napoleon, then First Consul, was speaking of what he should have been if he had not become the victor of Marengo and the ruler of France, he declared it was science alone that could have satisfied his insatiable cravings for distinction. 'Do you think,' he said, 'if I was not general-in-chief and the instrument of the fate of a mighty nation, that I would have accepted office and dependence? No, no, I should have thrown myself into the study of the exact sciences. My path would have been the road of Galileo and Newton, and since I have always succeeded in my great enterprises, I should have highly distinguished myself also by my scientific labours. I should have left the memory of beautiful discoveries. No other glory would have tempted my ambition.' Nor was this a mere sentiment. Vanquished at Waterloo, he was meditating at Paris what course to adopt, and believed at first that he would be permitted to remove to America. He sent for his old friend Monge and communicated the scheme.

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'To have nothing to do would,' he said, 'be to me the most cruel of tortures. Condemned no longer to command armies, I see nothing except the sciences which could take a strong hold upon my mind. To learn what others have done would not suffice. I wish in this new career to leave works and discoveries which will be worthy of me. I must have a companion to initiate me rapidly at the outset into the actual state of the sciences. Then we shall traverse together the new continent from Canada to Cape Horn, and in this immense journey we shall study all the great physical phenomena of the globe upon which the world has not yet pronounced.' It was to find him such a companion that he had summoned Monge. He intended to pursue science with the same dashing impetuosity with which he had been accustomed to make war. His insisting that he must be placed at once upon the boundary line of knowledge without the tedium of introductory studies, his eagerness to win distinction in the career and extend the dominions of natural philosophy, the vast extent of the region over which he designed to carry his survey, the hurried movements he contemplated, and his unhesitating confidence in the result, are all eminently characteristic. With his usual sagacity he had selected the single province in which his penetrating genius could have dispensed with the patience which he did not possess and which these studies demand; but whether success or failure had attended the experiment, he has left to the world a striking testimony to the pre-eminent grandeur and fascination of science, which may tempt many who are dazzled by more glaring pursuits to look with increased respect upon the wanderers in its Elysian fields, or better still to join the band and share their pleasures and privileges.

ART. VIII.—*Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox*. Edited by Lord John Russell. Vols. I. and II. London, 1853.

THE time has perhaps arrived when Englishmen may regard, not indeed without predilections, but freed from such passions as forbid a calm survey of the grounds on which those predilections have been formed, the characters of men who commanded the confidence or excited the dread of our contending grandsires. Political interests are invested in new combinations of party,—from the eternal problems of civilisation new corollaries are drawn, since Fox identified his name with the cause of popular freedom, and Pitt was hailed as the representative of social order.

Statesmen

Statesmen are valued while living, less according to the degree of their intellect than to its felicitous application to the public exigencies, or the prevalent opinions. Time, like law, admits no excuse for the man who misunderstands it. Hence, in our estimate of contemporaries, we pass with abrupt versatility from one extreme to the other: '*Mors ultima linea rerum est*'—death must determine the vanishing point in the picture before we can estimate the relative size of each object expressed on the canvas.

In examining the Memorials and Correspondence of Mr. Fox, recently edited by the most distinguished of his surviving disciples, our eye often turns from the prominent hero to linger where an opening in the group that surrounds him vouchsafes a glimpse of his lofty antagonist; and strange does it seem to us that so much in the character and career of Mr. Pitt has been left to the mercy of commentators, who could not fail to misinterpret the one from the hostility they professed to the other. In securing from future ages an impartial judgment, Mr. Fox has this striking advantage, that, perhaps less than any of our great public men, do his actions need the investigation of latent causes, or his idiosyncracies require much skill in analysis or extensive acquaintance with mankind. It was his notable attribute to lay himself open on all sides, whether to applause or to reproach. And thus, while, on the one hand, his familiar letters render yet more transparent his amiable and winning qualities, and the graces of his cultivated and affluent genius, so on the other, they compel our attention the more to his signal defects as the leader of a party, or the councillor of a nation. But though in detail criticism may suggest remarks not without novelty or instruction, the salient attributes of the man, regarded as a whole, will remain the same: and the additional light thrown upon the portrait does not provoke the question whether or not it be placed at its proper height upon the wall. Far less clear to the discernment of the last age was the character of Pitt; and even in our day, men, wondering that genius should have been so long fortunate, have but little examined the properties and causes which made the fortune a necessary consequence of the genius. In the demeanour of Mr. Pitt, a certain stately reserve baffled the ordinary eye; in his political action there was a guiding tendency towards practical results, which is liable to misconstruction by the ordinary intelligence. It was his fate to incur, from his earliest manhood, those grave responsibilities which separate the minister charged with the destinies of a nation from the theorist in legislation, who, free to contend for what he deems good in the abstract, is not bound to consider how and when to effect it. Hence, so little was known of Mr. Pitt out of his

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his own chosen circle, in private, that Mr. Fox speaks of him 'as no scholar.' And few indeed among the supporters of the majestic minister, who cheered his awful irony or imperial declamation, could have believed that he had ever been the gayest of gay companions met to sup in the hostelry of Eastcheap, and vie with each other in apt quotations from Shakspeare. On the other hand, in his public character—so little have his true opinions been subjected to candid investigation, that he has been represented as an apostate from popular freedom and a champion of absolute rule; while Lord Holland would kindly mitigate his guilt as one or the other by the charitable assurance that Pitt had very few fixed principles at all. He has been accused of making war for the cause of the Bourbons; the Bourbons accused him of ignoring their cause altogether. He has been charged with prolonging the war to prop his selfish ambition almost at every hazard; while, fresh from the Malmesbury Correspondence, Lord Brougham invites us to notice how 'sincerely desirous he was of making peace with the French Directory almost at any price.' According to Mr. Macaulay, Pitt was a wretched financier; while Lord John Russell laments that no junction between Fox and Pitt allowed the nation to see 'the one adorning and advising his country in foreign affairs, the other applying to the management of our finances the economical principles of Smith and the wise frugality of Sully.' It may well be worth while to re-examine a character thus carelessly rated, thus ill comprehended, and to ascertain what really were those qualities which, in a time unparalleled for the grandeur of its public men, raised Mr. Pitt to a power pre-eminent over all. And, although there is no great general analogy between the circumstances that now surround us or the dangers that threaten, and the stormier attributes of the time in which Mr. Pitt achieved his fame, still in the prosecution of a war in which great blunders have been committed and lofty reputations have fallen into obloquy and odium—suggestions not without their value may arise from the contemplation of a character which inspired the public confidence in proportion to the degree of the public peril.

William Pitt, the second son of Lord Chatham, was born on the 28th of May, 1759. Like his great rival Mr. Fox, and unlike great men in general, his childhood was remarkable for precocity of intellect. Of his two brothers, one was destined to the army, the other to the navy. William was selected for the career of the bar and the senate. From the age of six to fourteen, educated at home under the eye of Lord Chatham, all his faculties were trained towards development in public life. During those eight years the popularity of the elder Pitt had rapidly declined. The great com-

moner had passed to the House of Lords. He had formed that motley and feeble cabinet, made familiar to posterity by the exquisite satire of Burke, to which he had contributed nothing save his name, in the defence of which, to borrow Chesterfield's brief definition, 'he was only Earl of Chatham and no longer Mr. Pitt,' and from which he altogether retired in 1768. Infirmary and disease grew upon him. He was much confined to his room. He had leisure to form the mind and inspire the ambition of his favourite son.

It was not only in scholastic studies that the grand old man encouraged the boy's natural eagerness to excel; it was not enough even in childhood to read and to remember. Lord Chatham early instilled those two habits of mind which call from the inert materials of learning the active uses of purpose, the reproductive vitality of original deductions,—the habits to observe and to reflect. He led the young student to talk openly and boldly upon every subject, and to collate his first impressions with a statesman's practical experience. The exceeding tenderness which the great Earl, so imperious in public life, exhibited to his son, appears in the letters Lord Chatham addressed to William at the early age of fourteen. They have all the playful kindness of feeling, all the yearning affection of a mother's—with just enough of the father's unconscious greatness, to sustain masculine ambition, and animate the sense of duty, not by dry admonitions but by hopeful praise: 'Your race of manly virtue (he writes to this boy of fourteen) is now begun, and may the favour of Heaven smile upon the noble career. How happy, my loved boy, is it that your mamma and I can tell ourselves there is at Cambridge *one* without a beard, and all the elements so mixed in him, that Nature might stand up and say, "This is a man!"'

Such words, and from such a parent, might not only stimulate all the energies of a generous son, but they serve, perhaps, to account for that remarkable conviction in his own powers, that firm quality of self-esteem so necessary in public life, which from first to last was the distinctive peculiarity of William Pitt. Nor was it only by this wise familiarity of conversation and intercourse that Lord Chatham mechanically educated his son towards the adoption of his own career. He accustomed the boy to recite aloud, and, no doubt, took occasion to inculcate those arts of oratory so difficult to acquire in later life—the distinctness of elocution, the modulated change of voice, the bye-play of look and of gesture, in which Lord Chatham himself was the most accomplished master of modern times. It was, perhaps, the conviction that the arts of oratory are closely akin to those
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of the stage that led Lord Chatham to encourage William before he went to the University, not only to write a play in verse, but to take a part in its performance. Yet more useful, perhaps, than the performance of the play was its composition in verse. Rarely, indeed, has it happened that an eminent orator has obtained distinction as a poet; but rarely also has it happened that an eminent orator has not indulged in verse-making. No other study leads to the same choiceness of selection in words, or enforces the same necessity to condense thought into a compact compass. Bolingbroke, Chatham, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Pitt, Canning—all made verses at one time of their lives, though Sheridan and Canning alone, of that immortal seven, have left us cause to regret that they did not cultivate in verse any uses not rigidly confined to the embellishment of prose. Nor did Lord Chatham neglect to exercise an influence over the direction of William's graver studies. The Earl prudently, indeed, left to professional teachers the legitimate routine in the classic authors, but he made it his particular desire that Thucydides, the eternal manual of statesmen, should be the first Greek book which his son read after coming to college; 'the only other wish,' says Bishop Tomline (William's college preceptor) 'ever expressed by his Lordship relative to Mr. Pitt's studies was, that I would read Polybius with him.' But to William himself Lord Chatham's literary recommendations were less restricted, and they directed him to the study not only of the historical and political masterpieces of England, but also of the logical arrangement and decorous eloquence which characterise the literature of the national Church. The sermons of Barrow especially seemed to Lord Chatham 'admirably calculated to furnish the *copia verborum*.*'

In 1773, when little more than fourteen, William went to Pembroke Hall, in the University of Cambridge. It was, perhaps, an advantage to his moral habits, and to his undivided attention to study, that he was so much younger than his contemporaries. A boy of fourteen could scarcely participate in the pleasures that allure the young men from eighteen to twenty. Even then, however, his tutor tells 'that his manners were formed and his behaviour manly.' His conversational powers were

* Barrow's amplitude of style is not unfrequently discernible in Pitt. But Barrow's more poetical attributes—his bursts of passionate fervour—his glowing use of personification—his felicity in adapting high thoughts to sonorous expressions, appear more congenial to Chatham's style of eloquence than that of his son. There are parts in Barrow which we could well fancy Chatham to have spoken. For instance, the sublime passage beginning, 'Charity is a right noble and worthy thing,' &c.

already considerable, and his range of study was singularly wide and comprehensive. Even then, too, his habits indicated the bias of the future orator. The barber who attended him, on approaching the oak door, frequently overheard him declaiming to himself within; and at a yet earlier age he had been accustomed to listen to the debates in the House of Commons, and repeat to his father the general purport of the arguments on either side. A severe illness attacked him soon after his entrance at the University, and much interfered with his residence during the first three years, but does not seem to have greatly interrupted his educational progress. There were these remarkable characteristics both in the quality of his learning and the mind that was applied to it. Although not fond of composition in the dead languages, nor ever attaining to that perfection in the elegant pastime of adapting modern thoughts to ancient tongues, which is the favourite Academical test of scholarship, he yet devoted especial and minute care to detect the differences of style in the classic authors; and we are told by his tutor that 'his diligent application to Greek literature had rendered the knowledge of that language so correct and extensive that if a play of Menander or Æschylus, or an ode of Pindar, had been suddenly found, he would have understood it as soon as any professed scholar.'

Lord Wellesley confirms this authority by his own, which carries with it more weight. That indisputable scholar, whose classical compositions may bear no disparaging comparison with Milton's and Gray's, says of Pitt, in maturer life, 'He was perfectly accomplished in classical literature, both Latin and Greek.' . . . 'With astonishing facility he applied the whole spirit of ancient learning to his daily use.' Lord Grenville has often declared that 'Mr. Pitt was the best Greek scholar he ever conversed with.' Yet he had not habituated himself in boyhood to construe classical authors in the ordinary way, viz., literally, and word by word, 'but read several sentences in the original, and then gave the translation of them, interpreting with almost intuitive quickness the most difficult passages in the most difficult author;' a peculiarity which evinces the tendency to generalise and express details by the comprehension of the whole, rather than arrive more slowly at the whole through the detached examination of details. Thus his observation was searching and careful; but it was more directed to essentials than minutiae. He took great pleasure in philological disquisitions and the true niceties of language; little pleasure in the lesser exercise of acuteness, that would amend a trivial error in a doubtful text;—great pleasure in studying the peculiar means by which poets obtain effect in expression; little pleasure in analysing

lysing the laws of the metre they employed. His mind, in short, was critical only so far as criticism was necessary to the object in view; and in the tastes of his studious boyhood he evinced that preference to the Practical, that strong seizure of some definite purpose, in which are to be found the main secret of his after greatness, and of some of the defects and failings with which that greatness was inseparably blended. He acquired what would now be called but an elementary knowledge of mathematics and natural philosophy. His tutor, indeed, thinks that he would have made a wonderful progress in pure mathematics, had his inclination to that abstruse science been indulged. This we venture to doubt. No test of the capacities requisite for mastery in the more recondite regions of abstract philosophy is established by a readiness in the solution of elementary problems. There are few logical minds which the clear deductions of Euclid do not strengthen and delight. But for achievements in science, as the minute investigator, the subtle discoverer, we apprehend that qualities are required the very opposite of those which in William Pitt shunned all results that were not broad and palpable—employed genius to heighten and adorn the robust substance of common sense, and by adherence to reasonings the most familiar, or appeal to passions the most elementary—convinced the plain understanding of a popular assembly, and commanded the heart of a free nation, which a similar policy on certain measures adopted by a minister who had philosophized more, and felt less, would have driven into terrible revolt.

William Pitt went just so far into mathematics and natural science as fitted him the better for active life, and went no farther. He said himself, and truly, ‘that he found their uses later, not merely from the actual knowledge conveyed, but rather from the habit of close attention and patient investigation.’ So also in metaphysics. He seems to have contented himself with a thorough knowledge of Locke’s ‘*Essay on the Human Understanding*,’ of which he formed a complete and correct analysis. ‘He indicated no inclination to carry his metaphysical studies farther.’ In other words, it was the nature of his mind to adopt such studies as could collaterally serve the vocation of an accomplished statesman; to halt from those studies where they deviated into directions in which they would naturally demand the whole man; and out of all researches to select by preference those which would furnish the largest outlines of valuable ideas to the use of an intellect rather simple than refining; rather positive than subtle; rather grasping at Truth where she emerged into the open space than stealing through the labyrinth to surprise her in her cell. We must be pardoned for these references
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to certain points in the earlier education and tendencies of this famous man, which may seem too familiar to reiterate; since our readers may thus arrive at perceptions into the nature of his general intellect which do not seem to have been suggested to his biographers.

Thus trained and prepared William Pitt entered into life—too soon his own master. He had attained the age of nineteen when his father died. In 1780 he was called to the Bar, and went the Western Circuit. In the same year he lost his eldest sister, Lady Mahon, and his brother James, of whom he says, in a letter to his former tutor, ‘he had everything that was most desirable and promising—every thing that I could love and admire; and I feel the favourite hope of my mind extinguished by this untimely blow. Let me, however (he adds), assure you that I am too tried in affliction not to be able to support myself under it.’ Whether from the desire to distract his thoughts from such causes for grief, or from the native buoyancy of spirit which belongs to genius in youth, it was in the winter of that year that we find him supping nightly at Goosetree’s club, more amusing than professed wits, entering with energy into the different amusements of gay companions, and displaying intense earnestness in games of chance. Of these last, however, ‘he perceived,’ says Wilberforce, ‘the increasing fascination, and soon after suddenly abandoned them for ever.’ Indeed in the January of 1781, William Pitt, having unsuccessfully contested the University of Cambridge at the general election in the previous autumn, was returned to Parliament for the borough of Appleby, by the interest of Sir James Lowther, but at the request of the Duke of Rutland. From that date the ordeal of such temptations as beset the idleness of youth was past.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a more gloomy combination of discredit and disaster—of dangers from without and within—than that which threatened Great Britain, when the son of Lord Chatham first entered the august assembly, in which his father had left many to divide his mantle, no one to claim his sceptre.

Abroad, the condition of our affairs was such as the boldest statesman might have contemplated with dismay. In America, a war that had become odious to the feelings, and humbling to the spirit of the English people, was slowly burning down into barren ashes; temporary successes inspired no exultation at home; a secret sentiment of their ultimate futility made the people echo the assertion of Fox, that Clinton’s capture of Charlestown and Cornwallis’s victory at Camden, ‘were matters less to rejoice at than deplore.’ Two years before, France had acknowledged the
independence

independence of the American Colonies, and was now our declared foe. Her resources were then unknown ; they were represented by our leading orators, and popularly believed to be, far beyond the power of British commerce and wealth to encounter. Turgot's wise warnings had been disregarded. Necker had enveloped the general finances of France in profound mystery, and the boldness of his loans concealed the exhaustion of his means. Here even the sagacity of Burke was deceived : misplaced indeed was the splendid panegyric he pronounced on the hollow expedients of the Genevese financier : ' Principle,' exclaimed the orator *nescius futuri*—' principle, method, regularity, economy, frugality, justice to individuals, and care of the people, are the resources with which France makes war upon Great Britain.*' Holland was already on the side of the Americans, and preparing to join France in the acknowledgment of their independence. Spain had arrayed against us fleets that excited more dread than her earlier Armada. In 1779 the island had been scared by a proclamation charging all officers, civil and military, in case of an invasion, to cause all horses, oxen, cattle, and provisions to be driven from the sea-coast to places of security ; and had an enemy, in truth, set foot upon our shores, we possessed not, according to the assurance of the Secretary at War, a single General in whom the army could confide. ' I don't know,' said Lord North with his usual exquisite drollery, ' whether our Generals will frighten the enemy, but I know that they frighten me.' Meanwhile Gibraltar was besieged by forces greater than had ever before honoured a single stronghold. Russia, Denmark, and Sweden had entered into common treaties, constituting an armed neutrality, and maintaining a principle that forbade to belligerent powers the right of searching the vessels of neutral states, and involved the pregnant seeds of that actual hostility with England which Russia, at least, almost openly desired. We had not on the continent a single ally. Nor did we stand only against the great potentates of Europe ; we stood against its public opinion, while we continued to sink in its respect for our power. In the contest with America we had neither the support of popular sympathy, nor the dignity of military success.

Not only our armies had been defeated, but our maritime power had been humbled. Hostile fleets had paraded their

* Burke lived to exclaim upon reading Necker's History of his own Administration, ' Ah, if the practice of the author had corresponded to his theory ! ' . Wise was the reply that Burke received from Necker's apologist, and the distinction it implies should be remembered in our estimate of every genuine statesman : ' The theory depended on the author alone, the practice on all that was around, with, or against him.'

flags before Plymouth: a miserable buccaneer, Paul Jones, had harried our Northern shores in a single frigate—insulted the Scottish coast with a descent—plundered an Earl's house with impunity—spiked the guns of Whitehaven fort—burned two vessels, and carried off 200 prisoners. Admirals were condemning the Admiralty, and dividing Parliament against each other. The Court was supposed to take part against its absent naval commander; and the acquittal of Keppel by the court-martial, to which Burke had attended him 'to witness his agony of glory,' had been followed by public illuminations—not more designed to honour the hero than to mortify his Sovereign. Naval successes indeed there were to chequer these ominous prospects, but the naval service itself was demoralized; Keppel, coldly re-appointed, refused to serve, other officers of distinction threw up their commissions, and a general mutiny in the great fleet assembled at Torbay was with difficulty appeased.

At home, trade was everywhere depressed; the public spirit, disheartened against the national enemies, transferred its wrath to the national rulers; monarchical institutions shook beneath the violence of party and the general discontent. Language that went to a length, which an ultra-radical now-a-days would call revolutionary, was held, not by the populace and their demagogues alone, it was thundered from the lips of peers—it lightened from the eloquence of sages. Burke's famous motion for Economical Reform had produced effects on the public mind far beyond what his sagacity foresaw, or his philosophy could approve. Economy, as is usual in times of distress, became connected with some constitutional change which should go to the root of the evils alleged. Public meetings inflamed the provinces; and so great a multitude had assembled at Westminster, that troops were drawn out and stationed in the immediate vicinity. In the midst of this excitement a motion, to the effect that the influence of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished, was supported by the Speaker of the House of Commons, adopted with an immaterial amendment by the Government itself, and carried, thus amended, by a majority of eighteen. Very shortly afterwards, the Duke of Richmond introduced into the House of Lords a motion for annual parliaments, and a suffrage little less than universal; and as if to prove how unfit were the commonalty for the power thus proposed to accord to them—how faint would be the hope of enlightening the councils of the state, by transferring legislation to the wisdom of numbers—at that very period a madman was at the head of the mob, and the 'No Popery' riot of Lord George Gordon was raging through the streets. Members of the House of Commons were compelled
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by the *sans culottes*, whom a Duke would have elevated into voters, to put on blue cockades, and shout out 'No Popery'—the rabble were thundering at the doors of the House of Commons—in the lobby a lunatic was haranguing crowds, half fanatics half thieves—when the very motion for annual Parliaments in the Lords was interrupted by the roar of the multitude—and a motion, whether or not the peers should sally out in a body to rescue their fellows, was decided in the negative, for fear the mace that should symbolize their dignity should be stolen by the pious assemblage it would assuredly not have awed.

Such were the circumstances under which Parliament (prorogued July 8th) had been suddenly dissolved on the 1st of September, 1780, and that new Parliament assembled, in which Providence had selected the agent for the preservation of the English throne.

At this time Lord North's administration, still outwardly strong, was inwardly undermined. Lord North himself had long been impatiently anxious to retire, and only retained the seals at the urgent entreaties of the King. The main body of the Opposition comprised two parties, which, but for personal jealousies, would have easily amalgamated their political opinions—viz., firstly, the scattered remnants of Lord Chatham's more exclusive following, of whom Lord Shelburne was the chief representative in the Lords; Dunning and Col. Barré, the most influential organs in the Commons. Secondly, the Whigs, properly so called: formidable alike from their number and their union—the mass of property which they represented, and the parliamentary eloquence with which their opinions were enforced. Never did the Whigs, since the palmiest days of Walpole, stand so well with the people as towards the close of Lord North's administration. It was not only that they comprised the greatest houses and the loftiest names in that more powerful section of our Aristocracy, by the aid of which William III. had achieved his throne, and the House of Brunswick secured its ascendancy; but during their penance in opposition, the questions they had advocated had restored them to the popular favour, which the Newcastle administration had lost. They had outlived the national prejudice excited against them by their early resistance to the American war. The public were as hostile to the continuance, as they had been favourable to the commencement, of that luckless struggle. Burke's great orations—in which the zeal of the partisan took the imposing accents of patriotism guided by philosophy—had produced a powerful effect upon the more calm and reflective minds which lend authority to popular opinion; and if the private errors of Mr. Fox himself scared the timid and shocked the decorous—errors palliated by youth, sanctioned by fashion, redeemed

redeemed by social qualities at once loveable and brilliant, and leaving no stain upon the masculine virtues of sincerity, courage, and sense of honour—little impaired the effect of his genius upon an audience chiefly composed of men of the world, or upon the ordinary mass of the public, in an age that had made an idol of Wilkes. And that great orator, from the height of the position to which he had stormed his way, could have seen little save the coronets of nobles, who smiled upon his progress, between himself and the loftiest place below the throne.*

Nature bestowed on Mr. Fox the qualities which are certain to command distinction in popular assemblies. He possessed in the highest degree the temperament of the orator, which, equal to the poet's in the intensity of feeling, is diametrically opposed to the poet's in the direction to which its instincts impel it. For the tendency of the last is to render into the ideal all which observation can collect from the practical, and the tendency of the first is to gather from the ideal all which can serve and adorn the practical. Hence logical argument is the death of poetry and the living principle of oratory. In the union of natural passion with scholastic reasoning Mr. Fox excelled all who have dignified the English senate. He required no formal preparation beyond that which a mental review of the materials of a question in debate suggested to a mind rich in a copious variety of knowledge, and so charged with intellectual heat that it needed but collision to flash instantaneously into light. Yet an intellect so active and a fancy so teeming as Mr. Fox's must have been constantly at work in the moments most apparently idle. Mr. Fox might have spent the night in a gaming-house, hurried off to Newmarket at day-break, returned just in time to open a debate in the House of Commons—but who shall say that during those hours he had found no intervals in which his reason was arranging a course of argument, and his memory suggesting the appropriate witticism or the felicitous allusion? He was not only endowed with the orator's temperament, he was consummate in the orator's art; and whether in oratory, poetry, painting, or sculpture, no artist attains to that excellence in which effort concealed steals the charm of intuition, unless his art is constantly

* At this time Fox *practically* led the opposition in the House of Commons, though he does not appear to have been formally recognised as the Whig leader in that House, to the deposition of Burke, until as a Cabinet Minister he naturally took precedence over his elder friend. At the death of Lord Rockingham, Burke, who had hitherto been regarded as the special representative in the House of Commons of that nobleman's opinions, had, by acquiescence in an office of inferior dignity, resigned the power, even if he retained the ambition, to contest Fox's supremacy as the successor of Lord Rockingham, and the chief of the Whig party in both Houses.

before him—unless all which is observed in ordinary life, as well as all which is studied in severer moments, contributes to the special faculties which the art itself has called into an energy so habitually pervading the whole intellectual constitution, that the mind is scarcely conscious of the work which it undergoes. But perhaps of every art that of the parliamentary orator is the one in which the least obvious sources supply the most popular effects. Even the gossip of commonplace minds furnishes a barometer of public prejudice to counteract or public opinion to respect. The talk of the clubs suggests the topics which will best tell with a party; while every man who narrates an anecdote or quotes a poem may suggest a grace to the discourse, an intonation to the voice, an effect to the delivery. Those, indeed, notably err, who, judging only by the desultory social habits and dissipated tastes of Mr. Fox, conclude that his faculties attained their strength without the necessary toil of resolute exertion. The propensity to labour at excellence, even in his amusements, distinguished him throughout life. ‘At every little diversion or employment’ (says his nephew Lord Holland), ‘chess, cards, carving at dinner, would he exercise his faculties with wonderful assiduity and attention till he had attained the degree of perfection he aimed at. It was this peculiarity which led him many years afterwards, when asked how he contrived, being so corpulent, to pick up the out-balls at tennis so well, to answer playfully, “Because I am a very painstaking man.”’ Perhaps it was this earnestness to excel, even in trifles, that conduced to his errors, and frittered away his robust powers of application. When persons accused him of idleness as a legislator, it was because he was fagging hard to be a fine gentleman. The exuberant vitality of his nature, like that of Alcibiades and our own Henry St. John, could not exhaust itself in a single field of ambition. Pleasure was essential to his joyous energies, but he could not take pleasure as a mere relaxation. He took it as an active pursuit, and sought, from that love of approbation which accounts for the frivolities of great men, to wring from the pursuit a distinction. If a gamester,—to be of gamesters the most reckless; if a rake,—of rakes the most daring. With Fox, too, labour was necessary for all achievements. Nature had not given to his person the beauty which allowed St. John to please without an effort, nor to his voice the felicitous music by which Chatham could sway the soul of an assembly. Therefore to be the prince of beaux and gallants in the drawing-room; or the speaker at whose rising members rushed to their seats or crowded the eager bar, demanded in Fox a degree of study and toil which were disguised

guised by the outward ease with which superior strength smiles under its own exertions. And though, as we have before said, Fox required no formal preparation to make a speech, he had gone through elaborate preparation to become a speaker. Not only from his earliest boyhood had politics engaged his thoughts; not only before he was of age had he accomplished himself in the learning which best befits the orator, arms his memory with facts and enriches it with illustrations; but in the zest with which he entered into theatrical performances he was already meditating the effects which art might give to an utterance in itself unmelodious. And Lord Holland justly observes, 'that the power of expressing passion by the tones of his voice had, no doubt, been brought to perfection by his exertions on the stage.'* But, more than all, Mr. Fox sought the excellence which practice alone confers in the arena in which his triumphs were to be achieved. The House of Commons has a kind of oratory so peculiar to itself that there is no greater misfortune to eloquent men on entering that assembly than to have matured the theory of their art (though they may well have established its groundwork) in any other school. It was his very success at the bar which injured the power of Erskine in the senate. And had Burke entered Parliament at that earlier age when the mind is yet keenly alive to the finer influences round it, he would never have incurred those faults of taste which so often offended his audience. The colours of genius are determined by the ray incident on the first prism, and the light once decomposed by refraction, no further refraction can again decompose. It was thus no subsidiary cause of Mr. Fox's parliamentary success that his taste formed its style in the House of Commons—an eloquence indigenous to the soil and not transplanted; its beauties and defects grew up together; and, as the first were those which could be most generally appreciated, so the last were those which could be most readily excused. Entering Parliament before he was of age, the ardour of his nature soon flung him into the thick of debate. For five years he spoke on every question but one, and he said he regretted he had not spoken upon that. But his earlier speeches were not long, like Burke's—they did not take the form of essays—they were so close to the matter of debate that the debate would have seemed incomplete without them. Thus the audience grew familiarised to faults which had a certain charm, not only because they imparted to effects that were learned at the theatre, but learned too well to appear theatrical, the air of natural passion

* Fox produced some of his most thrilling effects by what actors call 'the run upon two voices,' viz., suddenly sinking from his sharp, high key-note into a deep, low whisper.

and 'negligent grandeur'—but because they gave to the merits which redeemed them the thrilling suddenness of surprise, and the orator was patiently allowed to splutter and stammer out his way into the heart of his subject, grappling, as it were, with the ideas that embarrassed his choice by the pressure of their throng, till once selected and marshalled into order, they emerged from the wildness of a tumult into the discipline of an army. Mr. Fox was thus not only an orator, but pre-eminently an orator for the House of Commons. And though he gave to his invectives an angry and distempered enthusiasm which would not now be tolerated, and which even then was a gross defect that detracted from his authority and impaired his position; yet, upon the whole, his speeches were more characterised than those of any of his contemporaries by the tone of a man of the world, who, accustomed betimes to the best society, can be wise without pedantry, pleasant without flippancy, and is not vulgar even when he puts himself into a passion. Thus at the age of thirty-one Charles Fox stood forth before the public—the foremost hero of an united, numerous, and powerful party; he himself, says Horace Walpole, 'the idol of the people,' adding to his advantages of intellect and position the inestimable blessing of an Herculean constitution, which no labours seemed to weary, no excesses to impair. Never did chief of a party inspire more enthusiasm amongst his followers, never was political sympathy more strengthened by personal affection. What became of that party, under the guidance of that leader? We shall see.

At this time a tall, slender stripling, ten years younger than Mr. Fox, with no social fame, with few personal friends, scarcely known even by sight to his nearest connexions, with manners that rather repelled than allured ordinary acquaintance, at once shy and stately with the consciousness of merits unrevealed, took his undistinguished seat below the gangway, and under the gallery, by the side of a young Whig county member (George Byng), who survived to witness the passing of the Reform Bill and attain the venerable distinction of Father of the House of Commons:—

'Abstulit clarum cito mors Achillem,
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus.'

Plain in feature, but with clear, grey, watchful eyes—with high and massive forehead, in which what phrenologists call the perceptive organs were already prominently marked—with lips which when in repose were expressive much of reserve, more of pertinacity and resolve, but in movement were singularly flexible to the impulse of the manlier passions, giving a noble earnestness to declamation and a lofty disdain to sarcasm—this young
man

man sate amongst the Rockingham Whigs, a sojourner in their camp, not a recruit to their standard. He had, indeed, offered himself to their chief, but that provident commander had already measured for his uniform some man of his own inches, and did not think it worth while to secure the thewes of a giant at the price of wasting a livery and disappointing a dwarf.

The incident is curious, and illustrative of reflections from which future leaders of the Whigs might deduce a profitable moral.

When William Pitt, in 1780, sought first to enter Parliament as a candidate for the University of Cambridge, he wrote to Lord Rockingham for his interest, and concluded his letter in words by which honourable men imply support in return for assistance. 'I have only,' writes the son of Lord Chatham, 'to hope that the ground on which I stand, as well as the principles which I have imbibed, and which shall always actuate my conduct, may be considered by your lordship as some recommendation.'

Will it be believed that the Marquis of Rockingham does not answer this letter dated the 19th of July till the 7th of August, and then makes no apology for the delay, but replies with laconic frigidity, 'I had the honour to receive your letter some days ago. I am so circumstanced from the knowledge I have of several persons who may be candidates, and who indeed are expected to be so, that it makes it impossible for me in this instance to show the attention to your wishes which your own as well as the great merits of your family entitle you to.'*

That Lord Rockingham's interest might be pre-engaged was natural, but he does not state it to be so: he implies *preference* to other candidates, but not *pre-engagement*; and that, supposing he was 'so circumstanced' as to render it 'impossible' to aid his applicant in contesting the University, he should have found amongst the numerous boroughs at the disposal of the Whig leader no seat for a recruit whose very name would have been so important an addition to the Whig strength, and who might have served as a connecting link between the Chathamites and the Rockingham party, argues grave deficiency in political tactics. But when Lord John Russell expresses eloquent regret that at a subsequent period Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox did not act together, we submit to him that—in rejecting overtures which, had they been cordially accepted, would have necessarily made Mr. Pitt, on his entrance into public life, not the rival but the follower of Mr. Fox—Lord Rockingham if never less of a prophet was never more of a

* Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham, and his Contemporaries. By George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle. Vol. ii. p. 423.

Whig. The Whigs are the Hebrews of politics. Regarding themselves as a chosen race, the privileges of their creed are to be inherited at birth, not conceded to proselytes. They court no converts, even amongst those whom they aspire to govern. Over Edom they may cast their shoe, and Moab they may make their washpot; but no Tory from Edom, and no Radical from Moab has a right to claim admission into the sacred tribes: in the eyes of the rulers of Israel, Lord Chatham's son was a—Gentile.

Thus, unpledged to any political chief, but imbibing from his father opinions irreconcilable with Lord North's administration, on the 26th February, 1781, Mr. Pitt first rose in Parliament in support of Burke's renewed bill for Economical Reform in the Civil List. It is a remarkable proof, which we do not remember to have seen observed, of Pitt's isolation from all sections of party, that Lord Shelburne's friends did not attend this debate, and that he was *not* therefore acting more in concert with them than with the followers of Lord Rockingham. Of this speech Lord North declared that it was the best first speech he ever heard. Lord John Russell considers it a signal instance of Mr. Fox's generosity, that he hurried up to the young member to compliment and encourage him in this 'sudden display of talents nearly equal to his own.' The praise of generosity is unmerited. Mr. Fox cannot be called generous, though he may justly be called wise, in applauding a young man for an admirable speech on a motion which Mr. Fox and all his party supported. An old member overheard the praise, and said, 'Aye, old as I am, I expect to hear you both battling in these walls as I have done your fathers before you.' The man of fashion, disconcerted by the awkward turn of the compliment, looked foolish; the boy lawyer answered with equal readiness and felicity of expression, 'I have no doubt, General, you would like to attain the age of Methuselah.' If we examine this first speech with some critical attention, and compare it with others known to have received Mr. Pitt's careful revision, there is good internal evidence, that not only its substance but its diction is preserved to us with sufficient accuracy to enable us to judge of the causes which assigned to it so signal a success. We can gather from it, first, the fact that the delivery must have been very striking, for it is precisely one of those speeches which ill delivered would have failed in effect, beyond the merit of the substance—well delivered would have obtained more applause than the substance itself deserved. It is always so in the House of Commons where the language rises above the level tenor of debate, and the argument avoids

avoids apt personalities to grasp at general principles. Take for instance passages like the following :—

‘They ought to have consulted the glory of their royal master, and have seated him in the hearts of his people, by abating from magnificence what was due to necessity It would be no diminution of true grandeur to yield to the respectful petitions of the people ; the tutelage of that House might be a hard term, but the guardianship of that House could not be disgraceful to a constitutional King But it had been said that the saving was immaterial it proposed to bring no more than 200,000*l.* into the public coffers ; and that sum was insignificant, in the public account, when compared with the millions which we spend. This was surely the most singular species of reasoning that was ever attempted in any assembly. The calamities of the crisis were too great to be benefited by economy ! Our expenses were so enormous that it was ridiculous to attend to little matters of account ! We have spent so many millions that thousands are beneath our consideration. We were obliged to spend so much, that it was foolish to think of saving any !’

A practised observer of parliamentary effects will at once acknowledge—that sentences like the above, if spoken, especially by a very young man, with frigidity or feebleness would fall flat on the ear as the rhetoric of schoolboy premeditation—while, if uttered with warmth, assisted by the earnest bye-play of countenance and gesture—they would be as sure of loud cheers to-day as they were in 1781. The aid of delivery thus taken for granted, the speech justifies the impression it created—the language is precisely of that character, which when well spoken the House of Commons is most inclined to admire—dignified, yet animated—pointed and careful, yet sufficiently colloquial—the beauties it avoids are those by which the House of Commons is least seduced. So with the matter—it embodies the generous sentiments, to which all popular assemblies the most willingly respond, in arguments that take the broadest objections of the adversaries, and do not fatigue attention by entrance into small details and subtle reasonings. More perhaps than all other elements for parliamentary success—the speech exhibits the two qualities which, when present, give repute to mediocrity,—when absent, impair the efficiency of genius, viz., readiness and tact.* Waking thus ‘to find

* Wraxall erroneously ascribes to Pitt’s maiden speech a sarcastic witticism which he spoils in the telling. Lord John Russell gives the words on the authority of Mr. Adams, but does not seem aware of the occasion on which they were delivered, and apparently antedates them. They were not uttered in Pitt’s first session in Parliament, but the second, in going into Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, Dec. 14, 1781. To give due force to the witticism, and to rescue it from the character of

find himself famous,' Pitt did not fall into the error by which Burke at the onset of his career had cheapened his eloquence and damaged his position. Pitt did not speak 'too long and too often.' Only three speeches of his in his first session are recorded; and when the session was over, he had done more than prove himself an orator—he was acknowledged as a Power. The contrast between his years and his bearing but increased the respect which accompanied the popular admiration. Men regarded as a kind of sublime prodigy a youth so unbending to follies, and uniting such ample resources with such calm self-reliance. The solitude of his position rendered its height more apparent. He continued to hold himself aloof from the recognised chiefs of opposition. Fox and Shelburne alike might sue for his aid, neither one nor the other could lay claim to his allegiance. No doubt this reserve was in part the result of profound calculation. As yet it was only as a subordinate that he could have joined a party, and he who once consents to become a subordinate must go through the hackneyed grades of promotion before he can rise to be a chief. Let Genius pit itself boldly against Routine, and the odds are that it will win the race by the help of its wings. But if it seek its career in Routine itself, it must resign the advantage of its pinions, and trust to the chance of outwalking those two fearful competitors—Length of Service and Family Interest. It is true that the first is somewhat slow in its pace, but then it has ten years start on the road; it is true that the last cannot bear much fatigue, but then, instead of its own slender legs, it makes use of my lord's chaise and four! But if Pitt's isolation from the Whigs was due in part to his political sagacity, it was due also in part to his personal tastes. To a man of his temper there could have been no allurements in the brilliant society of the Whigs, with all the looseness of its wit, and all the licence of its fashion.

Who can fancy William Pitt at his ease in the social orgies at Brookes's, or amidst the gay coteries of Devonshire House, or exchanging jests with Sheridan, or in the levées of St. James's

of presumption, which Lord John's authority assigns to it, his Lordship should have stated correctly the substance of the charge which the witticism at once barbed and interrupted. Pitt was not accusing the Minister, as Lord John says, 'of grave neglects,' but the Ministers in general of want of union. 'Is it to be credited,' he said, 'that a Ministry ignorant of each other's opinions are unanimous? The absurdity is too monstrous to be believed, especially when the assurance is made at a moment when the Ministry are more disunited than ever.' Here that veteran placeman, Wellbore Ellis, began whispering to Lord North and to Lord George Germaine, whose personal courage had been so gravely called in question; and Pitt, checking his invective, said, 'But I will pause till the unanimity is a little more settled—until' [here comes Mr. Adam's version of the happy taunt] 'the Nestor of the Treasury Bench has composed the differences of Agamemnon and Achilles.'—See *Hunsard's Parl. Debates*, vol. xxii. p. 843.

Street, in which Fox, 'his bristly black person and shagged breast, quite open, and rarely purified by any ablutions, wrapped in a foul linen gown, and his bushy hair dishevelled, dictated his politics with Epicurean good humour' *—There—where the principles of a loan and the assaults on a government were relieved by broad jokes on the last scandal, the slang of the turf, and the irreverent spectacle of the boyish heir to the crown imbibing lessons of royal decorum and filial reverence from the men whose ribald talk against his father was echoed back to the court from the gossip of every drawing-room and club; there—what figure would have been so inaccordant with the genius of the place as the stately son of Chatham, with his imperial tenacity of self esteem and his instinctive deference for the fair proprieties of life? If it be unjust to suppose Pitt, especially in his youth, was any foe to mirth,—for the mirth of men of gallantry, men of fashion, men of polite morals, he was too austere in his principles, and too decorous in his tastes. We fear that we must allow that in such a society William Pitt would have been quizzed. As therefore, his private temperament and inclinations were not attracted towards intimacy with the Whigs and their illustrious leader, so even where at that time he politically agreed with Mr. Fox, there was so essential a difference in the modes with which the two men treated the same questions, that their intellectual intercourse would have failed for want of sympathy. One distinction between them is pre-eminently noticeable: it continued throughout life, and contains much that made the one supported by the people, even in his most rigorous enactments, the other deserted by the people even in his most popular professions. Mr. Fox identified* himself with principles in the abstract, Mr. Pitt rather with the nation to which such principles were to be applied. The one argued and viewed the great problems of state chiefly as a philanthropist, the other chiefly as a patriot. This distinction is not merely theoretical—it affects the practical treatment of mighty questions. He who thinks with Mr. Pitt embraces for change the consideration of season, and refers a speculative principle to the modifications of practical circumstance. And the wisdom of such view of the art of statesmanship is apparent in this, that where the politician avows it frankly,

* Hor. Walpole. To which Lord Holland adds a note:—'This description, though of course a strong caricature, yet certainly has much humour; and I must needs acknowledge, from my boyhood recollections of a morning in St. James's-street, has some truth to recommend it.' Probably in 1783 the description had less caricature than when Lord Holland, at a later period of his uncle's life, recognized the partial truth of its outlines. Fox in his earlier youth, when serving der Lord North, had been remarkable for foppery in dress. He adopted slovenly hits in espousing popular opinions.

consistency is not violated nor a principle damaged, when he is compelled to say, 'There are considerations connected with the actual time that will not allow me the safe experiment of a theory to which I am otherwise friendly.' But where, on the contrary, the politician rigidly asserts that the principle he affects, must be carried at all hazards, he loses character, and injures that principle itself, if, when he comes into power, he finds that he is no more able to carry it into law than the predecessor whose milder doctrine he had attacked as untenable. But whatever may be thought of the abstract superiority of either creed, there can be no doubt, that in action, the man who is more habitually seen to make his first object the interests of the nation, will obtain the greater degree of national support; and the man who works towards his end according to the instruments at his disposal, will be more likely to achieve some positive result than he who, absorbed in shaping his object according to his own ideal, insists on a circle with tools only fit for a square.

It is unnecessary to narrate the events, or refer to the debates, of the two following sessions, till the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis's army and the fall of Minorca led to the resignation of the amiable minister who had borne with such easy good humour the assaults of his enemies and the disgrace of his country. Two public men then stood forth, pre-eminent for the royal selection of chief minister,—the Marquis of Rockingham and the Earl of Shelburne. The first has been singularly felicitous, the last as singularly unfortunate in those elements of posthumous estimation, which the comments of contemporaries afford. The Whigs have been the chief annalists of that time, and they were as friendly to Rockingham as they were hostile to Shelburne. It is not from Lord Holland nor from Mr. Allen that we have a right to expect an accurate judgment of the man with whom Fox so vehemently quarrelled, and by whom, in the stage-plot of cabinets, Fox was so pleasantly outwitted. On the other hand, the grateful praise of Burke has assigned to Lord Rockingham a place among statesmen to which nothing in his talents or career affords any solid pretension. Lord Rockingham, indeed, was a man whose respectability of character must be not less frankly admitted, than the inferiority of his capacities. We have read with attention Lord Albemarle's 'Memoirs' of this wealthy nobleman; and the skill of the editor has rendered the reading very light and amusing, by keeping Lord Rockingham himself almost hid from the eye. The memoirs indeed would be rendered still more amusing if, in a future edition, the marquis could disappear altogether. Bold as the doubt may be, we question whether

whether Lord Rockingham, take him altogether, was not the dullest man whom England ever saw in the rank of first minister. '*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam*'—perhaps the natural sterility was redeemed by artistic culture? Flattering supposition!

'Horse racing,' says Lord Mahon of this favourite of fortune, 'was his early passion and pursuit. He afterwards became a lord of the bedchamber, and was thought perfectly well fitted for that post. When in 1763 the idea was first entertained of appointing him to a high political office, the King expressed his surprise, "for I thought," said his Majesty, "I had not two men in my bedchamber of less parts than Lord Rockingham."' Nevertheless in 1765 the ex-lord of the bedchamber was at the head of his Majesty's government—and that government is entitled to respect for the excellence of its intentions, nor less to our gratitude for the instructive lesson it bequeathed, viz. that excellent intentions unaccompanied by vigour and capacity can neither give permanence to governments nor avail for the guidance of States. Doubtless it is a merit in a sack to be clean, but a clean sack stands on end no more than a foul one—if it is empty. As a party adviser Lord Rockingham is said to have exhibited, in private, plain good sense and sound judgment: these qualities appear little in his correspondence, less in his actions, least of all in his speeches. In Parliament his highest efforts in his best days were but slovenly common-places dropped forth with painful hesitation. Latterly he had grown timidly averse to speaking at all, and had settled down to the confirmed state of a nervous valetudinarian. But whatever Lord Rockingham's defects, he had the great advantage which mediocrity alone possesses,—none of his party were jealous of him. He had another advantage in the high rank and the immense wealth, which invest with imposing splendour the virtue of common honesty, and give to the sobriety that comes from constitutional languor the loftier character of sagacious moderation. At all events he was ingenuous and simple. 'His virtues,' according to Burke's epitaph, 'were his arts.' To sum up—no statesman living was more worshipped by his party—less beloved by his sovereign—was regarded by his country with more indifference—or inspired its enemies with less awe.

The Earl of Shelburne (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne) contrasted the notable tameness of Lord Rockingham, equally by the greatness of his talents and the puzzling complications of his character. Lord Holland tells us in one sentence that 'the Earl had no knowledge of the world, but a thorough perception of its dishonesty;' and adds in the very next, that 'his observations on public life were often original and just, and on individual

dual character, shrewd, sagacious, and happy. I have known,' continues Lord Holland, 'few men whose maxims more frequently occur to my recollection, or are more applicable to the events of the world, and to the characters of those who rule it.' Thus, again, while the same noble critic remarks, that 'there was elevation in Lord Shelburne's character,' and says, 'I have observed traits of real magnanimity in his conduct;' he lends his sanction, in the 'Memorials of Mr. Fox,' to the grave imputation against the Earl of systematic duplicity—the vice, above all others, least compatible with 'elevation of character' and 'magnanimity of conduct,' and implies that the statesman whose youth had been passed in the frank intercourse of camps, and who was allowed by his bitterest detractors conspicuous attributes of courage and decision of character, merited the nicknames of Jesuit* and Malagrida. The true secret of judgments so contradictory is to be found in this—Lord Shelburne's was one of those natures in which both merits and defects are more visible to the eye from the irregularity of the surface which draws and reflects the light. Morally and intellectually, he was eccentric and unequal. His earlier years had purchased military distinction at the cost of scholastic instruction. And in his after intercourse with those in whom he saw secret enemies or doubtful friends, he brought a great deal of the old soldier's caution; nor where he suspected the ambush did he disdain the stratagem. Of long-sustained intrigue he was incapable; but did he conceive a scheme, he could guard it with great closeness, and carry it by a *coup de main*. The politic dissimulation of a Jesuit he certainly had not; but, on occasion, he exhibited the wary astuteness of a Spartan. We must concede the justice with which Burke says of him in a private letter, that he was 'whimsical and suspicious.' But the whims arose from an intellect self-formed, arriving at its own results in its own way; and though often changing its directions, unaccustomed to the beaten track and the professional guide. And if he was suspicious, it must be owned that the charge chiefly came from men whom he might reasonably think it somewhat imprudent to trust. Nor was this tendency of mind unjustified by the peculiar circumstances with which he was surrounded at various periods of his life. In early youth he had some cause to guard himself against his own family: in the noon of his ambition he saw on one side of him a hostile court,

* Lord Holland, in seeking to justify a charge that he can in no way prove, by bringing a nickname of the day in support of its probability, should have remembered that the same nickname of Jesuit was applied yet more familiarly to Edmund Burke; yet certainly no man was ever less entitled to that appellation in the sense it was intended to convey.

and on the other side a rival faction, whose aid was necessary to his advancement, and whose jealousies might compass his overthrow. But that he had, as Lord Holland asserts, 'a mean opinion of his species,' is scarcely in keeping with a political theory to which respect for mankind, and confidence in human virtue, make the necessary groundwork. 'Lord Shelburne was the only minister I ever heard of,' said Jeremy Bentham, 'who did not fear the people.' His political doctrines were indeed of a more philosophical and comprehensive character than those by which the Great Houses invited the aid of democracy to the dominion of oligarchs. He differed from Mr. Fox and the Whigs of that day in his attachment to the growing science of political economy. No public man then living better understood the true principles of commerce. Without sharing the extravagant doctrines of the Duke of Richmond, he was more sincerely in favour of a modified Parliamentary Reform than were the leading partisans of Lord Rockingham. But he had a thorough contempt for all the commonplace jargon bestowed on that subject, and rather held popular liberty essential to vigorous government, than the fascinating substitute for any government at all.

As a Parliamentary speaker, Lord Shelburne showed the same brilliant and eccentric originality which perplexed the judgment of contemporaries in their estimate of the man. He certainly did not speak like one accustomed to plot and inclined to dissimulate. Animation was his leading excellence. Often rash, often arrogant, careless whom he conciliated, whom offended—speaking with impetuous rapidity,* like a man full of unpremeditated thought, warmed by passionate impulse—exposing himself both to refutation and ridicule, but 'repelling such attacks with great spirit and readiness,'† all authorities concur in the acknowledgment that, in debate, he was generally very effective, and that at times his language itself, though generally unstudied, was felicitously eloquent. Indeed, there are passages in his speeches still preserved to us, which not one of our English orators has surpassed in the hardy nobility of thought, and the masculine strength of diction. 'He was,' says Lord Holland, 'a great master of irony; and no man ever expressed bitter scorn for his opponents with more art and effect.' This is not the rhetoric of a Jesuit: in his vehemence as in his caution, Lord Shelburne was always the soldier.

Regarded purely as a party leader, Lord Shelburne had some of the highest requisites. 'He was munificent and friendly,'

* Fox says, in one of his later speeches, that Lord Shelburne spoke, like himself, very rapidly, and it was difficult for the reporters to follow him.

† Lord Holland's *Memoirs of the Whig Party*.

says Lord Holland, 'even to a fault; none of his family or connexions were ever involved in any difficulty without finding in him a powerful protector and active friend.' 'He had discernment in discovering the talents of inferiors'—his person was prepossessing, and his manners, when unrestrained, were sufficiently cordial. On the other hand, as caution was not habitual to him, so he often counteracted its effects by a sudden indiscretion. Though so ready he often failed in tact, and his energy, though prodigious, was rather fitful than sustained. Often a deep, but too much a solitary thinker, he could not act in sufficient concert with others. And the closeness with which he concealed his plans was partly connected with a reluctance to receive advice. With much kindness he had little sympathy. And as he lacked the art to conciliate opponents, so he scorned to recover friends whom an offence on their part or a misconception on his own, once estranged from his side. He was not revengeful, but he was not forgiving, or rather, if he forgave in his heart, he did not own it. In these less amiable and attractive attributes, favourably indeed contrasted by the son, who ultimately succeeded to his honours, and who yet lives to command the affectionate veneration of all, who, whatever the differences of party, can appreciate the nature in which a rare elevation and an exquisite suavity admit of no enmities, while cementing all friendships—and which, gracing by accomplished culture a patriotism not embittered by spleen nor alloyed by ambition, harmonizes into classic beauty the character of one with whom Lælius would have eagerly associated, and whom Cicero would have lovingly described—'*Ad imitationem sui vocet alios; ut sese splendore animæ et vitæ suæ, sicut speculum, præbeat civibus.*'*

In the eyes of the King, Lord Shelburne possessed two merits which atoned for speeches that, if not disloyal, were certainly not flattering. First, though friendly to peace, he desired to effect it on terms that might least wound the dignity of the crown, and hesitated therefore to acknowledge unconditionally the independence of America. And secondly, though driven to act with Mr. Fox, he disliked him personally little less than the King did. Accordingly when George III. found himself compelled to choose between the Earl of Shelburne and the Marquis of Rockingham, the former obtained his preference. There were indeed some previous coquettings with Rockingham through the medium of a go-between, little gifted with the arts of seduction. Lord Chancellor Thurlow was sent to sound the Marquis, but without 'authority'—the Marquis refused to treat—he came again—

* Lælius ap. Cic. de Republicâ.--Lib. ii.-xlii.

would the Marquis accept the administration and settle the terms afterwards? The Marquis gave a direct negative. The King was in a position that would have been actually impracticable had his obstinacy been such as it is popularly represented, for he had declared in a private letter to Lord North 'in the most solemn manner that his sentiments of honour would not permit him to send for any of the leaders of opposition, and personally treat with them.' 'Every man,' adds his Majesty, 'must be the sole judge of his own feelings, therefore whatever you or any man can say will have no avail with me.' But four days afterwards, a leader of the opposition was sent for to Buckingham House, and in three days more Lord Shelburne was empowered to form an administration. The Earl went straight to Lord Rockingham and offered him the Treasury and Premiership. 'My lord,' he said, with a candour little in unison with the duplicity ascribed to his character by Mr. Fox's friends, 'you could stand without me, I cannot stand without you.' The Marquis was a formalist in point of etiquette—he was disposed to decline, because the King had not sent for himself in person. Mr. Fox and the Duke of Richmond overruled his scruples, and the Marquis suddenly consented to have greatness thrust upon him. The King pocketed his honour as the great subject pocketed his pride, and so, after straining at Lord Shelburne, his Majesty swallowed Lord Rockingham. Exactly ten days from the date of the letter in which George III. so solemnly repeated his assurance that he could see personally no leader of the opposition—the chief of the Whigs kissed hands as first minister of the crown.

Never, considering the grave disasters of the country, did an English minister evince a less dignified sense of responsibility than the Marquis of Rockingham—never did the mind of professed patriot appear more narrowed into the petty circle of party jealousies—never did the diplomacy of a constitutional statesman commissioned to secure the requisite authority to his counsels, and yet conciliate the favour of a reluctant king—so indulge in the spite that must gall his master, and so admit the elements that must divide his cabinet. Had Lord Rockingham possessed 'the sound common sense and clear judgment' which his admirers assign to him, his course was clear. In the necessary changes in court and state, such a man would have gracefully consulted the king's personal tastes and friendships, in appointments not affecting his policy, in order the more strenuously to insist upon the removal of political antagonists. Lord Rockingham did precisely the reverse. A harmless inoffensive nobleman held the office of mastership of the buckhounds. This nobleman
the

the King loved as a peculiar friend ; with him the royal intellect unbended in happier moments, and, forgetful of Whigs and Tories, discussed the adventures of the chace. Grimly my Lord Marquis insisted that the hounds should exchange their master, and the King lose his gossip. George III. stooped to personal entreaty, that this one appointment might be left uncanceled ; in vain. He even shed tears—the Marquis remained inflexible—Europe and America were at war with England—and Lord Bateman was a necessary sacrifice to the deities of Peace. On the other hand, if there were a man in the three kingdoms whose exclusion from the Cabinet should have been an imperative condition with the Whig minister-in-chief, it was Lord Chancellor Thurlow. The imperious lawyer had a hearty dislike for the Rockingham party ; he was notoriously pre-opposed to the measures the Marquis was pledged to support. He was not a man to be swamped by the adverse members of a Cabinet, nor to be awed by the rank of a Rockingham or the genius of a Fox. By office he was the Keeper of the King's conscience ; in point of fact the King was rather the keeper of his own. He was sure to report every difference, and exaggerate every error, to the Sovereign, who had accepted the government as a dire necessity, and whom its chief had turned into a personal enemy. Yet the same hand that fortified the stables against a Bateman left the door of the Cabinet unclosed against a Thurlow. But with that smallness of cunning which belongs to smallness of intellect, the Marquis contrived to shift upon Shelburne the responsibility of an appointment which he lacked the courage to resist. In giving a list of those he himself selected for the Cabinet, he left a blank for the office of Chancellor, apparently in compliment to the Earl, whose friendship for Dunning would incline him to offer the seals to that famous lawyer and influential debater. But his true object was, no doubt, to impose upon Shelburne the alternative either of resisting the King and mortally offending Thurlow, or of retaining the Chancellor, and incurring the responsibility of an appointment odious to the Rockingham party. And perhaps Lord Rockingham, dull though he was, could scarcely have been so dull as not to foresee that, of the two evils, Lord Shelburne would choose the last, for the Earl had not the same stern causes to exclude the terrible Chancellor as should have weighed with his colleague. During all the preliminary negotiations, Lord Shelburne had been selected for personal conference with the King, and, as the representative of a party comparatively small to that of the Rockinghamites, the Earl might reasonably consider the royal favour too valuable an element of strength to be thrown away, while Lord Thurlow had been mixed up in the transactions

transactions conducted by Shelburne, and his very hostility to one portion of the Cabinet might not be without use to the other.* Lord Shelburne therefore retained Lord Thurlow, and Lord Rockingham assented to the appointment. That in the blank left to Lord Shelburne to fill up, the Marquis had no desire to advance Dunning, became instantaneously clear, for when Lord Shelburne propitiated that eminent person to the loss of the Great Seal by elevating him to the peerage, with the Duchy of Lancaster, and a pension of 4000*l.* a year, the Rockingham faction were seized with jealous resentment, and could not rest contented till they had counterbalanced the Shelburne dispensation of patronage, by raising to the peerage a partisan of their own, Sir Fletcher Norton. If Lord Rockingham was sincere in the expectation that Dunning would be raised to the Woolsack, the exceeding bitterness with which himself and the Whigs regarded the compensation afforded by the pension and peerage, seems strangely misplaced. On the liberal party generally Dunning's claims were paramount. It was his motion on the power of the Crown which had most united the Opposition, and conduced to the downfall of the North administration. And not even Fox himself more commanded the ear of the House, or could less safely have been omitted from a share in the *spolia opima*. In brief, the more the history of the formation of the Rockingham government becomes clear, the more the general interests of the nation, and the nobler sagacity of patriots, appear to have been forgotten in the miserable jealousies of rival cliques. The grand object of the Whigs was avowedly less to consolidate the best government that could reform abuses and restore peace, than to maintain the dignity of their coterie against the encroachments of the Shelburnites. One-half the Cabinet and one-half the subordinate appointments were rigidly to counterbalance the other half. The Government was thus composed much on the same principle of symmetry as that on which Browne constructed his gardens. If one tree was planted to shield from the north wind, another must be stuck into the ground just opposite, though it only served to shut out the south. If some eminent man was appointed by Lord Shelburne, some man, whether eminent or worthless, must be thrust in by Lord Rockingham. The envies and bickerings about garters and peerages, and places in the household, could they have been known to the public, would have lost for ever, to the ambition of 'the Great Houses,' the sympathy of every masculine intellect. But the most fatal

* Thus Horace Walpole observes truly, 'that Lord Shelburne having more of the King's favour than Lord Rockingham, the Chancellor would incline the same way.'

'which appear on most occasions is very disheartening. On the bill for securing Sir Thomas Rumbold's property,* we were only 36 to 33.' The insubordination of dependents was notable. On that very question the Attorney and Solicitor General were both against the Government leader. On another occasion Dundas, still Lord-Advocate, not perhaps in the best humour that he was not promoted to the Duchy of Lancaster instead of Dunning, galled Mr. Fox by a speech, 'most offensive,' complains the minister, 'to me personally, by marking in the most pointed way the different opinion he entertained of the purity of Pitt's intentions and mine.' Burke himself, not wholly uninfluenced, we suspect, by irritation at the slight, of which he was too proud to complain, dealt a deadly side-blow to the Cabinet that excluded him. Mr. Fox had declared himself in favour of Parliamentary Reform, but praising Mr. Pitt for his motion to that effect, hinted that it did not go far enough. Burke, with difficulty restrained from appearing in the House upon that occasion, came down a few nights after (on Alderman Sawbridge's motion for shortening parliaments), 'attacked Mr. Pitt in a scream of passion, and not only swore that Parliament was, and always had been, precisely what it ought to be, but that all persons who thought of reforming it wanted to overturn the constitution.' Perhaps, however, in this censure Burke exempted the intentions of Mr. Fox at the expense of that statesman's sincerity, for certainly neither then, nor at any time, had Mr. Fox any very serious intention of reforming Parliament, whatever he might say to the contrary.† Mr. Fox was sometimes less ingenuous to the public than he was to his friends. Now, too, the ordinary punishment of those who are over-lavish in popular professions when storming a government befell the successors to that troublesome fortress. Fox had boastingly implied, that if *he* had the official power, he possessed the requisite means to detach the Dutch from the French. The Dutch received his diplomatic overtures with a frigidity that belied his predictions. He turned to the Americans; there, at least, the eloquence of their advocate was sure

* This Bill was important to the government measures; it was for restraining Sir Thomas Rumbold from quitting the kingdom or alienating his property pending the inquiry respecting his conduct at Madras.

† 'Fox' than whom there has seldom existed a more hearty anti-reformer,' writes Lord Dunsley to the Bishop of Llandaff. This assertion oversteps the exact truth, and according to the concurrent testimony of those best acquainted with Fox's genuine opinions, and indeed according to some passages in his own Correspondence, it is evident that he regarded the question of Parliamentary Reform with considerable scepticism as to its benefits or necessity; he looked on it chiefly with reference to the interests of his party—a change of suit which the country could very well do without, but which ought from time to time to be taken down from the shelf—aired, paraded, brushed—and put away again.

of a cordial reception, when commissioned to pacify and anxious to concede. Not a whit of it. The Americans were as sullen as the Dutchmen were phlegmatic. The minister charged with the glorious task of raising the dignity of England in the eyes of foreign states stooped to sue the Russian Czarina and the Austrian Emperor for their mediation between the parent country and the triumphant colonists. The Czarina replied by a personal compliment, the Emperor by a national insult. France and Spain, though in the last extreme of financial distress, refused to accede to the seductions of the Whig peace-maker. Peace falls rarely into the lap of those who ask for it on their knees. Peace has no force in her eloquence unless the trumpet precedes her heralds, and her flag does not carry respect if it droops from the crutch of a beggar. Just retribution! Salutory warning to those who depreciate the power of their country when seeking to damage a government! Men may justly advocate peace, however unpopular, when they hold war inexpedient or unrighteous. But in doing so, patriots will be wiser how they tell the enemy that their country has no alternative between peace and destruction. Fox had so often declared in Parliament that England could not encounter her foes, that her foes believed him when he came in the authority of a King's minister with propositions of peace.

But the volumes edited by Lord John Russell contain a document which seems to us so to derogate from Mr. Fox's character as an English statesman, and his position as a Minister of the Crown, that even his warmest admirers may cease to regret that the dignity of the country was not long committed to his hands.

'It was,' says Mr. Allen, 'one of his (Mr. Fox's) first attempts to form a defensive confederacy in the North, by uniting Russia and Prussia with England, in opposition to the exorbitant ambition and insolent pretensions of the House of Bourbon. With that view he seems to have written the following letter to the King of Prussia. Through what channel it was to be conveyed does not appear, nor is it certain that it was ever sent; though from allusions in the following year to what had passed at this period, it probably was.'

Willingly will we give to Mr. Fox's memory the benefit of the doubt. But the letter is printed from the draft in Fox's own handwriting; and we blush to think that a Minister of England could even have dreamed of placing before the eyes of a foreign potentate words that so depreciated his country, and so abused his King. A few extracts from this epistle, to which we can give no epithet but abject, entitled 'Private Letter of Mr. Fox, written in order to be communicated to the King of Prussia,' will suffice to show the intention and substance of the whole composition.

composition. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs thus begins :—

‘The assurances that you have given me, Monsieur, of the friendship which the King, your master, bears to the English nation, encourages me to write to you from my own impulse, and without having consulted any one on the actual state of affairs in this country. We are overwhelmed by the number and force of our enemies; and however becoming and glorious may be the defence that we count upon making against a Confederation as powerful as that which attacks us, it is to be feared that this glory will cost us dear, and that we shall find ourselves exhausted by the efforts we make, even if events take a turn more favourable than we have reason to hope.’*

Was this the language likely to secure to England the active friendship of a man like Frederick the Great?

‘It is true that the embarrassments that beset us are only the fruits of the numberless faults we have committed, and the bad system of policy we have long followed. But it is also true that whatever be the cause, it is of infinite importance to all the nations of Europe, more especially to those of the North, to prevent our succumbing to the House of Bourbon, which looks forward to a despotism over Europe with views much more solid and much better founded than at the time of Louis XIV., when all conceived of it so well-founded a jealousy.’†

The impolicy with which this unworthy fear is confessed to a foreign power is worthy of the extravagant assertion, that the Bourbons were less formidable under Louis XIV. than under Louis XVI. We can imagine Frederick’s sneer at his correspondent’s sagacity :—

‘We embroiled ourselves with our colonies without reason, and after the rupture we conducted ourselves in the same spirit of imprudence and error as that which occasioned it. . . . We have had the madness to plunge into the war with Holland without reason, and almost without pretext. It is with shame, no doubt, that I make a recital so humiliating to my country; but’—(the excuse is noble!)—

* ‘Les assurances que vous m’avez données, Monsieur, de l’amitié que le Roi votre maître porte à la nation anglaise, m’encouragent à vous écrire de mon chef, et sans avoir consulté personne, avec la plus entière confiance, sur l’état actuel des affaires de ce pays-ci. Nous sommes accablés du nombre et de la force de nos ennemis, et quelque belle et glorieuse que sera la défense que nous comptons faire contre une confédération aussi puissante que celle qui nous attaque, il est à craindre, que cette gloire ne nous coûte bien cher, et que nous ne nous trouvions épuisés par les efforts que nous ferons quand même les événemens prissent une tournure plus favorable que nous n’avons raison d’espérer.’

† ‘Il est vrai que les embarras où nous nous trouvons ne sont que le fruit des fautes sans nombre que nous avons faites, et du mauvais système de politique que nous avons dès longtems suivi; mais il est vrai aussi que quelle qu’en soit la cause, il importe infiniment à toutes les nations de l’Europe et sur tout à celles du Nord d’empêcher que nous ne succombions à la maison de Bourbon, qui vise au despotisme de l’Europe avec des vues bien plus solides et mieux fondées que du tems de Louis XIV., quand tout le monde en avoit une jalousie si fondée.’

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‘the more we have been feeble, the more it becomes the duty and the interest of those who interest themselves in us to aid us as much by counsels as by other means.’*

Did George III. call Mr. Fox to his cabinet to supplicate the counsels of another sovereign? But Mr. Fox thus additionally proves how he merits the confidence of his master, by revealing to the King of Prussia his estimate of the King of England—

‘The consequences of the evil counsels that have been incessantly given to the King from the commencement of his reign, and to imprint as much as possible on his mind, are at present only too apparent to all the world. But, unfortunately, the evil is only discovered just at a time when it is very difficult to remedy it. What is to be done for that purpose?’†

Mr. Fox, then, with a naïve simplicity proceeds to state the difficulty of making any honourable peace with Holland, America, France, and Spain, and the greater difficulty of prosecuting against those powers any successful war; and reducing the gallant monarchy he represents to the condition of a despairing suppliant, exposing all her wounds, rending her purple into rags, and covering her crown with dust and ashes, thus bids her, through his mouth, address the most heartless and cynical philosopher who ever despised the weak and respected the strong:—

‘Whom then address, if not him whose friendship has availed us so much in more fortunate times; who knows perfectly the embarrassment in which we find ourselves—who has the enlightenment to penetrate its causes—who *alone* can indicate to us the means by which to extricate ourselves, and who, doubtless, recalls with *complaisance* the time when the two nations acted in concert—an epoch certainly not the least illustrious of his reign. It is, then, from him that I dare demand counsel and support in the present circumstances.’‡

* ‘Nous nous sommes brouillés avec nos colonies sans raison, et après la rupture nous nous sommes conduits avec ce même esprit d'imprudence et d'erreur qui l'avoit occasionnée. Nous avons eu la folie de nous plonger dans la guerre d'Hollande absolument sans raison et quasi sans prétexte. C'est avec honte, sans doute, que je fais un récit si humiliant pour ma nation, mais plus nous avons été faibles, plus il devient le devoir et l'intérêt de ceux qui s'intéressent à nous, de nous aider tant de conseils que d'autres moyens.’

† ‘Les suites des mauvais conseils qu'on n'a cessé de donner au Roi depuis le commencement de son règne, et d'imprimer tant qu'on a pu dans son esprit, ne sont à présent que trop apparentes à tout le monde. Mais malheureusement le mal n'est découvert que dans un tems où il est bien difficile d'y remédier. Qu'y faire?’

‡ ‘A qui donc s'adresser si ce n'est à lui dont l'amitié nous a tant valu dans des tems plus heureux, qui connaît parfaitement l'embarras où nous nous trouvons, qui a des lumières pour en pénétrer les causes, qui seul peut nous indiquer les moyens d'en sortir et qui sans doute se rappelle avec complaisance le tems où les deux nations agissaient en concert, époque certainement pas la moins illustre de son règne. C'est donc à lui que j'ose demander conseil et appui dans les circonstances présentes.’

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Mr. Fox, then suggesting, with infinite humility, some general notions upon the objects to be attained—and intimating that the first step which his Prussian Majesty could make in our favour would be to persuade Russia ‘to sustain the honour of her mediation, and to be a little more attentive to the affairs of England than she had been’—winds up by deferring, nevertheless, all such preliminary measures to ‘the prudence, justice, and depth of intellect’ which distinguish this foreign despot; and repeats that he, Member of the Cabinet, has written without concert with his colleagues or with any one.

Now, granting that all said upon the exhaustion of our resources, or the evil of the counsels which our Sovereign had imbibed were perfectly true, the place to state such facts might be in the Parliament of England, where Mr. Pitt would have stated them with crest erect. But surely no Minister of the Crown—no Englishman proud of England—should have made a foreign potentate the father confessor to the infirmities of his country and the errors of his King.

Whig historians complain that Lord Shelburne was too suspicious of Mr. Fox in his foreign diplomacy—George III. too narrow minded to appreciate the genius of so judicious a counsellor—but let any high-spirited Englishman read that letter, from which we have quoted not unfairly, and on which Lord John Russell, we regret to say, utters not one word of concern or reproach, and we suspect that he will acquit Lord Shelburne, and even pardon George III. No success could attend overtures so abject to a monarch so selfish. Mr. Allen observes drily, ‘that the King of Prussia was too old and too cautious to embark in new and hazardous undertakings.’

While abroad our affairs were thus circumstanced and thus conducted, the Rockingham administration but partially attempted the domestic reform its members in opposition had so eloquently urged. Considering all that had been said against the increased and increasing influence of the Crown—when the evil was only met to the extent of a bill that disqualified contractors for seats in Parliament, and revenue-officers for votes in parliamentary elections—the public felt that the quantity of the wool was scarcely worth the loudness of the cry. But the measure was bold and sweeping, compared to the timidity and smallness of the economical reforms that had stormed the last Government with the swell of a torrent and oozed from its successors in the penury of dribblets. Burke’s boasted saving of 200,000*l.* a year dwindled down to a sum little over 73,000*l.* The Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall remained to shame the felicitous humour with which the orator had described their futility. The ordnance-

office, the mint, various places in the household denounced by Burke's eloquence, were spared by his amendments—if odious to patriotism, they were convenient to patronage. Burke had the mournful consolation of reforming his own department. No similar consolation was sought by his brother reformers. If the economical reforms, under a Whig premier, were timorously conceived and sparingly executed, the administration of the finances, under a Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer, was yet more discreetly free from the rashness of improvement. For an office at that time requiring no ordinary genius, the party of the great Houses had naturally enough selected a Cavendish, distinguished alike by sobriety of manners and mediocrity of intellect. This amiable nobleman—familiarly styled ‘the learned Canary Bird’—whom Horace Walpole has unjustly accused of ambition, had, not without well-founded diffidence, yielded to the pressure of friends nobly anxious to place the national resources under the control of a man whose connexions might reflect their own elevation on the funds. The full results of so judicious a selection were not apparent till the appointment was renewed under the coalition administration.

We have thus dwelt at some length on the characteristics of the Rockingham Government, because it is necessary to see all that it promised to effect before we can fully comprehend the apathy with which an ungrateful country subsequently resigned itself to administrations from which the Whigs were excluded, and because a due contemplation of the idiosyncrasies peculiar to ‘the Great Houses’ in the junction between the Whigs proper and the disciples of Lord Chatham may throw some light on the interior of a more recent cabinet, in which the Whigs divided with men who were to Peel what the Shelburnites were to Chatham, the honours their genealogy entitled them to monopolise, and have never been quite right in the head since they were unhappily seized with that fit of condescension—

‘Nulli sua signa, suosque
Ductor,—eant taciti passim!’

In this brief period of power Mr. Fox vainly concentrated the various energies of his genius. He renounced his gay habits—that desultory attention to business, which passed under the name of indolence—he was indefatigable in the transaction of official affairs—more than at any time of his life he kept his warm and impulsive temper under dignified control. His eloquence was less vehement but not less effective. Yet even as a parliamentary leader he must have failed somehow in that indescribable, yet indispensable quality which conciliates or commands
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into discipline inert or unruly members. With a government just formed; in the very honeymoon of official possession, we have seen that he could not enforce a requisite attendance. His subordinates were mutineers. He neither awed the House like Chatham nor soothed it like North. The commons admired a man of genius, they did not bow to a master. Inferior though Lord Shelburne was to him as a parliamentary orator, and small though in numbers and in property as was the Shelburne party in comparison with that of which Fox was the organ, Lord Shelburne was more than Fox's match in the Cabinet. True, the King was inimical to Fox, but by one of those grievous errors in conduct by which the great orator belied his repute for good sense, and counteracted the efforts of his vehement ambition, he seated the King's dislike to him in the deepest recess of the human heart. The Prince of Wales treated his father with an irreverence which furnished every club-house with pungent anecdotes. In becoming the father's official councillor Mr. Fox remained the son's chosen companion. The King perhaps overrated Fox's influence over the heir-apparent, and unjustly ascribed to the example of the matured man of intellect and fashion the excesses of a youth who coupled contempt the most galling for his father with admiration the most glowing for the friend with whom his pleasures were shared, and by whom his opinions were coloured. But it is obvious that there was only one condition on which Mr. Fox could have united the confidence of the King with the intimacy of the Prince, viz. a reconciliation between the two. This he took no direct pains to effect, and after conceding all that can be said on behalf of the warmth of Mr. Fox's personal friendships—a friendship which impairs utility, implicates character, is founded on no esteem, and endeared by no worthy association, still remains a grievous error of conduct in a man who, embracing the stern career, and coveting the high rewards of a practical statesman, must learn to adapt all his means to the attainment of necessary objects, and sacrifice everything but his honour and his conscience to the service which unites the advancement of his ambition with the interests of his country.

Meanwhile, between the Government and the Opposition, in armed neutrality, stood William Pitt. He had been offered by Lord Shelburne—not by the conclave of the Great Houses—various subordinate places in the new Government. One of them, that of Irish Vice-Treasurer, was very lucrative, and William Pitt was very poor. He had too much reliance on himself to accept a subordinate office. He had said so in the House three weeks before Lord Rockingham formed his Cabinet, and the wits smiled at the young man's arrogance. If we are to

believe Horace Walpole and an anecdote transmitted to us at third hand by Lord Albemarle, he repented the boast as soon as it passed his lips; yet the boast was wise in itself, for genius is a commodity of which the commonalty of men do not know the precise value, and its price in the market is very much regulated by the estimate set on it by the possessor himself. But the isolated position in which the young orator thus placed himself was one that required, to maintain it, not only lofty capacities, but extraordinary prudence. All those with whom he had voted since his entrance into Parliament were supporters of that Government from which he remained aloof. The Opposition was composed of the friends of Lord North, whose Administration he had assisted to overthrow. Never did any man of mark and repute stand in Parliament so wholly without the aid of party—the advice of friends. And to make the situation yet more difficult, never in that House, in which the habit of affairs and knowledge of the world seem qualities for sustained success, more essential than the learning of the mere scholar or the eloquence of the mere orator,—did a man aspire to a foremost rank with so slender an experience of parliamentary business, and so stinted a commerce with the social varieties of mankind. Yet here he most succeeded, where Mr. Fox, in the maturity of his manhood, trained in political conflict, and familiarized by travel, by his pleasures not less than his studies, to human character in all its colours, and human life in all its gradations—notably failed,—viz. in the seizure of circumstances, the practical sagacity to which we would give the name of ‘conduct,’ and by which results that amaze the strongest are obtained, less by the violence of the effort than the equilibrium of the forces.

The friends of Parliamentary Reform, in a meeting held at the Duke of Richmond’s, had agreed to place that important question in the hands of Mr. Pitt; perhaps it was the only matter connected with the question on which they were agreed. A letter from Lord Rockingham to Mr. Milnes (great-uncle of the accomplished member for Pontefract), who enjoyed the reputation of influencing more dissenters and drinking more port-wine than any man in the county of York, shows how much confusion prevailed on the subject, whether in the mind of the writer or the projects of the Reformers.* In fact, the supporters of Parliamentary Reform consisted mainly of two great divisions—the impracticable and the insincere. Pitt treated the difficulties that beset the question with consummate skill in refer-

* *Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham*, by Lord Albemarle, vol. ii. p. 375.

ence to his own views and position. He contrasted the 'insincere by his earnestness, and the impracticable by his moderation. He limited the object of his motion to the appointment of a committee of inquiry, and prefaced it by a speech, in which there was a marked avoidance of all the theories espoused by the Democratic party, and a very temperate but manly exposition of the abuses he desired to remedy. Politicians may differ as to the soundness of the ideas Mr. Pitt, at that time, entertained on this subject, but those who accuse him of deserting the question in later life should at least remember that his idea of a Parliamentary Reform was always eminently conservative. His views indeed are only indicated in his first speech; they were, not long after, made unmistakably clear. In suppressing the rotten boroughs, though he would have unquestionably diminished the Government influences, he would have proportionally increased those which protect national institutions. In every form of government the enduring element is in the cultivators of the soil. With them rests the most stubborn resistance to the encroachments of tyranny on the one hand, of popular licence on the other. Pitt's theory of Reform, which was to give to the counties the members taken from the close boroughs, might be fairly open to the objection that it did not allow sufficient room and play to the innovating spirit which rises amidst urban populations, and is no less essential to progress and energy than a conservative equilibrium, through agrarian representation, is to safety and duration; but it does not subject him to the charge of advocating at one time the Democratic innovations he resisted at another. His views, then, were not less opposed to those of the Duke of Richmond than they were subsequently to those of Mr. Grey.

The Government reeled under a motion, in which its supporters divided against its leader in the Commons and vanquished him. 'Our having been beat upon Pitt's motion,' writes Mr. Fox (who voted for it, but if treating of the Cabinet should rather have said *my* than *our*), 'will, in my opinion, produce many more bad consequences than many people seem to suppose.' A little later Mr. Pitt placed Fox himself on the unpopular side, supporting Lord Mahon's bill against bribery and expense in the election of members, which Mr. Fox defended by his speech, and which, despite of Mr. Fox, had a majority of one in its favour. It was withdrawn on re-committal by the rejection of its severer clauses—that, in especial, which forbade a candidate to pay for the conveyance to the poll of non-resident electors; Mr. Fox on this occasion having the large ministerial majority of twenty-six!

But while thus fearlessly advocating his opinions, Mr. Pitt

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was singularly felicitous in making no enemies. The Government were compelled, and the Opposition were eager, to praise the man who stood committed to neither; and the public, long accustomed to see its ablest favourites going all lengths with a party, learned to regard with esteem this solitary thinker, who, exposing the jobs of the Court, spoke in respect, never servile, of the King, and who, advocating popular opinions, never pushed them into heated extravagance. It was, apart from his eloquence, this apparent fairness of intellect—this combination of courage and prudence—this superiority over the ordinary motives of hackneyed politicians—this freedom from party spleen—this indifference, not to personal ambition but to personal profit—this severe independence of spirit akin to this singleness of action—which fixed the eyes of the country upon the young lawyer who preferred even a briefless attendance at Westminster Hall to the emoluments of office not accompanied with the responsibilities of power.

Meanwhile 'the progress of dissension and mutual alienation in the Ministry' made inevitable the speedy dissolution of a body so organically afflicted. The main political difference between Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox may serve to illustrate that peculiarity in the character of the latter which we have before intimated, and which induced him to prefer the maintenance of an abstract principle to the practical consideration of what was best for his country. Mr. Fox was for making the unconditional declaration of American independence previous to any treaty of peace; Lord Shelburne was for equally conceding the declaration, but for making it conditional on the absolute conclusion of the peace. If Mr. Fox had been the philosophical advocate of the human race, we think Mr. Fox would have been right in his view; but as the minister charged with saving the honour and guarding the interests of England, there can be no doubt that the course he preferred was the more wounding to the national dignity and the more careless of the national welfare. For it was surely less galling to the spirit of the mother country, and placed her in a higher position before the eyes of the continental powers, to recognize the independence of her ancient colony as an essential article in the general pacification of Europe, than to separate the revolt of the colonists from the hostilities of the European States, and acknowledge by an unconditional surrender the defeat of her arms and the injustice of her cause. To abandon all claim to a supremacy for which, right or wrong, its people had long contended with an ardour that justified the pertinacity of its King, was necessarily a heavy blow to the majesty of a state that could only be great in proportion as it commanded the moral respect

respect of neighbours with larger armaments and more extensive dominions; but the blow was less accompanied by contumely if the concession were made not alone to the demands of victorious insurgents, but to those of combined nations and for the restoration of universal peace: while as to the question of that presiding regard for the national interest and safety, which the councillors of all states at war with others have no right to relinquish for the abstract principle of the schools, the reasoning which General Conway addressed to the Cabinet seems unanswerable, viz., 'that the acknowledgment of independence might be a leading argument with the Americans for making peace with us; but should they refuse peace, should we not weaken our right of warring on them by having acknowledged their independence?' A difference of this nature between Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox was naturally aggravated by the conflicting duties of their offices: Mr. Fox, as one of the Foreign Secretaries, having his correspondent at Paris in Mr. Thomas Grenville, who was authorized by the entire Cabinet to negotiate peace with M. De Vergennes; and Lord Shelburne, as the other Foreign Secretary (under whose department the Colonies actually were), having his correspondent in Mr. Oswald, who had previously been in communication with Franklin, and whom Franklin himself especially desired to retain and avowedly preferred to Mr. Grenville. 'That,' in the words of Lord Holland, 'Lord Shelburne discussed, entertained, and communicated through Mr. Oswald with Franklin several projects of the latter without communicating them to his colleagues, and especially the strange one of ceding Canada to the United States, is clear enough.' But Lord Holland omits to observe, on the other hand, that Mr. Fox was not only holding private communications with Mr. Grenville, equally unknown to his colleagues, but that he had been no less privately communicating with the Secretary of Ireland unknown to Lord Shelburne, with whose unquestionable department he thus interfered; and that he had written and, according to Mr. Allen, had sent to the King of Prussia a document involving the most obvious responsibilities owed by a member of the Cabinet to his Sovereign, unknown to a single one of the other advisers of the Crown. Granting that Lord Shelburne was not sufficiently ingenuous, Mr. Fox, therefore, seems to us to have disqualified himself from complaints of reserve, still less of duplicity. And after wading through all the tedious and complicated evidences on either side, we think the most that can be said against Lord Shelburne is this, that in his anxiety to obtain the best terms he could for his sovereign and his country, he sought with too guarded a secrecy
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to prevent Mr. Fox from concluding what he held to be the worst.* Be that as it may, Mr. Fox was outvoted in the Cabinet upon the construction to be put on a minute of instructions to Mr. Grenville, which embodied the whole public question at issue between himself and Lord Shelburne, General Conway (on the ground we have stated) giving his casting vote against Mr. Fox's opinions. From that moment the great orator resolved to retire. According to the best authority (the journal of his friend, General Fitzpatrick), he notified this intention on Sunday, June 30th. The next day, after a week's illness, the Marquis of Rockingham died.

Horace Walpole considers it 'a puerile want of policy in Lord Rockingham's friends not to have seized the opportunity of his lordship's approaching dissolution to take measures for naming his successor.' The reproach is scarcely merited. Lord Rockingham's friends were much too disunited for such amicable preliminary concert; but no sooner did the fatal event compel the Great Houses to elect their new representative, than they formed their decision with the consistency of rigid sectaries, and adhered to its consequences with the tenacity of faithful martyrs. Who, in times so disordered, was the fittest person to preside over the councils of England? — evidently a minister who could resemble the illustrious defunct in his pre-eminent attribute of being at once the greatest lord and the dullest man. Accordingly, within two days of Lord Rockingham's death, they set up for first minister the Duke of Portland. 'True that his fortune, though noble, was considerably impaired; in *other* respects,' says Walpole, with unconscious irony, 'his character was unimpeachable. But,' adds that sarcastic observer, 'he had never attempted to show any parliamentary abilities, nor had the credit of possessing any. Nor did it redound to the honour of his faction that in such momentous times they could furnish their country with nothing but a succession of mutes.' Mutes! but that was the merit of the faction. The faction had more than enough of talkers, and no talker liked to allow another talker to be set above him. All jealousies could be best settled by selecting a man who might be chosen for those qualities by which no one who plumes himself on intellect ever boasts to be distinguished. The marvellous abilities of Mr. Fox appeared to some

* For, as to the cession of Canada, no one can suspect Lord Shelburne or George III. of having seriously inclined to such a proposal. It was competent to Franklin to make it, but there is not the slightest evidence that Lord Shelburne for an instant favoured the idea. And he might have very good reasons in his disapproval of it not to submit the proposal to a cabinet in which he might fear it would find supporters.

few of his personal friends—and, to our amaze, they appear still to the cool retrospect of Lord John Russell—to constitute superior claims to the succession of Lord Rockingham. Mr. Fox himself knew his party too well to misjudge so egregiously the qualities that guided their preference. He was aware, to use his own expression, ‘that he was quite out of the question;’ nor did the faction as a body demur to the justice of that modest conviction.* The ruined cadet of a race which could not on the father’s side trace its pedigree beyond three generations might do very well to lead the Commons of England; but, as first Lord of the Treasury, his were not precisely the hands from which the Great Houses would feel a pride in receiving garters and gold sticks. But Mr. Fox, on his mother’s side, had an uncle of ducal rank and royal blood—an uncle of manners the most noble, of bearing the most chivalric—‘of great capacity for business, and a still greater appetite for employing it.’ The Duke of Richmond, to whom we refer, did not, therefore, like Mr. Fox, think himself ‘out of the question.’ But the Duke had two or three trifling defects, which combined to unfit him for the choice of the Great Houses. In spite of his rank his opinions were popular; and in spite of his graceful manners and a ‘thousand virtues’ he himself was just the reverse. He was ‘intractable,’ he had a will of his own; he was apt to have ‘speculative visions, and was particularly romantic upon the article of representation.’ In short, the Duke of Richmond was set aside. And Fox and the Duke being thus dissolved in the Whig crucible, nothing remained but that *caput mortuum* his Grace of Portland.

The intrigues of this interesting crisis have an exquisite air of high comedy. The Whig junto having agreed that the Duke of Richmond was to concede his claim to the Duke of Portland, who, above all men, was selected to tell him so?—who was to be the simpler Bouverie to that more vain Lord John? The Whigs appointed Mr. Fox; and, ‘being his Grace’s nephew, the Duke,’ says Walpole, with the shrewdness of a man of the world, ‘was most offended with *him*.’ With the *bonhomme* of a child Mr. Fox undertook the task of alienating from his party one of its ablest chiefs, and from himself his most powerful relation. Horace Walpole was present in one of the meetings between uncle and nephew, and informs us that ‘he entreated both to argue without passion, and to remember that, being such near relatives, they must come together again.’ ‘I did prevent any warmth,’ adds that most cynical of peacemakers, ‘and they parted civilly, though equally discontented with each other.’ It must have been a yet more amusing scene ‘when Lord Shelburne was desired by the voice of the party to acquaint King George III. that the Whigs

Whigs recommended the Duke of Portland to his Majesty to succeed Lord Rockingham.' The Earl had previously foiled Mr. Fox's opposition in the cabinet with a sort of well-bred humour which seems to imply a cordial enjoyment of his part in the play. When General Conway, on whom the Rockingham faction, despite his superb pretensions to be above all considerations of party, had certainly counted as their own, gave in that cabinet of nine his independent vote, much to that faction's annoyance, quoth Lord Shelburne aside to Mr. Fox, 'That innocent man never perceives that he has the casting vote of the cabinet!' Again says the Earl smilingly to his baffled rival, 'Very provoking, I must own, for you to see Lord Camden and the Duke of Grafton come down with their lounging opinions to outvote you in cabinet.' Accordingly, with his accustomed dry delight in a joke, Lord Shelburne accepted the mission to report to the King the decrees of the Whigs; and, returning, reported to the delegates that his Majesty had been graciously pleased to appoint as first Lord of the Treasury—the Earl of Shelburne himself.

Though the announcement could not have been unexpected, it produced the effect of a bomb upon a company of gazers only prepared for the ascent of a rocket. Fox would listen to no remonstrance; he carried at once the seals of his office to the King, complained loudly of Lord Shelburne's 'treacheries,' and proclaimed, as it were, his contempt for the royal favour he had lost, or his hopes in royal favour prospective, by receiving at dinner that very day the Prince of Wales as his guest, and allowing his partisans to circulate the soothing intelligence that the Heir Apparent regarded 'the Rockingham party as the best friends of the country.' Lord John Cavendish alone of the members of the cabinet imitated the example of Mr. Fox. The three other whigs by profession, Keppel, Conway, and the Duke of Richmond, remained in office; each professing to share Fox's distrust of Lord Shelburne, but each by remaining, and upon the avowed grounds of public duty, implying a censure on those who retired. Never before did a parliamentary leader make a movement of equal importance with so little approval and so scanty a following, or upon grounds less calculated to compensate in the sympathy of the people for the detriment inflicted upon party. 'My opinion,' writes Lord Temple to his brother Thomas,* 'is that Fox has undone himself with the public, and his most intimate friends seem of the same opinion.' The blow to the Whigs which the hasty back-stroke of their chief inflicted was indeed so mighty, that it scattered them right and left.

* Courts and Cabinets of George III. vol. i. p. 52.

The policy of the Whigs as a party was evidently either to absorb the Shelburnites into their own body, or to destroy Lord Shelburne's personal influence as an obstacle to that fusion. The course taken by Mr. Fox transferred to Lord Shelburne all whom interest, ambition, or sense of public duty enlisted on the side of the Government. And by that single act Mr. Fox, viewing him only as a party chief, lost at least one-third of the numbers, and a far greater proportionate amount in property, rank, and character, of the party committed to his guidance. His resignation* may have been necessitated. Mr. Fox might feel that he could not with honour serve under Lord Shelburne. But since so many of his friends retained their offices, and remonstrated against his own decision, prudence demanded that his retirement should be made with temperance and dignity. Preserving in parliament the attitude of a vigilant neutrality, he might thus have retained his friends, whether in or out of office, while asserting his own independence. But Mr. Fox here manifested to the fullest extent his characteristic errors of conduct. He began at once 'an opposition woefully thinned and disconnected,'* and to that opposition he gave all the rancour and vehemence which could justify his opponents in ascribing his motives to personal spleen and mortified ambition. On this score Lord John Russell writes well:—'Conceding this point [that Mr. Fox's resignation was almost inevitable], 'it must be owned that the field of battle was the worst that could be chosen. Lord Shelburne, the friend and colleague of Lord Chatham, the Secretary of State under Lord Rockingham, a man of tried acquirements and undoubted abilities, was personally far superior to the Duke of Portland as a candidate for the office of prime minister.'—'The choice of a prime minister against the choice of the Crown, and that in the person of a man whose rank and fair character were his only recommendations, appeared to the public an unwarrantable pretension, inspired by narrow jealousies and aristocratic prejudices.'

This was, however, the ground which Mr. Fox selected. From this ground he fulminated on the Government—in which the most eminent of his recent colleagues remained, which a large and influential number of his recent followers supported—an artillery of eloquence startling by the explosion of its powder, harmless by the misdirection of its ball. He not only accused Lord Shelburne of duplicity to himself, but insulted those just severed from his side by declaring it was 'impossible to act under

* Sheridan's Letter to Thomas Grenville, *Courts and Cabinets of George III.* vol. i. p. 53.

the Earl with honour or benefit to the country.' He ventured to prophesy 'not only that Lord Shelburne would still be opposed to the independence of America, but that in order to maintain himself in power the Earl would be capable of that extremity of baseness—a coalition with Lord North!'

What followed is notorious. Mr. Fox himself coalesced with Lord North; and that coalition was first proclaimed to the world in denouncing the treaties for a peace which Mr. Fox had so solemnly invoked throughout the phases of his opposition to Lord North's Government, and which, as a minister himself, he had pushed diplomacy to the extreme of supplication in order to effect! The peace itself was more honourable to the country than that which Mr. Fox would have effected. Lord Shelburne carried his point. The acknowledgment of American independence was made by an article in the treaty, not by a previous declaration. Nothing further was heard of the cession of Canada. But he who wishes to see the vindication of that peace and its provisions must turn to the great speech in their defence against Fox, which, in tone and argument, is one of the noblest ever uttered by Pitt. But let us glance for a moment over the condition of parties before Fox committed himself to the formal coalition with Lord North. In point of numbers the new Government was far weaker than that out of which it had grown. According to a calculation made to Gibbon, who reports it, the supporters of Ministers did not muster more than 140; the Fox party was estimated at 90; Lord North's at 120, the Members not thus classified were considered uncertain. But there were an energy and a decision of purpose in the foreign negotiations of Lord Shelburne's Government which had not characterised its predecessor. And the Earl had overcome the strongest difficulty of all in the way of peace—*atrocem animum Catonis*—the stubborn reluctance of George III. Vigour, indeed, was Lord Shelburne's eminent attribute. 'I will do him justice,' says Lord Temple (after censuring the Earl's vanity and personal arrogance), 'in acknowledging his merit as one of the quickest and most indefatigable ministers that this country ever saw.' The Cabinet itself was but provisional; Admiral Keppel soon left it. 'The Duke of Richmond,' says Lord Temple, 'only determined to go on till the first breach on fair public grounds;' and (according to Horace Walpole) 'told the King that, though he would keep the Ordinance if the King desired it, he would go no more to council.' Of Lord Shelburne's own special party, Lord Camden, pleading his advanced years, would only pledge himself to retain office for three months, and the Duke of Grafton went discontented into the country, and subsequently left
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the Government 'just before its dissolution. Here Lord Shelburne's defect in conciliating those with whom he had to deal became seriously apparent. Only on one member of this Cabinet, except his personal friend Dunning (now in the Upper House as Lord Ashburton), could the chief minister count with confidence, viz. the young man whom he had at once raised to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, William Pitt. The leadership of the House of Commons was nominally vested in Thomas Townshend, Secretary of State; but it was Pitt who took the prominent part in the defence of the Government and the conduct of business. But great as his own powers were, Pitt himself felt that a ministry thus formed and supported could not last. The peace, however necessary, was in itself unpopular. The Government could only secure a majority in the House of Commons in its favour by a junction with one of the two parties which were both convinced of the impracticability of continued war—the Foxites and the Northites. Lord Shelburne was urged by some of his friends to coalesce with the last, by others to unite with the first. The Earl was not unwilling to propitiate Lord North, but on the condition of not placing him in the Cabinet. Dundas sounded Lord North on this head; 'but,' says Walpole, 'Lord Shelburne, foolishly, meanwhile, making the Duke of Rutland not only Lord Steward but of the Cabinet Council, filled up one of the best places with which he might have trafficked with Opposition.' So the overtures to Lord North, which were never cordial nor direct, failed of effect. 'Indeed,' says Bishop Tomline* (a better authority here than Walpole), 'as Lord North was fully aware of Mr. Pitt's positive determination to have no political connexion with him, and he could not but know that a perfectly good understanding subsisted between Lord Shelburne and Mr. Pitt, he must therefore have been convinced that any union between himself and the present Ministers must have been utterly impracticable.' It is true that the more personal reasons which might well weigh with Mr. Fox in not accepting as a colleague in council the man whom he had so short a time before threatened with the block, were not applicable to Pitt, who had indulged in no similar language and received only pointed compliments from the ex-minister,—but by that intuitive sympathy with public opinion, which constituted more than half his political wisdom, Pitt clearly saw that though the country could acquiesce in arrangements that might strengthen the Government by the support of Lord North's partisans, it could not tolerate

* Life of Pitt.

the restoration to power of the man whose policy had involved it in such serious calamities. Against an union with Fox there was no such vital objection. If the personal differences between the Whig leader and Lord Shelburne could be adjusted, their political dissensions might well terminate in a peace which secured the substance of all that its common advocates professed to desire. These personal differences Lord Shelburne, on his side, was induced to forego, and to be the first to court reconciliation. It is clear that at this time, as on later occasions, far from not enduring a rival near the throne, Pitt was desirous of yet securing to the Government of the country the only man whose parliamentary genius and position were equal to his own. For the first and only time in his life he met Fox in private but political negotiation—happy perhaps for the career of Fox, had the object of the interview been effected! But Fox's resentment against Lord Shelburne was more implacable than Lord Shelburne's against Fox. Pitt proposed that Fox and his friends should have an equal share in the Government, Lord Shelburne retaining the Treasury; Fox made Lord Shelburne's resignation a *sine quâ non*. Pitt drew himself up—'I did not come here to betray Lord Shelburne,' said he, and left the room.

Immediately following these fruitless negotiations, Lord North's familiar friend Mr. Adam, indignant at the idea that Lord North should be excluded from the Cabinet that was left open to his friends, got into communication, through George North the ex-Minister's son, with Fox's familiar friend Lord John Townshend. 'These three (writes Lord John to Lord Holland in 1830) laid their heads together.' 'Fitzpatrick's aid was invaluable; Sheridan was 'eager and clamorous' for the junction; Burke was not adverse. Beyond this (and we rejoice to find that Burke's share in the intrigue has been so much exaggerated) Burke had no great hand in the work; 'and,' adds Lord John, 'it was lucky, as we thought, that he had not, as he might in any day have marred everything, according to custom, in some wrong-headed fit of intemperance.' Thus three men, of mark in their little day, but exceedingly obscure to posterity, made up the notorious Coalition between Fox and North, of which the ultimate consequences were the annihilation of the North party, the decimation and discredit of the Whig, and the formation of that vast parliamentary majority,—founded on the ruins of the one, swelled by the seceders from the other,—which so long maintained the destinies of England in the hands of Mr. Pitt.

Against the morality of the Coalition so much has been said, that we may be saved the necessity of reiterating austere homilies

lies on a worn-out text. But we must frankly own, that the apologists for Mr. Fox have in this instance laid too much stress on the placability of his disposition. For if he forgot his old resentment against Lord North, it was to gratify his new resentment against Lord Shelburne. It was the sacrifice of one revenge for the prosecution of another. And his real excuse is not to be sought in the forgiving sweetness of his temper, but in that fervour of passion which too often blinds judgment by the very fire that it gives to genius. From a great flame goes a great smoke.

But, accepting all that can mitigate the political sin of the Fox and North Coalition, it remains not the less grave as a political blunder on the part of Mr. Fox. It is difficult to conceive how a people could ever have been wisely governed by a statesman who could so egregiously miscalculate the directions of public opinion. Nor could a party fail to decrease rapidly in power and importance that appeared to the community to renounce all the recognised principles of political action in order to subserve the ambition of a chief whose very genius only rendered more alarming to the safety of the commonwealth the unscrupulous appliance of his means to the naked audacity of his ends.

But whatever the ultimate effect of the coalition, it obtained Fox's immediate object—it drove Shelburne from power; and he who had declared when opposing Lord North that 'peace upon any terms—peace for a year, for a month, for a day—was indispensable under the present circumstances of the country,' joined with Lord North in condemning the successful negotiator of a peace, of which Lord Temple, no partial friend to Lord Shelburne, speaks 'as the most meritorious and happiest event for a kingdom exhausted of men and of credit.' 'By my absence in Ireland and my little connection with Lord Shelburne I was enabled,' adds Lord Temple, 'to judge of it with coolness and impartiality, and from the knowledge of the various difficulties attending it, I am convinced better terms could not have been had.'*

It was evidently the hope of the Coalition to detach Pitt from Shelburne. North, in replying to Pitt's speech against the resolutions by which Lord John Cavendish implied his censure of the Government, pointedly said that 'he saw no reason why the carrying of the present motion should drive Mr. Pitt from the service of his country.' Fox up to this moment had also taken occasion to compliment Pitt at the expense of Shelburne. So exclusively personal towards the chief minister was the attack of

* Court and Cabinets of George III., vol. i. p. 302.

the Coalition, that, when Lord Shelburne resigned, the King, on the plea injudiciously left to him 'that Lord Shelburne was the only person in whom the House of Commons had shown a want of confidence,' balked the expectations of the victors, and startled all parties by offering the Treasury to Pitt with full powers to nominate his colleagues.

In the secret diplomacy of parties a man whose name henceforth became closely associated with that of Pitt had lately taken a very active part. Henry Dundas, then in his forty-third year, is thus characterised by Lord Brougham, in one of those Sketches which, whatever our several impressions in particular instances as to the perfect accuracy of the colouring, are not less valuable specimens of a great artist's skill in composition. 'Henry Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville) was a plain business-like speaker; a clear, easy, fluent, and—from much practice as well as strong natural sense—a skilful debater.' To this we may add, that if the effect of his speeches was somewhat marred by a broad Scotch accent, so on the other hand it was favoured by the advantages of a comely countenance and imposing person. He understood well the *system* of business—uniting industry in details with the facility of generalisation; his temperament was buoyant, his manners were pleasing. No man more agreeable could be met in the byeways of political life. The austere member on the opposite side could enjoy his laugh in the lobby or share his bottle at Bellamy's. To qualities so fitted to rise in life, Henry Dundas added the profound determination to do so. He grafted his talents on the healthiest fruit-trees, and trained them with due care on the sunny side of the wall. Lord Advocate under North's administration, and one of the most zealous defenders of the American war while the war was popular, with intuitive sagacity he saw in season the necessity of adapting his opinions to the vicissitudes of time. By a sort of magnetism kindred to this happy clairvoyance he was attracted towards Mr. Pitt, on the very first appearance of the latter as the opponent of the Government of which Dundas was the partisan and member. In reply to a speech against Ministers made by Pitt in his maiden session, Dundas said:—

'The Honourable Gentleman who spoke last claims *my particular approbation*. I find myself compelled to rejoice in the good fortune of my country and my fellow-subjects, who are destined at some future day to derive the most important services from so happy an union of first-rate abilities, high integrity, bold and honest independency of conduct, and the most precocious eloquence.'

By a dexterity that was really admirable in its way, the Lord Advocate

Advocate contrived to glide so easily from Lord North's administration into Lord Rockingham's that he really heightened his character in retaining his office. With a penetrating eye that comprehended in a glance the welfare of Great Britain and the interests of Henry Dundas, this profound politician perceived the faults in Mr. Fox that rendered it more likely that the genius of that statesman would adorn an Opposition than maintain a Government. Accordingly we have seen that while in the Rockingham administration, and nominally under the lead of Mr. Fox, he still turned his prophetic inclinations towards Mr. Pitt, and made a marked distinction between the purity of intention that distinguished the young man who spoke on the opposite side of the House and that which characterised the leader on the Treasury Bench. From Lord Rockingham's administration he slid into Lord Shelburne's with a yet easier grace than that with which he had glided from Lord North's into Lord Rockingham's. Anxious to preserve his office and his country, Dundas then became the zealous but unsuccessful negotiator in the attempt to secure to Lord Shelburne the support of Lord North. Some little time before retiring from power, but when its necessity was evident, Lord Shelburne sent to Dundas, and said to him with that courtly combination of cynicism and loftiness which often distinguished the Earl in his commerce with mankind—'Did you ever hear the story of the Duke of Perth?' 'No,' said Dundas. 'Then I will tell it you. The Duke of Perth had a country neighbour and friend who came to him one morning with a white cockade in his hat. "What is the meaning of this?" asked the Duke. "I wish to show your grace," replied his country friend, "that I am resolved to follow your fortunes." The Duke snatched the hat from his head, took the cockade out of it, and threw it into the fire, saying—"My situation and duty compel me to take this line, but that is no reason why you should ruin yourself and your family." I find,' continued Lord Shelburne, 'it will now be necessary for me to quit the government, but as you are beloved by all parties I wished you to have early notice of it, that you might be prepared for what must happen!'

The Lord Advocate *was* prepared not to ruin himself and his family. And he it was who on Lord Shelburne's final overthrow, 'being,' says Horace Walpole, 'one of the boldest of men, proposed to the King to send for the very young Chancellor of the Exchequer, William Pitt, not yet past 23;—he it was who strained all the efforts of his eloquent experience to induce William Pitt to accept the offer, and in order to give the more

time for reflection, he it was who moved the adjournment of the House for three days. 'By far the greater number of the friends whom Pitt consulted,' says Bishop Tomline, 'advised him to accept the offer.' Pitt never more evinced that fine judgment which Lord Bacon calls 'the wisdom of business,' than when he declined. Again the King, most loth to humble himself to what he called 'a faction,' entreated Pitt to retract his determination. But Pitt remained immovable. He understood the King's interest better than his Majesty did. The Coalition must be tried in office before it could be safe for the monarchy to hazard that most delicate and critical of all political questions which lies involved in the constitutional prerogative of the King to choose his ministers, and the attempt of ministers so chosen to govern the country, even for a time, against a majority in the House of Commons. 'The King,' said the dutiful heir-apparent, whose friendship Mr. Fox so dearly purchased, 'has not yet agreed to the plan of the Coalition, but by G—— he shall be made to agree to it.'

The royal prediction was verified; the Duke of Portland became chief minister under Lord North and Mr. Fox.

In quitting office—with powers so acknowledged, and an ambition so flatteringly caressed—we might suppose, according to ordinary parliamentary precedents, that Mr. Pitt would have become the recognized leader of Opposition. He pointedly renounced all assumption to that post. Before the new ministry was formed, he declared with emphasis that 'he was unconnected with any party whatever; that he should keep himself reserved, and act with whichever side he thought did right.' He soon showed his independence of the main body in Opposition by renewing in more detail his motion on Parliamentary Reform. It was lost by a much larger majority than the former one, owing, it was said, 'to the increased influence of Lord North, as Secretary of State'—a proof how little Fox had advanced the principles he professed by the coalition in which he had gratified his personal ambition and private resentment. Nor would Pitt join with the majority of the Opposition, in the popular clamour against a tax on receipts; though on another occasion he unsparingly exposed the waste and profligacy of a loan by which, according to Lord Shelburne, the public lost 650,000*l.*, which was negotiated in private on the same principle which Lord North had adopted and the Whigs denounced; which gave a bonus of six per cent. to the lenders, and rose with a rapidity that startled the upward eyes on Exchange to a premium of eight. But the Great Houses had again placed the finances of the country in
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the well-bred hands of Lord John Cavendish ; and it is no matter of surprise that the 3 per cent. Consols, which in March were at 70, fell to 56 in the following December, just before the country lost the services of that estimable nobleman. The public paid dear for the whistle of the 'learned Canary Bird.' It was in thus standing aloof from party that Pitt continued to concentrate on himself the hopes of the country, with which every party had lost ground. Had Pitt avowedly become leader of an Opposition in which the former supporters of the North administration—angry with the Coalition—made the more prominent section, he would have taken from his position that character of independence and liberality which rendered it so popular. He must have foreseen that when the occasion came for concert, the various malcontents would rally round him. All wrecks come to the shore—but only in crumbling away can the shore drift to the wrecks. Thus, still standing alone, Pitt was the better enabled to appear before the public as the adviser of practical reforms emanating from himself, and unembarrassed by complaisance to the antecedents of those who had supported abuses under previous Governments. He introduced a bill for the more economical regulation of the public offices, which the Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed upon the ground, 'that if abuses did exist, the heads of the offices might reform them.' Ministers did not, however, dare to divide against the bill in the Commons ; but they united to throw it out in the Lords. Decidedly in the Coalition the old North principles had a full proportion of influence. But Mr. Fox, who had complained so much of Cabinet dissensions when acting with Shelburne, is silent as to any differences in acting with North ; on the contrary, he speaks only of the gratitude due to Lord North's 'very handsome conduct,' and of the concord between himself and that distinguished High Tory upon all practical questions.

Parliament, prorogued on the 16th of July, left the coalition unscathed, and in September Pitt went abroad for the first and only time of his life : his companions were Eliot and Wilberforce. With the more eminent of these two accomplished men Pitt had formed a friendship which at that period in the lives of both was endeared by congenial habits and kindred sympathies. They were of the same age—born within three months of each other, both accomplished scholars, neither of them professedly a bookman. Both had high animal spirits ; though Pitt's finding their usual vent in political conflict, Wilberforce had more ready gaiety to spend in general society. Mirth in each had a singular character of freshness and innocence—almost feminine with Wilberforce, at times quite boyish with Pitt. Speaking of one of Pitt's visits to him at Wimbledon, at the date

when his friend was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Shelburne, Wilberforce says, 'We found the fruits of Pitt's earlier rising in the careful sowing of the garden-beds with the fragments of a dress-hat, in which Ryder had over-night come down from the Opera.' The acquaintance between these two young men had commenced at Cambridge, had become more intimate in the gallery of the House of Commons, where both often sat as observant strangers before they became actors of such mark upon the stage. They grew yet more intimate at Goosetree's Club, while Pitt yet played with 'intense earnestness' at games of chance; or at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, in memory of Shakspeare, where Pitt was 'the most amusing of the party.' Wilberforce entered the House as member for Hull, at the general election, a few months before Pitt. Lord Rockingham had declined the overtures of the one; he strained all his interest in Yorkshire against the other. The decided action and popular sentiments of Pitt often separated them on divisions; and it was not till the Shelburne government that they became politically united. During that administration, Pitt, 'to whom it was a luxury even to sleep in country air,' frequently visited Wilberforce at his villa; and thither did he joyously repair when he resigned his residence in Downing Street to the Coalition Ministry. 'Eliot, Arden, and I,' wrote Pitt one afternoon, 'will be with you before curfew, and expect an early meal of peas and strawberries.'

Wilberforce had already distinguished himself as a speaker in parliament. He had seconded Pitt on the address to the throne under the Shelburne government; he had denounced the Coalition with a vehemence equal to his friend's. Of all Pitt's associates there was not one who at that time appeared more likely, from congenial character, sentiments, and intellect, to share in the honours of his political career. But Providence destined them to promote noble ends, in directions that diverged by the way: the one advancing human interests in the more exclusive service of his country; the other adorning his country, and elevating its moral standard by a more special devotion to the cause of catholic humanity.

The three travellers crossed over to Calais, and proceeded straight to Rheims, 'to gain some knowledge of the language before they went to Paris.' The intendant of the police regarded them as very suspicious characters. Their courier represented them as 'grands seigneurs;' 'and yet,' said the shrewd functionary, 'they are in a wretched lodging, and have no attendance. They must be *des intrigants*.' Fortunately these unfavourable impressions were communicated to a French abbé, 'a fellow of infinite humour,' who was secretary to the Conseil d'Etat, under the

the Archbishop of Perigord. 'Satisfied,' as the abbé said, 'with their appearance,' he offered them every civility which the politeness of his nation could suggest; made them acquainted with the noblesse in the neighbourhood; and introduced them to a familiar footing at the episcopal palace. Pitt here evinced that remarkable quickness of perception which gave to his youth the advantages usually confined to experience. 'Though no master of the French vocabulary, he caught readily the intonations of the language, and soon spoke it with considerable accuracy.'

Two of his reputed sayings at this time are worth citing. 'I am greatly surprised,' said the abbé, 'that a country so moral as England can submit to be governed by a man so wanting in private character as Fox. It seems to show you to be less moral than you appear.' '*C'est que vous n'avez été sous la baguette du magicien,*' was Pitt's happy reply; 'but the remark,' he continued, 'is just.' Another time the abbé asked him, in what part the British Constitution might be first expected to decay. Pitt, musing for a moment, answered, 'The part of our Constitution which will first perish is the prerogative of the King and the authority of the House of Peers.' The answer is profound; and though the circumstances of that time might favour the conjecture more than those of the present, yet, no doubt, in the ordinary progress of civilization, the vitality of the moving body endures longer than the checks on its action. Rarely does the bridle last as long as the horse! But this reply, made at the time when Pitt was a parliamentary reformer, and desired, by the mode of his reform, to give more preponderance to the conservative scale in the balance of representative government, may serve to explain the motives of his policy in later life, when he deemed it necessary to carry all his genius to the preservation of the weaker powers in the State. For though Crown and Peers may go first, if ever the harmonious elements of the English constitution are condemned to dissolution, popular freedom may go very soon afterwards. In states highly civilized the fears of property soon determine any contest between political liberty and civil order in favour of the last. Remove a king, and the odds are that you create a dictator; destroy an aristocracy, and between throne and mob—between wealth and penury—between thief and till—what do order and property invoke to their aid? The answer is brief—an army! In every European community soldiers appear in proportion as aristocracy recedes. And just it is, in refutation of the charge of inconsistency brought against Pitt at a subsequent period, to state that it was at this date, when he most favoured Parliamentary reform, that Franklin, conversing with him on forms of government,

ment, was equally surprised by his talents and his anti-republican opinions.*

The three friends proceeded to Paris and thence to the Court at Fontainebleau. At this time Horace Walpole is said to have tried 'to get up a match' between William Pitt and Necker's daughter, afterwards so famous as Madame de Staël. It is even asserted that the Genevese offered to endow the young lady with a fortune of 14,000*l.* a-year. Happily, perhaps, for his domestic peace, Pitt was not tempted. He replied, probably in jest, that he was already married to his country.† The subsequent entries in Wilberforce's diary are curious:—

'Introduced to King, Queen, Monsieur, Madame, Comte, and Comtesse d'Artois, and two aunts. Pitt stag-hunting! Eliot and I in chase to see the King—clumsy, strange figure, in immense boots! Dined. Marquis de la Fayette—pleasing, enthusiastical man. They all, men and women' (writes Wilberforce to Henry Bankes), 'crowded round Pitt in shoals, and he behaved with great spirit, though he was sometimes a little bored when they talked to him about the parliamentary reform.'

In the midst of these courtly gaities Pitt was recalled to London, by a special messenger, despatched by whom or for what object does not appear. Assuming the latter to be political, it is evident that Pitt on his return to England did not see the probability of his own speedy accession to power; for at this period he seriously determined to resume the profession of the law, as the only plan he could adopt to preserve 'that independence which he had resolved never to forfeit.'‡ Indeed, the Coalition Administration had gained strength merely by living on. Though the discontent of the King remained unsoftened, it assumed the character of despondency. He said in private that 'though he disliked ministers he would give them fair play.' In a confidential letter to Lord Northington, Fox writes that—

'The King has no inclination to do anything to serve us or to hurt us; and I believe that he has no view to any other administration which he means to substitute in lieu of us. . . . Our lasting out the summer will prove that his dislike is not such as to proceed to overt acts. Parliament is certainly our strong place; and if we can last during the recess, I think people will have little doubt of our lasting during the session. When I look over our strength in the House of Commons, and see that

* Lord Holland's *Memoirs of the Whig Party*, vol. ii. p. 262.

† Lord Brougham ('Sketch of Pitt') says that the story of his refusing to marry Mademoiselle de Necker rests on a true foundation, but unless the answer was in jest, which is very possible, it was too theatrical for so great a man. We agree with Lord Brougham.

‡ Tomline's *Life of Pitt*, chap. iii.

all hopes of dissension are given up even by the enemy, while on the other hand Shelburne, Temple, Thurlow, and Pitt, are some of them quite unmanageable, and have, to my certain knowledge, hardly any communication with each other, I cannot help thinking the fear of our being overturned in parliament is quite chimerical.'

The Ministry indeed were strong by union within the Cabinet, by a large majority in the Commons, by the motley and divided nature of the opposition, and above all by the apparent impossibility to form any other Government. The Whigs thought the Coalition had ceased to be unpopular; that supposition, as events proved, was incorrect. But we have seen in our time how disposed our practical countrymen are to acquiesce in a Government they disapprove, if they see no elements for the permanent formation of a better. There is no question on which Administrations more depend for continuance than this—'If out, who are to come in?'

And during this short interval of power Fox himself appears to brilliant advantage. With the firmness which Rockingham had wanted, he insisted on excluding Thurlow from his Cabinet. He turned out the Lord Advocate Dundas, who would have stayed in if he could, though he had before emphatically declared his resolve 'to adhere to the fortunes of Mr. Pitt.' Fox wavered; it is true (from one of his most fatal faults—facility to the advice of friends whose intellect was far inferior to his own), in the course of the summer as to the restoration of the grim Lord Chancellor. But some negotiations to that effect failed. His policy with regard to Ireland was on the whole sound and vigorous. He showed temper and judgment in smoothing over a difficulty as to the allowance to be made to the Prince of Wales, which at one time gravely threatened to place the people on the side of the King; and the unanimity that prevailed in a Cabinet so composed must have been owing not more to Lord North's exquisite good humour and epicurean philosophy, than to Fox's frank and cordial temper, and masculine knowledge of the world—of gentlemen. Only in one quarter danger to the Government could be discerned. Ministers were strong for the transaction of ordinary business; they must necessarily be weak the instant they began to legislate on a grander scale, and admit the principles of reconstruction. Parliamentary reform, with Lord North voting one way sincerely, and Mr. Fox another way with little faith in the wisdom of his vote, was out of the question. The safety of the Whigs really lay in the abeyance of Whiggery. But there was one question on which it was impossible not to stir. Reform in England might be shelved—reform in India could brook no longer delay. Not to be evaded was the dire necessity 'of doing something'

something' to rectify or terminate a system of misgovernment which, Lord John Russell justly says, 'had alarmed and disquieted English statesmen of all parties.' If the Ministry had dallied with this subject, it would have been taken out of their hands by the Opposition. Dundas indeed, whose knowledge of Indian affairs was superior to that of any public man (unless Burke alone be excepted), had already, in the previous April, taken the initiative on the question by the introduction of a 'Bill for the better regulation and government of the British possessions in India;' and Mr. Fox had on that occasion declared his intention of taking up the whole question early the next session. Fox had sufficient sagacity to suspect that the measures devised by himself and his Cabinet for the remedy of evils universally acknowledged were of a hazardous nature; but that sagacity did not go far enough to foresee the amount of the hazard, the nature of the objections his bill would provoke, nor the means of preserving its efficiency but removing its more obnoxious provisions. He seems to have supposed that the Opposition would only be formidable, inasmuch as they would be joined 'on the grounds of personal attachment to this or that director, or to this or that governor.' Never more did he show his want of what the present Emperor of France has called 'the electric sympathy between the successful statesman and public opinion,' than in his imperfect perception of the real danger to which his measure would expose the Ministry. On the whole he was sanguine of success: 'the question,' he hoped, 'would be over by Christmas, and Government safe for the session.' Thus apparently strong, Ministers met Parliament on the 11th of November, 1783. They announced in the King's speech the conclusion of definitive treaties of peace. The situation of the East India Company, and the necessity of providing for the security and improvement of the revenue, were the reasons assigned for calling Parliament together at so early a period. Pitt spoke on the address with the moderation of a man who saw no opening for assault. He said, it is true, and with justice, 'that the principle of the peace proposed was the same as that which the members of the Government, when in opposition, had rejected,' and that the vote was the panegyric of the late Ministers upon the very point on which they were then censured; but he agreed that the affairs of India and the state of the revenue demanded the immediate attention of Ministers, in terms so far from hostile, that Fox 'thanked him for his support.' All thus went on smoothly till, on the 18th, Fox, with a dazzling and fatal eloquence, introduced his 'India Bill' and condemned his Government. All which must render the measure adverse alike to Crown and people

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—all which the elaborate survey of its framers had overlooked—Pitt saw with his usual rapidity of glance, and denounced with a vehemence the result could not fail to justify. The enemy with their own hands had led the fatal horse into Ilion, and Fox but decked with pompous trappings the engine that contained his destruction.

‘Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile tempus
 .Dardaniæ: fuimus Tröes, fuit Ilium, et ingens
 Gloria Teucrorum: ferus omnia Jupiter Argos
 Transtulit!’

The noble editor of the correspondence we have so largely quoted somewhat startles us by the panegyric he devotes to the measure he exhumes from its grave. We are willing to respect the pious reverence with which he handles its cold remains. We will grant they are not the bones of a monster, but we cannot enshrine them as the relics of a saint. Let us allow, if he pleases, that this ill-starred India Bill contained much that was excellent, and that the mischievous part of it was exaggerated by its opponents. But after all that can be said in its defence, it does not the less exhibit a lamentable failure in practical statesmanship. When a reform is necessary, two considerations should be paramount with a Government seriously anxious to carry it: firstly, the plan proposed should be one which the people will support; and secondly, one that its opponents cannot with effect ascribe to corrupt and sinister motives. Mr. Fox’s plan (and to him, not to Burke, Lord John insists on ascribing the honour of its conception) combined every element of unpopularity, and gave every excuse to the charge that it was sought less to govern India well than to secure, by the patronage of India, the duration of the Whig Ministry. ‘The transfer of a power, the vastness and the abuse of which had been duly impressed on the public mind, to seven commissioners named by the Whig Government, with the disposal of the military commands and commissions in the armies of the Indian empire; the annual nomination of cadets and writers to the different settlements; the purchase of merchandise and stores to the amount of five or six millions a year; the taking up ships and contracts for freights—these, and various other sources of patronage connected with such enormous establishments, such extensive trade, so large a dominion, and so ample a revenue, must have constituted a degree of influence which, when opposed to Ministers, might have impeded the necessary functions of executive government, and when friendly might have enabled them to carry any measures, however injurious to the interests of the people or the prerogative of the Crown.’

Crown.* Thus argued the opponents to the bill; and poor indeed seems Lord John Russell's answer, that the dictatorship of the commission would only last for four years. For if the patronage thus given to the Coalition could secure a continuance of four years to that government, the same cause would prolong power to the same dispensers of the patronage. And in the very speech in which Fox moved for leave to bring in the bill, he said that 'the influence of the Crown in its most enormous and alarming state was nothing compared to the boundless patronage of the East Indian government, if the latter was to be used in the influence of that House.' But all this patronage was to be placed in the hands of commissioners chosen by Mr. Fox.

As the Bill proceeded, new alarms were created. Its defenders, especially the Attorney-General, used arguments that threatened the charters of every Company in England. Thus vested rights, popular opinions, royal prerogative, were all combined in one opposition, not to Reform in India, but to proposals that seemed to transfer to a government at home, whose very existence was an outrage on all creeds of political integrity hitherto received, the corruption of Indian patronage and the audacity of Indian rapine. But though the clouds might be seen collecting from each point in the sky, their distance from each other made the storm slow in forming. Fox saw that his danger lay in discussion, his safety in despatch. He availed himself of his majority to hurry his measure through its successive stages in the Commons, in spite of all that William Grenville and Pitt could do to arrest its progress. On the 9th of December it was carried up to the House of Lords, by Mr. Fox and 'a great body of the House of Commons.' Meanwhile the King had risen from his inert despondency—the Lord had delivered his ministers into his hands. He had not hitherto openly proclaimed his hostility to his government; his government now declared war upon him, and placed him in the position most favourable to monarchical power, and that in which it has ever most excuse for extraordinary measures—the defensive. The commission for the administration of the Indian empire was to be established without concert with the sovereign, and irremovable except by an address from either House of Parliament. The King might well regard and represent it as a transfer of the royal prerogative from himself to Mr. Fox. Nor did he stand here without eminent advisers—men not stigmatized as the King's friends, but who had been the partisans of Rockingham, willing not only to sanction but to recommend his resort to every

* Tomline's *Life of Pitt*.

weapon of defence on which he could lay his grasp. Even while the India Bill was passing through its triumphant progress in the House of Lords, Lord Temple had taken the initiative in the strategy of resistance. A memorandum dated December 1st (eight days before the Bill passed the Commons), which may be found in the 'Courts and Cabinets of George III.,' vol. i. p. 288, is the key to the whole mystery of those transactions, which Fox naturally denounced as a back-door intrigue. This memorandum, in stating the reason that calls for the King's interposition against a plan that 'takes more than half the royal power, and by that means disables the King for the rest of his reign,' sums up with masterly precision the course to be adopted for the defeat of the measure. The King's refusal, if it passed both Houses, would be a violent means; the change of his ministers immediately after the victorious majority in the House of Commons, little less so. The easier way to remove the government would be when the Bill received discountenance in its progress; that discountenance could not be anticipated in the Commons, in the Lords it might. But to induce the Lords to take a decided part against the King's government and in the King's favour, it would be necessary to state explicitly to those disposed towards his Majesty's aid the wishes he entertained. Thus the Bill thrown out of one legislative chamber might leave his Majesty free to decide whether or not he would change the ministry who framed it. The King seized upon the advice thus tendered. Lord Temple took care that there should be no doubt in the Upper Chamber as to the royal mind. And on the 17th of December the India Bill or rather Bills were rejected in the Lords by a majority of nineteen. On the 18th at midnight, Lord North and Mr. Fox received the royal message to send their seals of office to his Majesty by the Under Secretary, 'as a personal interview would be disagreeable to his Majesty.' The course adopted by the King in bringing his direct influence to bear on the House of Lords was one of those extreme measures which extreme dangers can alone justify. Solemn though the ceremonies that surround the constitution, the constitution itself is something more than a ceremony. Its decorum may be shocked by pulling it out of the water, but that is better—once in a way—than allowing it to be drowned with apathetic respect. And the question simply is, whether Fox's India Bill did not threaten the constitution with a worse evil than was inflicted by the nature of the King's interference to prevent it.

'Necessitate quodlibet telum utile est.'

But, though the King in practice may have adopted a wise policy, in theory it was one that a constitutional statesman would hesitate
to

to advise and be reluctant to defend. And the King thus tampering with a principle so dear to England as liberty of debate, Fox, if he had seen his true position with wise discernment, and maintained it by temperate firmness, might have carried the country with him, and left George III. no option between Whiggery in England or prerogative in Hanover. But here again Fox contrasted his genius as an orator with his marked defects as a Parliamentary chief. On the day the Bill was thrown out by the Lords he wrote word, 'We are not yet out, but I suppose we shall be to-morrow; however, we are so strong that nobody can undertake without madness, and, if they do, I think we shall destroy them almost as soon as they are formed.' With these convictions on his mind, what was Fox's obvious course? Lord John states it with clearness and candour: first, to have forestalled dismissal, to have resigned at once; secondly, to have moved resolutions against secret influence; and thirdly, in a collision between the two Houses, to have given the Crown every facility for dissolving Parliament. Instead of this, Fox was still in the King's service, when he supported a resolution—brought forward by one of his party (Mr. Baker) the day the Bill was finally debated by the Lords—in censure of the King himself; that motion carried, one to take into consideration the state of the nation was announced for the following Monday. It was not then as an independent Member of Parliament that Fox defended the letter and spirit of the constitution; it was as Minister of the Crown that he impeached his master. Fox's speech on the question is admirable for its eloquence, but an eloquence such as Mirabeau might have thundered forth at the van of revolution. 'The deliberations of this night,' said King George's Minister for Foreign Affairs,—

'must decide whether we are to be freemen or slaves! whether the House of Commons be the palladium of liberty or the organ of despotism.' 'We shall certainly lose our liberty when the deliberations of Parliament are decided, not by legal and usual, but by the illegal and extraordinary, assertions of prerogative.' 'I did not come in by the fiat of majesty, though by this fiat I am not unwilling to go out. I ever stood, and wish to stand now, on public ground alone.'

Language of this kind was certainly misplaced in a man who was still a King's minister, and left triumphant Pitt's assertion that a minister thus complaining that he had not the confidence of his sovereign should have resigned. In the very same night Erskine was put forward to move a resolution of which the direct object was to prevent an appeal to the people, and which declared that the House of Commons would consider as an enemy any person who should presume to advise his Majesty to interrupt

interrupt the consideration of a suitable remedy for the abuses in the government of India—in other words, to dissolve Parliament; and thus, while condemning the King for an extraordinary assertion of prerogative, his own Government sought to fetter him in the simplest exercise of its recognized powers.

Lord Temple held the seals for three days as Secretary of State; but the part that nobleman had taken utterly disqualified him for a leading share in the Government he had contributed to overthrow. The Treasury was a third time pressed upon Pitt, and this time he accepted; but it was not without a full perception of the difficulties that beset him.

‘When I went,’ says Bishop Tomline, ‘into Mr. Pitt’s bedroom the next morning, he told me he had had not a moment’s sleep; he expressed great uneasiness at the state of public affairs, at the same time declaring his fixed resolution not to abandon the situation he had undertaken, but to make the best stand in his power, though very doubtful of the result.’

Many public men, indeed, who had approved his opposition to the late ministry, declined the responsibility of assisting in the formation of a new one. No one believed his government could last a month. In the ministry he formed he was compelled entirely to rely upon the Peers; not one commoner of sufficient mark for the Cabinet could he find. And yet so strongly was it felt that the struggle waged by the minister was against the Great Houses, that a peer of high rank said shortly afterwards, ‘Mr. Pitt single-handed has beat the aristocracy.’ It was not the aristocracy he beat, but rather by the help of the aristocracy he beat the oligarchy which had ruled in its name.

A name greater than Temple’s was absent from the new Government. But its greatness necessitated its exclusion, except at the head of the list. The Earl of Shelburne, according to Lord Holland, ‘felt great resentment against Mr. Pitt for leaving him out in the formation of his ministry.’ Lord Holland (never in the Earl’s confidence) errs in this conclusion. Pitt would have justified every charge of presumption brought against him had he invited to a post inferior to his own the brilliant and haughty chief under whom he had served but the year before.*

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* Indeed from motives of obvious delicacy so carefully did Pitt refrain from soliciting to the aid of an experiment, the hazard of which was ascribed to his personal arrogance and vanity, men of station more established than his own, that not even the decided part which Lord Gower had taken against the India Bill induced him to press that nobleman to give to the Cabinet the advantage

On better authority than Lord Holland's we presume to contradict a prevalent idea that Shelburne bore a grudge against Pitt for not urging a request that a man of the Earl's temper would have treated as an affront. But not less is it certain, that if Shelburne felt no resentment against Mr. Pitt, deep was his resentment against George III. The anger was mutual. The King never pardoned Lord Shelburne's resignation—Shelburne never pardoned the King for misapprehending his situation then, and not appealing to his counsels afterwards; and, from circumstances insufficiently known to us, the Earl always considered that the King had not only wronged but deceived him. Henceforth this remarkable man appears no more as a candidate for power. He accepted, not without reluctance, the Marquisate of Lansdowne, as Temple, equally haughty, accepted the Marquisate of Buckingham; but he was peculiarly careful that the world should not suppose that his political independence was compromised by the honours that attested his former services. The year after the assumption of his new title he suddenly reappeared in the Lords, and with that eccentricity of self-willed genius which had obtained for him the epithet of insincere, he relieved the vote that he gave to the Government from all suspicion of servile complaisance by a speech barbed with an irony that delighted the Opposition. But such demonstrations of his earlier spirit were, for some years, too rare to prove to the public that Lord Shelburne still lived in the Marquis of Lansdowne. On the Regency question, indeed, he displayed, in a speech which, in masculine diction and vigorous thought, is perhaps the most striking specimen of his eloquence preserved to the study of English orators, his rooted disdain of Whig tactics and idols, and the philosophy of the Tribune which he had grafted on his experience of Courts.

'The people,' exclaimed the great Marquis in the course of this nervous oration—'the people, my lords, have rights and privileges; kings and princes have none.' The French Revolution, with the war which was its collateral consequence, furnished the Lord of Bowood with ample occasion to deduce from that

advantage of his name; and it was Lord Gower who sent to inform the young minister that 'in the distressed situation of the sovereign and the country he would take any office in which he could be useful.' Lord Gower gave a noble example in the patriotism which distinguished him on this occasion. Twice previously refusing the Treasury, and sincerely preferring the repose of private life—he not only risked the prestige of his position in accepting office under a Government that seemed doomed at its birth, but afterwards gave up the office most suited to his personal dignity, the Presidentship of the Council, and condescended to accept the Privy Seal in order to secure to the Cabinet the illustrious Camden, who, having been Lord Chancellor, could not well take any office but that of Lord President.

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startling axiom many notable problems in the Mathesis of Democracy. Retaining to the last his profound contempt for Fox, the shafts that he launched against Pitt were forged on the same anvil as those which had thinned the ranks of the oligarchy he had aided Pitt to destroy. The high-spirited soldier who had so reluctantly acceded to the claims of American patriots, so scrupulously enforced the formality of a clause to save the honour of the Imperial Crown, now insisted on suing for peace to a nation which had decreed that a proposal for peace was a capital crime in its citizens, and declared by the mouth of its minister, 'If kings treat with us, let them treat with our armies on the frontiers.' *

Yet it is not thus that we would part with this eminent man. We love rather to regard him sauntering on the lawns of Bowood, listening with the sceptical smile of his profound and embittered experience to the young visions of Bentham ; or, in the salons of Paris, startling Mirabeau with his easy force, and comparing with the ill-starred Malesherbes the stores of a reading almost equally diffuse, and the results of a far more extensive commerce with mankind. Nor is there less interest in the contemplation of this once fiery soldier, this passionate yet scheming statesman, musing alone amidst the vast collection of political documents which his industry amassed, as if in those records of abortive stratagem and foiled ambition he found a melancholy consolation for the close of his own career. We must apologise for the length of this episodic digression—not indeed disproportioned to the dignity of the man, to whom, more than any other, is to be ascribed that great revolution in our national councils which freed the monarchy from the dominion of the Great Houses, to whom Pitt owed his introduction into the national councils, and from whom, of all contemporaneous statesmen, that Minister acknowledged that he had learned the most. Upon large classes of our countrymen the influence of Lord Shelburne's peculiar intellect and modes of thinking still rests. It may be seen in the principles of commerce now generally received, and to which he was the first practical statesman who lent his authority ; it may be seen in that powerful division in the popular camp which disdains alike the rant of the hustings and the affectation with which the Whigs invoke history and the constitution to the aid of party manœuvres—the philosophers of the English Agora, with whom the principles of Mr. Fox are less authority than the maxims of Mr. Mill. While apart from his later doctrines, and viewing him rather as

* See Lord Grenville's reply to Lord Lansdowne's motion for peace with France. Parl. Debates, Feb. 17, 1794.

he stood midway between Rockingham and North, his tenets often live again in that large and growing school of politicians who have no fear of the people in defending their institutions, and who will not allow that genuine Conservatism should concede to any faction arrogating popular claims a monopoly of the privilege to reform abuses, and to keep from that discord which is the sure prelude to social disorder the reciprocal harmonies of opinion and law.

On forming the Coalition Government, Fox had said 'success only could justify it.' Success only could justify the course the King took to overthrow it. But no sooner was that Government dismissed than the people, before comparatively supine from a belief in its necessity, hastened to manifest the detestation they had suppressed. Addresses of congratulation to the King poured in from all quarters. The constituencies were evidently not with the majority in the Commons. There, the motion for a new writ for the borough of Appleby was received with loud and derisive laughter.

The War of the Giants now commenced. Never in Parliament was a contest to decide the fate of parties for long years to come fought with such fiery valour on the one side, with such consummate judgment on the other. By a fatal error of policy Fox continued to fix the contest upon ground untenable in itself and unpopular by the arguments used to defend it, viz., that Parliament should not be dissolved. The insistence on this point could only be construed into an acknowledgment of weakness, a fear of the very tribunal whose decision, according to all his previous theories, it became him to be the first to solicit. In Pitt's absence from Parliament during his re-election, the Opposition carried an address to the Crown praying his Majesty not to dissolve. His Majesty drily replied, that he should not interrupt their meeting by that exercise of his prerogative.

Pitt, indeed, was urged by many of his friends to advise a dissolution; but he foresaw that such a step would be premature. What were called the great parliamentary interests—the close boroughs—were against him. His chance of success lay with the popular and independent constituencies. To command these, prolonged discussion was essential. He could not leave unanswered in the mouths of his opponents on the hustings the cry that he came in 'by secret influences;' or that, in opposing the India Bill, he would maintain Indian misgovernment. He resolved to confront the tempestuous majority against him, and let the people compare himself with his assailants before he asked for their verdict. The House adjourned from the 26th of December to the 12th of January. During the recess Pitt was fortunately enabled

enabled to give a signal proof of that superiority to self-interest which the English people are ever disposed to associate with a paramount zeal for the public service. The Clerkship of the Pells, in his own gift, became vacant; its emoluments were above 3000*l.* a year. Lord Thurlow and many others pressed him to take that office to himself. He was poor, his present station exceedingly precarious. Pecuniary independence was confessedly dear to the man who, in order to secure it, had even thought of resigning the position he had so rapidly won in Parliament for the tedious profession of the bar. Pitt not only declined himself to take the office, but, in the appointment he made, he covered a blot in the Rockingham administration. Colonel Barré had been rewarded by that Government with a pension of 3000*l.* a year. No member of Parliament more deserved some distinction from a Government espousing popular opinions, but the public did not like to see that distinction in the jobbing form of a pension. Pitt gave the Clerkship of the Pells to Colonel Barré on condition that the pension was resigned. 'It is the act of a man,' said that stern colonel, whose first growl in Parliament had daunted Chatham, though Chatham had lived to tame him, 'who feels that he stands upon a high eminence in the eyes of that country which he is destined to govern.'

Pitt hastened to meet the attacks made on him in his absence. But one flaw could be found in his title—he was said to have come in through intrigue; through secret influence: that accusation Lord John Russell has repeated. 'Mr. Pitt,' he says, 'committed a great fault in accepting office as the price of an unworthy intrigue.' This allegation is wholly inaccurate. Grant that the communications between the King and Lord Temple, and the circulation of the King's views as to the India Bill among the Peers, could be fairly called an unworthy intrigue—there is not the slightest evidence that Pitt advised or shared in them: the utmost even that Lord Holland can say on that head is, that they were '*probably* known to Pitt.' The probability is all the other way. Pitt, we are told, by one who was thoroughly in his confidence at that particular period (his former tutor, Bishop Tomline), though seriously embarrassed at the loss of Lord Temple's assistance in forming his government, was 'convinced of the propriety of Temple's resignation, under the present impression of the public mind.' Temple himself stood aloof from that government, gave it no advice, and evidently—by a letter to Pitt, dated a week after his own resignation of the seals, beginning 'Dear Sir'—was exceedingly chilled towards his near relation.* Had Pitt in any way authorised the clandestine transactions between Temple and

* 'Courts and Cabinets of George III.,' vol. i. p. 291.

the King, he could not have been convinced of the propriety of Lord Temple's abstinence from the government; and for the same reason he would have felt himself disqualified for office. His participation in such intrigue must have been known to its promoters, and he could not have stood up in parliament and pronounced these solemn and stately words on the first day he met that parliament as minister of the Crown:—

‘I came up no backstairs; when sent for by my sovereign to know whether I would accept office, I necessarily went to the Royal Closet. Little did I think to be ever charged in this House with being the tool and abettor of secret influence. I will never condescend to be the instrument of any secret advisers whatever; nor in one instance, while I have the honour to act as minister of the Crown, will I be responsible for measures not my own, or at least in which my heart and judgment do not entirely acquiesce. I have taken upon me the government of the country upon one single, plain, intelligible principle, by which I desire to stand or fall, viz., to save the country from the India Bill, which threatened destruction to its liberties. My conduct is uniform and intelligible, and the nation and the world will understand and applaud it.’

The nation did understand it then, and understands it now. By one of those quick decisions in the public judgment which make distinctions the most marked on questions the most delicate, the people discriminated between Lord Temple and Pitt. They would not have accepted the first as minister. In accrediting the last they acquitted him. Pitt was not the questionable cause that destroyed the Coalition, but his government was the necessary consequence of that destruction. And he would have deserted the principles he professed, condemned the country to a bill that he regarded fatal to its liberties, and delivered people and King bound hand and foot to the Coalition Ministry, if he had said, ‘I cannot aid in defending the right, because somebody else has given me the power to do so by having done something wrong.’ And truly observes his biographer, ‘that such was the confidence felt in Mr. Pitt, even at this early period of his life, that his character was not in the slightest degree affected by the clamour which compelled Lord Temple to resign.’ Two days after, the young minister brought forward his own India Bill, and gave the country an occasion to contrast his constructive genius with that of Mr. Fox. The Bill was rejected by the House after a second reading on the motion for committal. But in that hostile assembly the majority against it was only eight; and the sense of the country was soon pronounced in its favour. Still Fox continued to fight against a dissolution, and upon arguments equally hostile to constitutional monarchy and representative government.

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He had the incredible audacity to assert that the Crown did not possess the power of dissolving parliament in the middle of a session, 'an attempt,' says Lord John truly, 'that had neither law nor precedent in its favour.'

To give the supreme power of the nation, not to the people who elected the House of Commons, but to a House of Commons actually sitting—and without appeal to the people, whatever the measures it might adopt—would obviously be to constitute a standing army against both the Crown and the Constituencies. And never was there an instance in which a demand of this nature could be more unhappily made; for the majority against the King's Government were composed, as Lord John remarks, 'in part of the men who had led the country to loss and disgrace during the American war, and in part of the men who had promised to bring them to punishment for that misconduct. It would be said,' adds Lord John (and it *was* said), 'that the object for which these two hostile parties had combined was to erect a power, neither elected by the people nor removable by the Crown, in whose store all the treasures of India were to be thrown for the purpose of maintaining the sway of an oligarchy unknown to the Constitution and hateful to the nation. Such were the perils rashly incurred by Mr. Fox; such were the perils by which he was overwhelmed.' But granting that both as a party leader and a constitutional statesman, Mr. Fox thus proved his grievous defects, cheerfully do we add with Lord John, 'that it is impossible not to admire the wonderful resource, the untiring energy, the various eloquence, the manly courage, with which he conducted this extraordinary campaign.' In fact he appears to us never more signally to have shown how possible it is in the English parliament, to unite the grandest powers of debate with the most egregious mistakes in Council. But the Constitution meanwhile was shaking beneath this contest of its elementary powers; the country gentlemen on both sides feared for the land in which their stake was so large. Amongst them party was suspended—patriotism prevailed; supporters of Government and friends of the Opposition united in the open endeavour to reconcile Pitt and Fox, King and Commons. Against such a combination all Pitt's more ambitious interests must have been arrayed, yet apparently he did not suffer such considerations to weigh with him unduly. He felt the tremendous difficulties of his position. He stood the sole Cabinet Minister in the House of Commons (charged, therefore, with the defence and conduct of all the departments in the state), against a combination unparalleled for the splendour of the powers which it brought to bear upon debate. 'On many prospective questions Pitt, still professedly a Reformer, might concur with Fox,

provided Fox were his colleague; against Fox it might be impossible to carry even measures that Fox in his conscience might approve; he assented therefore to the well-meant entreaties of the mediators to give to the Crown a strong Government, so far as to state that he was ready to meet the Duke of Portland to consider the formation of a new Ministry on equal terms. Again the pride of the oligarchy destroyed the best hopes of the party they led. Mr. Pitt must descend from his office! the Duke of Portland must receive a direct message from the King. 'For what purpose,' then, said Pitt with justice,—

'should the present Ministry give way? The answer is obvious: to make room for the introduction of a set of persons who were lately dismissed for conduct which lost them the confidence of their sovereign as well as that of the people. In adverting to a wish very generally and very warmly expressed, of forming an union which might give stability to Government and reconcile all parties—to such a measure I am by no means an enemy, provided it could be established on such a broad and liberal basis as would meet the wishes of that respectable and independent body of men by whose support and countenance I have been invariably honoured. But in accomplishing this object all personal prejudices and private views must be laid aside, and a stable Government and a solid union be alone sought for.'

'But,' said he on another occasion,—

'the only fortress I desire to defend is the fortress of the Constitution; for that I will resist every attack, every attempt to seduce me out of it. With regard to personal honour or public principle, can it be expected that I should consent to march out with a halter round my neck, and meanly beg to be re-admitted and considered as a volunteer in the army of the enemy?'

The Opposition proceeded, *pari passu*, with hostile divisions and abortive negotiations. At each attack it grew fiercer in language, weaker in result; majorities dwindled rapidly down as the constituencies began to operate more and more upon their Members, until at length, on moving another address to the Crown to remove Ministers, that mighty phalanx, which three weeks ago seemed to Fox sufficient to crush every Government but his own, gained its point by a majority of one. From that moment the battle was virtually over; Fox did not dare to divide again, the Mutiny Bill was passed, the supplies voted to the extent demanded, and sixteen days afterwards the King prorogued Parliament, declaring it to be a duty he owed to the Constitution and the country to recur as speedily as possible to the sense of his people. The result was the triumphant acquittal of the King, the paramount power of his Minister. The counties and commercial towns rose everywhere against the Great Houses. For the first time since his reign

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the King was popular; and that popularity he never afterwards lost. In concert with Lord Temple he had endangered his crown; in concert with Pitt he confirmed it on his head. The strongholds of Democracy revolted from the Whigs. Mr. Coke was ejected from Norfolk, Erskine from Portsmouth, General Conway from Bury; even Lord John Cavendish, though universally pitied, was ignominiously defeated; and, to crown all, against the heir of Sir George Saville—that highest prototype of the Whig country gentleman, against the Great Houses of Fitzwilliam and Howard, Wilberforce carried the county of York. Not less than 160 Members who had supported the Coalition lost their seats, and were honoured by the witty appellation of ‘Fox’s Martyrs.’ Thus by a rapid succession of errors in judgment Fox destroyed the ascendancy of that famous party which he found so powerful and made so feeble; and thus in three years after his entrance into Parliament, Pitt, seeking only in public opinion the elements of party, confirmed in the appointment of the Crown by the support of the people, commenced his long career as Minister of England.

On looking back to the causes of a rise so unparalleled, the eye rests first on the man whose genius resisted and whose errors conduced to it. Every blunder in Fox was a stepping-stone to Pitt. But great is the general who knows how to profit by the mistakes of his adversary. That in the rapidity with which his reputation spread, and in the contented acquiescence of the rank and file to his sudden promotion over the heads of veterans, Pitt was greatly indebted to the accident of his birth, must be frankly conceded. To be the son of a great man is to be born in the purple. But his birth only recommends him to election; it does not qualify him for inheritance. He is measured by his father’s standard before he is full grown, and must be acknowledged as a giant in order to be received as a prince. His station has a kind of poetry, and his merits are submitted to the test imposed upon poets, which mediocrity cannot pass. Nay, more rare than even the fame of a great poet is the fame of a great man’s son. In achieving his father’s position, circumstance favoured Pitt more than it had aided Chatham. No Newcastle interfered between himself and the Treasury. He had no enemy in his king; he had as yet no infirmities of body to sour his temper and irritate his passions. But it must also be owned that when circumstance was in his favour, he seized it with more facility; or, when adverse, turned it aside with calmer judgment, or mastered it with more consistent firmness, than characterised the fitful energy of his father’s less regulated genius. It had been the boast of Chatham to rule in defiance of all parties, though his school in reality was
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a bold eclecticism of conflicting doctrines. And among the prominent causes of his son's ascendancy in public opinion was, as we have before indicated, the care with which he maintained his position detached from the errors of every faction, familiarising the people to the autocracy of a single intellect. The character of his intellect contributed even more than its degree to the rapid and facile acquisition of power. It had something of the serenity which gave to Pericles the title of Olympian.

‘*Tranquillum vultus et majestate serenâ
Mulcentem radios.*’

And though his spirit was high and his rebuke could be crushing, yet it is remarkable that he never spoke of any man so as to make a conjunction with that man personally discreditable to either, if sanctioned by political principle.

Another characteristic of Pitt, growing out of the self-reliance which at the commencement of his career kept him aloof from party, was the firmness with which he adhered to his own judgment against the advice, however friendly and plausible, of inferior men. He could not be persuaded to accept the office of Prime Minister before the Coalition was tried, nor to dissolve parliament prematurely when the Coalition was overthrown—in this respect strongly contrasting Fox, for whose mistakes we are constantly told by his eulogists that the advice of friends was chiefly to blame. Nor amidst the leading attributes of Pitt's mind should we omit the quality of patience. He could always master his passions and wait his time. Neither pique, nor spleen, nor interest, nor ambition, could disturb this enduring fortitude of temper. Slighted by Lord Rockingham, he did not vent any resentment on the Rockingham Whigs. Spite was a thing unknown to him. Courted by the Opposition against the Rockingham Government, he remained neutral; and, though denouncing the Coalition Ministry and withholding from it all confidence, he refrained from every appearance of factious opposition against the persons who governed, reserving to himself solely the right to scrutinise their measures, and even supporting them (as on the Receipt Tax) where to oppose would have purchased popularity at the price of his convictions. Thus, by a natural seizure of the rapid succession of events afforded to him, he established character as well as fame; and, his public integrity and high moral bearing in parliament once acknowledged, no doubt his private virtues and even his less social attributes assisted to consolidate his political repute. It did much to counteract the attempts to adduce in his youth a disqualification for his eminence, that the usual follies of youth could not be urged against him; while his purity from every excess and his disdain
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of fashionable pleasure brought into greater light the private foibles and errors of Mr. Fox. If the two men were to be compared in point of age, Fox seemed the wild boy, Pitt the matured man. Yet we think too much stress has been laid on the private errors of Mr. Fox in their influence on his political fortunes; for those errors were most conspicuous at the time when his authority was most acknowledged in parliament, and his public character most in favour out of doors. They were not successfully charged against him till his political indiscretions made even many of his former apologists refer the reckless ambition of the statesman to the habits of a gambler and the despair of a bankrupt. Even had his manners been as rigid as Pitt's, those public indiscretions would have equally affected his hold on the general confidence and esteem. Nor should it be forgotten that if, as leader of a party, his personal faults were political defects, so in the same capacity his personal virtues were not less conspicuous as political merits. Benignity and sweetness in social intercourse, cordial frankness, undaunted courage, the attractive warmth of a heart too genial for malice and too large for envy, were qualities that might well, in the eyes of his followers, redeem the riotous overflow of a rich vitality, and were inestimable advantages in the consolidation of party and the government of men. But Pitt's gain in his exemption from the follies of youth was not more to the benefit of his moral repute than to the concentration of his intellectual faculties. 'A great passion,' says Lavater, 'bears no partner.' Pitt's great passion, no doubt, was the love of power, but it was made pure by its very intensity—a love that chastened itself by exalting the character of its object. To govern England, but to govern nobly, was the one end to which he devoted all the vigour of surpassing faculties, with that singleness of purpose which gives even to mediocrity successes that fail to genius, when genius renounces its own superiority of force by relaxing its discipline and scattering its troops.

In estimating Pitt's eloquence, what most should be admired is its adaptation to his object; it was pre-eminent over that of all his contemporaries in the attribute of dignity; it was inferior to Fox's in playfulness, variety, in literary ornament and grace, in compact and nervous reasoning, and, above all, in vehemence and passion; it is immeasurably more suited to the man who speaks as the ruler of a nation and the councillor of a King; 'he speaks,' said Lord North, 'like a born Minister:' and perhaps Pitt gained as much towards the acquisition of the objects to which his eloquence was devoted by his abstinence from certain varieties of beauty as by his abounding magnificence in others.

We incline to believe that it was not from penury but from prudence

prudence that he so sparingly embroidered the senatorial majesty that pervades his style. A scholar so accomplished, with a memory so prodigious and a readiness so quick, could certainly have given to his orations the classical ornaments in which Lord Holland proclaims them deficient; and so great a master of sarcasm, possessed of a vivacity in his familiar circles which made no mean judge of the attribute term him 'the wittiest man of his age,' could surely have seasoned his discourse with jest and whim, if he had not thought that the spangles would little accord with the purple hem of his toga. Perhaps for the same reason there is in his speeches so little of metaphysical subtlety or abstruse speculation. To be plain with dignity—to be practical, yet broad—is the eloquence most adapted to gain its ends with the audience addressed by Pitt. There are some beauties in literature which are the worst defects in oratory; and there is not a trace in Demosthenes of what in our closets we most admire in Burke. What has been said upon this score by every liberal and very accomplished critic—no inconsiderable number of himself in the House of Commons—is equally wise and true.

'The eloquence of Mr. Pitt had not the fault which is sometimes imputed to it of a deficiency in large and philosophical speculation. In this sort of excursion, though it dealt sparingly it could without propriety be called deficient, for it dwelt enough.

'The objectors appear to forget that oratorical, like popular education, is in its nature not philosophical but popular. The orator is to affect strongly; and no critical precept can be more than familiar, nor more deeply founded in human nature, than that the mind is strongly affected only by near and individual representations. The abstract theorems and generic conclusions of the metaphysician are destitute of that warm interest, that feeling of intimate concern, that sense of reality, of home, which it should be the business of the orator to create. In what precise degree philosophical discussion may enter into a popular oration, there can be no occasion to consider, so long as we recollect that being in its very nature extraneous, it can hardly appear too little; nor is it, therefore, intended to question the doctrine that an orator must build his reasonings on a solid basis of general principles.* He must undoubtedly so build if he would not have his edifice overthrown by the first blast; but it is not the least important that this basis should be concealed from sight. The structure of his composition must be reared on the most massive foundations, while in semblance it is self-poised and pensile. His oratory throughout must be governed by an enlarged philosophy, but a philosophy which, though hidden from sense, is yet (we make the allusion with reverence) distinctly visible in its effects.†

* 'Quarterly Review,' No. 7. August, 1810. Review of Giffard's 'Life of Pitt.'

† Ibid.

But it is only on rare occasions that the true orator of the House of Commons has to nerve himself for the heights of the art. His reputation is more habitually fixed according to the strength and facility with which he moves upon level ground; and it is here more especially that Pitt excelled all his rivals. In the formal introduction of a question, in the perspicuity of explanation in detail, in short and apt rejoinder in business-like debate, no man was so delightful to listen to: the decorum of his bearing, the fluency of his diction, the exquisite lucidity of his utterance, must have been a relief to Fox's preliminary stutter, shrill key-note, lifted fist, and redundant action—to Burke's Irish brogue and episodical discursions.

But above all, whether in rare orations or in every-day debate, Pitt possessed that one incomparable quality of uniform earnestness, which brings the character of the man to bear upon the effects of the speaker:

‘Sermo imago animi—qualis vir, talis et oratio.’

Thus, as one who enjoyed the privileges of a witness and a listener expresses it:—

‘The distinguishing excellence of his speaking corresponded to the distinguishing excellence of his whole mental system; every part of his speaking, in the choice of language, and in delivery, evidently bore the stamp of his character—all communicated to us a genuine appearance of the qualities of strenuousness without effort, intrepidity, and serene greatness.’*

Not only in the degree, but in the style and character of his eloquence, not only in the culture and power of his intellect, but in its harmony to the uses on which it was concerned—not only in the accident of circumstances favourable to his success—but in the judgment that scanned, the prudence that guided, the readiness which seized, and the moral dignity which nobled the occasions proffered to ambition, we may find the main causes which secured to Pitt his early supremacy of power. But more operative than all was in his remarkable sympathy with the public opinion of his time. He and the people seemed thoroughly to understand each other. Nor must it be forgotten, that Pitt stood before the electors who returned the majority that secured his power, in the character of a practical Reformer. He might have been the choice of the King, but he could never have won the enthusiasm of the people if he had left to Mr. Fox the monopoly of popular opinions. To have rejected the India Bill would not have been enough, if he had not re-

* ‘Quarterly Review,’ No. 7. August, 1810. Review of Giffard's ‘Life of Pitt.’

placed it by an India Bill of his own. To have defended the prerogative of the Crown would have little bested him, if he had not made yet more conspicuous his zeal for the purity of the House of Commons, and his care for the liberties of the people. The position thus won was, however, beset with difficulties, the variety and magnitude of which startle the retrospection. The new election still left him alone on the Treasury bench, to encounter the same 'mighty leaders of debate against whose united eloquence it seemed but a few months before to many of his wisest friends—seemed almost to his own resolute mind—impossible to carry on the business of the Government. All hope of converting such foes into allies was gone. He was pledged to various reforms, with Lord Thurlow for his colleague and George III. for his sovereign. To retain the countenance of the King, to preserve union in the Cabinet, yet to convince the people of his good faith and integrity, was a task in which a vigilant Opposition might well hope to expose his failure, and strand him upon either shoal—royal desertion or popular reprobation. The majority in the House of Commons, however large, was composed of sections that seemed little likely long to amalgamate—here, the opponents to every change, who saw in Pitt but the destroyer of the Whigs; and there, the ardent enthusiasts, who hail as the representative of progress.

If the personal difficulties of the minister little had occurred to improve the prospects of the country since the date at which, in an earlier part of this sketch, we reviewed its calamitous and menacing condition. True that peace was now concluded; but that peace, not less galling to her pride because essential to the very springs of her existence, found England utterly drained of blood and treasure. Her utmost resources were believed to be inadequate to meet the debt she had incurred. Her income, unable to support even a peace establishment, was three millions less than her expenditure, including the interest of an enormous unfunded debt. Credit is still shaken to its centre by the startling fall of the funds under the preceding government: the 3 per cents. were between 56 and 57. The chances of a national bankruptcy furnished a theme to solemn pamphlets and despondent talk. Our military power appeared literally annihilated. At the close of the war 3000 men were the utmost force that could have been safely sent forth on any offensive duty; and even Pitt had been compelled, in defending the treaties of peace, to show that our naval supremacy had melted into a 'visionary fabric.' In the eyes of foreign nations the name of England was more abased than when the Dutch admiral had swept the Thames with his besom. For her

her weakness was now considered not the consequence of a malady, not the effect of a blow, but the fatal symptom of incurable decay. 'No man,' said Mirabeau, in one of his early writings, 'would believe me when I prophesied that England would yet recover—that there was enough sap in her boughs to repair the loss of their leaves.' At home the discontent which disasters abroad invariably produce was aggravated by the prospects of additional burthens, and fraught with danger to monarchy itself, by the contagion of those principles, which, identifying freedom with absolute democracy, in America had established, and in France were preparing, a republic. The state of Ireland alone, in spite of concessions, which, indeed, by separating her more from the sister kingdom, rather tended to restore her to anarchy than reconcile her factions to social order, was sufficiently critical to demand the most temperate forethought, and strain the most vigorous intellect. An army of volunteers numbering not less than 40,000, and according to some authorities exceeding 70,000 men, had for four years occupied the island, defied its parliament, startled the streets of its metropolis with files of soldiers (opening a path to the congregation of political reformers), and dictated to either kingdom 'as a national convention of military delegates,' acting under no legal control; holding no communication with the executive, and equally formidable as subjects justly ~~approved and insurgents~~ treasonably armed.

A future occasion may be found to pursue the marvellous career which commenced under difficulties so complicated—dangers so alarming. That in the scope of the survey, errors in policy, fallacies in opinion will appear, no rational admirer of Mr. Pitt will dispute; but the more minute the criticism, the more salient will become the countervailing merits of rectitude and wisdom; the more partial inconsistencies will vanish in the symmetry of uniform principles regulating definite and majestic action—the more the graver charges which the carelessness of the public has permitted to the injustice of party will receive the contradiction of facts, and Despotism and Intolerance lose all pretext to the sanction of that logical intellect and liberal heart. Yet to others less restricted in space and more competent to the task than ourselves, we would fain commend the ample and searching inquiry how a Sovereign whom Temple pronounced to be ungrateful, and Shelburne insincere,—who possessed even more than a Tudor the always kingly, often perilous, faculty of *Will*,—who had induced North for three years to belie his deepest convictions—who had compelled Yorke in spite of honour the most sensitively fastidious to violate his promise to Lord Rockingham, accept the Great Seal, and hurry home to die whether

ther of noble grief or by his own despairing hand*—with whom every minister hitherto brought in contact, had wrecked either public character or political ambition; how a Sovereign made so dangerous to his councillors, not less by his virtues than his faults, was conciliated without loss of personal integrity or popular favour—how the people expecting so much, and necessarily in some hopes disappointed, yet continued to rally heart and hand round the lofty, tranquil, solitary minister; how from the attitude of a despairing suppliant to which Fox had humbled her at the footstools of Frederic and Joseph, dismissed here with a shrug of the shoulders, there with a sneer of disdain, England exalted by those mighty hands, rose high above the Royalties that had looked down upon her sorrow: her exhausted resources multiplied a thousand-fold, her imposts but increasing her wealth by stimulating her recruited energies; her malcontents united to her laws; her empire consolidated in Ireland, as in India, from its centre to its verge; and realizing in the tribute to her marts and the reverence yielded to her flag the aspirations of Chatham and even the designs of Cromwell; how amidst the storm which swept from France the institutions of man and the monuments of God, her altars became more revered and the orb more assured to her sceptre; and how, when reluctantly COMPELLED into war which suspended the reforms but not the prosperity of peace, that Nation, when Pitt came to its succour, without the power to recruit the remnants of a beaten army, and contemplating bankruptcy as a relief from its burthens, coped, and not vainly, with him who united the hosts of Charlemagne to the genius of Alexander, saved for ends nobler far than conceived by their owners the thrones it retained as the landmarks of Europe, and animated by the soul breathed into its ranks (even when that soul was on earth no more) ensured the crowning victory by which the hand of Wellington accomplished the thought of Pitt.

* 'My brother,' says Lord Hardwicke, in his journal, 'went into the levee, was called into the closet, and in a manner compelled by the King. At his return from Court, about three o'clock, he broke in upon me, who was talking with Lord Rockingham, and gave us the account. We were both astounded, to use an *obsolete but strong word*, at so sudden an event; and I was particularly shocked at his being so overborne, in a manner I had never heard of, nor could imagine possible between subject and prince.' Lord Hardwicke adds, in a letter to Lord Rockingham—'My poor brother's entanglement was such as history can scarce parallel.' On the 13th York had accepted the Great Seal: on the 20th he was a corpse. 'A mystery,' says Lord Albemarle ('Rockingham's Memoirs,' vol. ii. p. 164), 'still hangs over the immediate cause of his decease: it was known that his death was attended by a copious effusion of blood. This was attributed to bursting a blood-vessel and to having been bled four times. Walpole says that every one believed he had fallen by his own hand,—whether on his sword or by a razor was uncertain.'

